

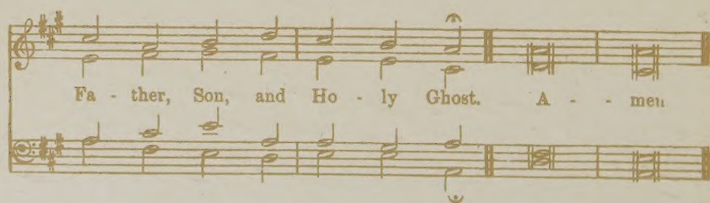
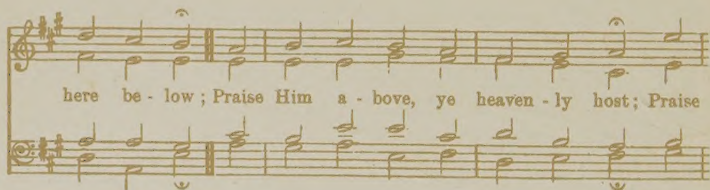
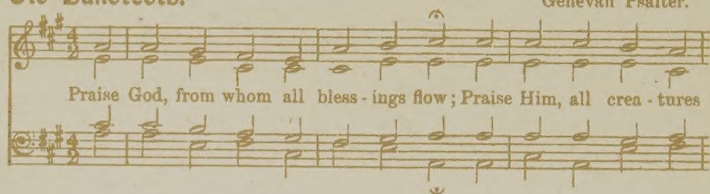
O come let us sing unto the Lord,
let us make a joyful noise to the Rock
of our Salvation.

PSALM XCV. I.

The Dorology.

Old Hundredth.

Genevan Psalter.

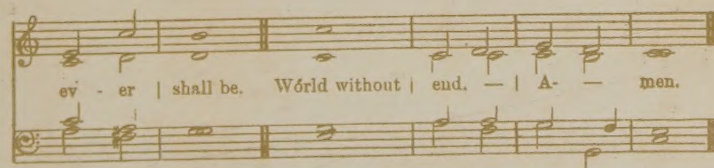
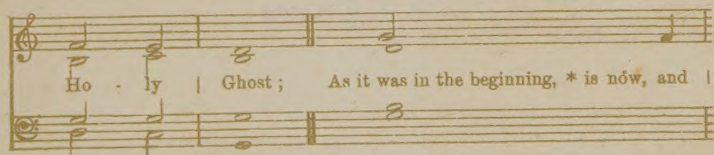
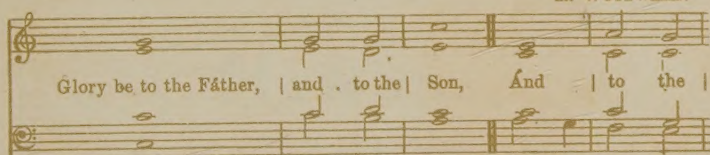


O Lord, open Thou my lips, and
my mouth shall show forth Thy
praise.

PSALM LI. 15.

Gloria Patri.

R. WOODWARD.



Miss Parker
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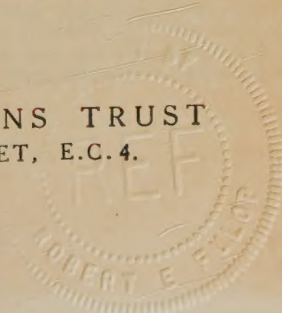
THE
BAPTIST CHURCH
HYMNAL

REVISED EDITION, 1933

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AND
TUNES

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NOTE.—As long as there is a demand, the first issue of THE BAPTIST CHURCH HYMNAL as published in 1900 will continue on sale.



FOREWORD

BY

SIR HENRY COWARD, MUS.DOC.OXON.

IN response to the request of the Trustees, I have carefully examined the Revised Hymnal, considering each Tune separately, and reviewing the collection as a unity.

On this basis I have been able to form what I hope is a just estimate of the merits of the Hymnal with regard to its adaptability to the requirements, traditions, and Free Church atmosphere of the Baptist Denomination.

In my opinion, the Selection Committee are to be complimented on the wise discrimination displayed in their task, by avoiding extremes in any one direction.

They have not been afflicted with bias, or a "one-track mind." Therefore they have secured a just balance and blend of old and new Tunes, which commands respect, if not admiration. Out of the great number of Tunes, about seventy per cent. has been given to those which are not only well known, but most of them hallowed by sacred and affectionate associations. In these are included most of the Hymns and Tunes which by universal consent have become wedded together as inseparable.

Of the Tunes which, through not being in previous Baptist collections, are counted as "new," a goodly number have appeared in other tune-books. These "new" Tunes, by their virility and general acceptance, have commended themselves to the Selection Committee, and are therefore deemed worthy of being incorporated in this collection.

Eclectic judgment has been shown, as they embody variety in (a) Style, (b) Nationality, (c) Period.

Style.—The rhythm is more varied and not so square cut, while in all new Tunes there are clear indications of some sign of modernity in form or harmony, or both.

Nationality.—A wide outlook has been shown in including Welsh, Irish, Scottish, French, and Continental Tunes which are popular in these places. These give a desirable and gracious cosmopolitan touch to the collection.

Period.—Narrowness has been avoided by the selection of Tunes from early times to the present. Beginning with some special adaptations of medieval plain-chants, and progressing through the Tudor, Stuart, Hanoverian, and Victorian periods, they lead up to tunes by a number of living composers. In very many cases there is a choice of two or even three Tunes to one Hymn, and a commendable feature is the grouping together of the Tunes of the same metre in each division of subjects, as Worship, Praise, Seasons, &c.

Some old "repeating" Tunes and other rousing alternatives will be welcomed.

The Committee have fulfilled the all-important objective of providing an attractive, serviceable, stimulating, praiseworthy collection of Tunes which can, and doubtless will, be sung with such heartiness that the concession of incorporating a few simple—but effective—popular Tunes can pass without adverse criticism.

PREFACE

THE BAPTIST CHURCH HYMNAL was first issued in the year 1900. Naturally, therefore, during the last few years, there has been a growing desire expressed for a revision of the book.

Revision

In order to meet this desire the Psalms and Hymns Trustees—proprietors of the Hymnal—first appointed a Committee to consider the compilation of a Supplement. Later, it was decided that a complete revision was necessary.

Hymns Committee

After the members of the Trust had voted on the Hymns that might be omitted, the matter of Hymn selection was left in the hands of a Committee, consisting of :

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MR. HERBERT CHOWN, organist of Brondesbury Chapel.

Tunes Committee

In 1930 a Tunes Committee was appointed, the members being :

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REVS. FRANK C. BRYAN, M.A. (co-opted)

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W. T. WHITLEY, M.A., LL.D.

These Committees held several meetings in the period 1930-32; and, fully realising their responsibility, gave the most careful consideration to the various problems that arose.

Changes

In regard to Hymns, as many as possible of the older ones dear to Baptists have been retained, especially those dealing with the vital doctrines of the Christian faith. Among the additions will be found some belonging to the Twentieth Century, and many of older date.

Great changes have been made in the Tunes. Inquiries among organists, choir-masters, and musical people made it clear that a large

number of Tunes appearing in the first edition were not used. Accordingly these were omitted, their place being taken by familiar compositions, including some old "repeat tunes" and some of the well-known Welsh melodies. In addition, many others, both ancient and modern, have been introduced, in the belief that when learned they will prove widely acceptable.

The Chants and Anthems have been left as they were.

**Editorial
Committee**

When the selections had been made, the work of seeing the book through the press, correcting proofs, and preparing the Index material, was entrusted to a small Editorial Committee: Messrs. Carey Bonner, Herbert Chown, and W. T. Whitley.

For these three Committees the Secretarial duties were carried out by Mr. Herbert W. Pewtress, Secretary to the Trust.

The Profits

Any profits from the sale of this Hymnal will, as heretofore, be devoted to the objects of Denominational interest, according to a scheme approved by the Charity Commissioners; the relief of widows and orphans of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries having a preferential claim.

This Revised Hymnal is issued with the prayerful hope that it may enrich the worship of congregations using it, enabling them to "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also."

The Compilers tender sincere apologies if there has been any breach of copyright, and will gladly rectify the same in future Editions upon being notified.

22a, FURNIVAL STREET,
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April, 1933.

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Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire ..	177
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Come, let us anew ..	646
Come, let us join our cheerful songs ..	23
Come, let us join our friends above ..	464
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Come, Thou Fount of every blessing ..	425
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Dear Lord, before we part ..	496	Go not far from me, O my Strength ..	336
Dear Master, in Thy way ..	480	Go to dark Gethsemane ..	114
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Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord ..	368	God be with you till we meet again ..	785
Dost thou bow beneath the burden ..	340	God bless our motherland, cradled in ..	698
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<i>Ere I sleep, for every favour</i> ..	642	God calling yet! shall I not hear ..	218
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Eternal God, Whose changeless will ..	67	God is in His temple ..	37
Eternal Light! Eternal Light ..	74	<i>God is love; His mercy brightens</i> ..	47
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round ..	459	God is my strong salvation ..	392
<i>Every morning the red sun</i> ..	781	God is with us, God is with us ..	408
<i>Fair waved the golden corn</i> ..	672	God is working His purpose out ..	545
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<i>Far round the world Thy children sing</i> ..	778	<i>God make my life a little light</i> ..	769
Farewell, my friends beloved ..	787	<i>God might have made the earth bring ..</i>	728
Father and Friend! Thy light, Thy ..	41	God moves in a mysterious way ..	60
love ..	356	God of mercy, God of grace ..	532
Father, beneath Thy sheltering wing ..	240	God of our fathers, known of old ..	699
<i>Father, hear the prayer we offer</i> ..	291	God of pity, God of grace ..	250
Father, I know that all my life ..	626	God of the living, in Whose eyes ..	440
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<i>Father, now we thank Thee</i> ..	36	<i>God, Who created me</i> ..	773
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Father of men, in Whom are one ..	193	<i>Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd</i> ..	708
Father of mercies, bow Thine ear ..	396	Gracious Spirit, dwell with me ..	180
Father of mercies, in Thy word ..	686	<i>Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost</i> ..	294
Father, though storm on storm ..	109	Grant us Thy light, that we may ..	242
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Fight the good fight with all thy ..	451	Great is Thy mercy, Lord ..	584
might ..	491	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah ..	418
Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God ..	429	Hail! sacred day of earthly rest ..	555
For all the love that from our earliest ..	56	Hail! Thou once despised Jesus ..	143
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For all the saints who from their ..	671	Hallelujah! Hallelujah! ..	124
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For ever here my rest shall be ..	439	Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs ..	432
For ever with the Lord ..	608	are swelling ..	288
<i>For the beauty of the earth</i> ..	397	Hark! my soul! it is the Lord ..	79
For the might of Thine arm we bless ..	367	<i>Hark! the herald angels sing</i> ..	84
Thee ..	22	Hark! the song of jubilee ..	541
For the sunshine and the rain ..	505	Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry ..	169
For thee, O dear, dear country ..	588	Hast Thou said, exalted Jesus ..	472
For those we love within the veil ..	523	He that is down needs fear no fall ..	347
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go ..	535	Head of the Church, and Lord of all ..	461
Forward! be our watchword ..	536	Head of Thy Church triumphant ..	467
Fountain of good, to own Thy love ..	678	Heal us, Immanuel! we are here ..	601
From all that dwell below the skies ..	544	Help me, my God, to speak ..	283
From distant places of our land ..	720	<i>Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is ..</i>	664
From every stormy wind that blows ..	718	<i>fairest</i> ..	498
<i>From Greenland's icy mountains</i> ..	445	Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to ..	546
<i>From north and south and east and west</i> ..	7	face ..	363
From the eastern mountains ..	7	Hills of the north, rejoice ..	35
From Thee all skill and science flow ..	7	Hoid Thou my hand! so weak I am ..	687
Gather us in, Thou Love that fillest ..	7	Holy Father, cheer our way ..	687
all ..	7	Holy Father, in Thy mercy ..	687
<i>Gentle Jesus, meek and mild</i> ..	7		
<i>Give light, O Lord, that we may learn</i> ..	7		
Give me the wings of faith, to rise ..	7		
Give to our God immortal praise ..	7		

	HYMN		HYMN
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Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God		Jerusalem the golden! ..	448
Almighty ..	33	Jesus, and shall it ever be ..	475
Holy Spirit, Truth Divine ..	184	<i>Jesus calls us! O'er the tumult</i> ..	205
Hosanna to the living Lord ..	573	Jesus Christ is risen to-day ..	122
How blessed, from the bonds of sin ..	366	Jesus, Fountain of my days ..	320
How calmly the evening once more is		<i>Jesus, Friend of little children</i> ..	767
descending ..	629	<i>Jesus, high in glory</i> ..	755
<i>How dearly God must love us</i> ..	731	Jesus, I my cross have taken ..	479
How firm a foundation, ye saints of		Jesus, I will trust Thee ..	222
the Lord ..	307	<i>Jesus is our Shepherd</i> ..	764
How honoured, how dear ..	570	Jesus lives! thy terrors now ..	128
How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord ..	567	Jesus, Lover of my soul ..	311
How pleased and blest was I ..	577	<i>Jesus meek and gentle</i> ..	245
How shall I follow Him I serve? ..	273	Jesus, my Strength, my Hope ..	241
<i>How shall we worship Thee, O Lord?</i> ..	719	<i>Jesus, Saviour, pilot me</i> ..	416
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds ..	146	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun ..	517
How sweetly flowed the gospel's		Jesus sinners will receive ..	224
sound ..	100	Jesus, stand among us ..	586
How vast the treasure we possess ..	306	Jesus, still lead on ..	419
How welcome was the call ..	683	<i>Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me</i> ..	780
Hush! blessed are the dead ..	437	<i>Jesus, the children are calling</i> ..	757
<i>Hushed was the evening hymn</i> ..	765	Jesus, the very thought of Thee ..	165
		Jesus, these eyes have never seen ..	261
I am not skilled to understand ..	150	Jesus, Thou everlasting King ..	488
<i>I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus</i> ..	217	Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts ..	154
I cannot tell why He Whom angels		Jesus, to Thy table led ..	489
worship ..	547	Jesus, we look to Thee ..	583
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be	345	Jesus, we thus obey ..	495
I give my heart to Thee ..	314	<i>Jesus, when He left the sky</i> ..	740
I heard the voice of Jesus say ..	234	Jesus, where'er Thy people meet ..	657
I hunger and I thirst ..	502	<i>Jesus, Who lived above the sky</i> ..	746
I lay my sins on Jesus ..	315	Join all the glorious names ..	157
I lift my heart to Thee ..	316	Joy to the world! the Lord is come ..	512
<i>I love to hear the story</i> ..	734	Judge eternal, throned in splendour ..	529
<i>I love to think, though I am young</i> ..	744	<i>Just as I am, Thine own to be</i> ..	766
I need Thee every hour ..	216	Just as I am, without one plea ..	232
I said it in the meadow path ..	379		
I see the wrong that round me lies ..	350	<i>Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace</i> ..	195
<i>I sing the almighty power of God</i> ..	729	<i>Land of our birth, we pledge to thee</i> ..	694
<i>I think when I read that sweet story of</i>		Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encir-	
<i>old</i> ..	745	cling gloom ..	416
I to the hills will lift mine eyes ..	64	<i>Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us</i> ..	417
I vow to Thee, my country ..	701	Lead us, O Father, in the paths of	
I waited for the Lord my God ..	351	peace ..	421
I was a wandering sheep ..	235	Leader of faithful souls, and Guide ..	422
I worship Thee, sweet will of God (see		Leave God to order all Thy ways ..	346
Man's weakness, waiting upon God)	334	Lend me, O Lord, Thy softening	
I would commune with Thee, my		cloud ..	255
God ..	258	Let all the world in every corner sing ..	26
I'll praise my Maker with my breath ..	50	Let every voice for praise awake ..	14
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord ..	469	Let me be with Thee where Thou art ..	486
Immortal, invisible, God only wise ..	38	Let us sing the King Messiah ..	526
Immortal Love, for ever full ..	91	<i>Let us with a gladsome mind</i> ..	15
In all things like Thy brethren, Thou ..	95	<i>Life and light and joy are found</i> ..	715
In Christ there is no east or west ..	688	<i>Life of ages, richly poured</i> ..	57
In full and glad surrender ..	233	Lift up your heads, rejoice ..	539
In heavenly love abiding ..	424	Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates ..	213
<i>In life's earnest morning</i> ..	723	'Lift up your hearts!' We lift them,	
<i>In our dear Lord's garden</i> ..	756	Lord, to Thee ..	271
<i>In the bleak midwinter</i> ..	742	Light of life, seraphic fire ..	593
In the cross of Christ I glory ..	118	Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart ..	514
<i>In the field with their flocks abiding</i> ..	736	Light up this house with glory, Lord ..	660
In the hour of trial ..	342	<i>Little drops of water</i> ..	777
<i>In the Name of Jesus</i> ..	145	Lo! God is here, let us adore ..	27
Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? ..	679	Lo! He comes, with clouds descend-	
<i>It came upon the midnight clear</i> ..	82	ing ..	168
<i>It is a thing most wonderful</i> ..	753	Lo! the storms of life are breaking ..	462
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It singeth low in every heart ..	434	Look from Thy sphere of endless day ..	693
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Lord God, by Whom all change is wrought	302
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Lord God of our salvation	522
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	574
Lord, her watch Thy church is keeping	530
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	590
Lord, I repent with grief and shame	227
Lord, I was blind, I could not see	226
Lord, in the fulness of my might	712
Lord, in this blest and hallowed hour	487
Lord, it belongs not to my care	331
Lord Jesus Christ, our Lord most dear	709
Lord of all being, throned afar	39
Lord of mercy and of might	249
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation	463
Lord of the brave, Who call'st Thine own	477
Lord of the living harvest	524
Lord of the reapers, hear our lowly pleading	390
Lord of the worlds above	578
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	375
Lord, Thou hast all my frailty made	343
Lord, Thy children guide and keep	654
Lord, Thy mercy now entreating	239
Lord, Thy servants forth are going	527
Lord, Thy word abideth	197
Lord, we come before Thee now	571
Lord, we thank Thee for the pleasure throne	714
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Love Divine, all loves excelling	317
Make lowly wise, we ask no more	260
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March on, march on, O ye soldiers true	404
Master, speak! Thy servant heareth	391
Master, we Thy footsteps follow	484
Master, where abidest Thou?	99
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My God, accept my heart this day	470
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My God, and is Thy table spread?	485
My God, how wonderful Thou art	42
My God, I love Thee for Thyself	282
My God, I love Thee; not because	275
My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made	327
My God, is any hour so sweet	269
My God, my Father, make me strong	410
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Now thank we all our God	11
Now that the sun is gleaming bright	616
Now the day is over	779
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Now to the Lord a noble song	162
O, bless the Lord, my soul	48
O blessed life! the heart at rest	256
O Breath of God, breathe on us now	176
O brothers, lift your voices	525
O Christ, our God, Who with Thine own hast been	499
O Christ, our true and only Light	520
O come, all ye faithful	86
O, come and mourn with me awhile	111
O, come to the merciful Saviour Who calls you	210
O day of rest and gladness	552
O everlasting Light	61
O for a closer walk with God	262
O for a heart to praise my God	277
O for a thousand tongues to sing	147
O Fount of grace that runneth o'er	598
O, give thanks to Him Who made	9
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand	55
O God of life, Whose power benign	34
O God of truth, Whose living word	369
O God, our help (see Our God)	44
O God, the rock of ages	46
O God, Thy power is wonderful	43
O God, Who didst Thy will unfold	587
O great Lord Christ, my Saviour	406
O happy band of pilgrims	426
O happy day, that fixed my choice	478
O happy home, where Thou art loved	681
O, happy is the man who hears	194
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O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me	322
O Jesus Christ, the Holy One	492
O Jesus, ever present	153
O Jesus, Friend unfailing	152
O Jesus, I have promised	473
O Jesus, King most wonderful	139
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace	611
O Jesus, Thou art standing	204
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O Lord, be with us when we sail	685
O Lord, how happy should we be	361
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O Lord of life, and love, and power	716
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	HYMN
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O Lord, Who by Thy presence hast made light ..	639
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O Love divine, that stooped to share ..	66
O Love of God, how strong and true ..	40
O Love, that wilt not let me go ..	358
O Love, Who formedst me to wear ..	300
O Master, it is good to be ..	106
O Master, let me walk with Thee ..	319
O, mean may seem this house of clay ..	94
O my Saviour, lifted ..	223
O North, with all thy vales of green ..	531
O, perfect life of love ..	120
O perfect Love, all human thought transcending ..	682
O, praise our God to-day ..	28
O, praise the Lord our God ..	10
O, quickly come, great Judge of all ..	167
O sacred Head, once wounded ..	116
O Saviour, bless us ere we go ..	564
O Saviour, I have nought to plead ..	238
O, send Thy light forth and Thy truth ..	569
<i>O Son of man, our Hero strong and tender</i> ..	749
O Spirit of the living God ..	518
O, still in accents clear and strong ..	370
O, the bitter shame and sorrow ..	324
O Thou from Whom all goodness flows ..	333
O Thou, in all Thy might so far ..	45
O thou my soul, bless God the Lord ..	73
O thou my soul, forget no more ..	155
O thou not made with hands ..	455
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend ..	137
O Thou, through suffering perfect made ..	675
O Thou, to Whom in ancient time ..	658
O Thou, Who camest from above ..	373
O Thou, Who didst with love untold ..	127
O Thou, Who hast redeemed of old ..	231
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O, walk with God, and thou shalt find ..	263
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O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness ..	18
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Eventide (Pope) ..	10.10.10.10. ..	309	Hallelujah ..	8.7., 8 lines	124
Ever faithful,			Hallelujah ! what		
ever sure 7.7.7.7. ..		16	a Saviour 7.7.7.8. ..		159
Eversley (Cottman) C.M. ..		662	Hampstead ..	L.M. ..	373
Eversley			Hanford (Sullivan) 8.8.8.4. ..		326
(Musgrave) 10.10.10.10.4. ..		544	Hanford (or		
Everton ..	8.7., 8 lines	530	Mayfield) 8.8.8.4. ..		14, 535
Ewing ..	7.6., 8 lines	406, 474	Hanover ..	55.55.65.65. ..	4, 325
Excelsior ..	7.6.7.6. ..		Happy land ..	64.64.67.64. ..	797
(Trochaic) ..		763	Harrogate ..	86.86.88. ..	531
Exultation ..	7.6., 8 lines	747	Hart's ..	7.7.7.7. ..	593
			Harvest ..	5.6.6.5.9. ..	775
Faben ..	8.7., 8 lines	530	Hast du denn, Jesu	14.14.47.8. ..	30
Fairfield ..	S.M.D. ..	304	Havergal ..	6's, 6 lines	364
Fairford ..	7.6., 8 lines	553	Haydn ..	6.5., 12 lines	398
Faith (Dykes) ..	C.M. ..	53	Hayes ..	L.M.D. ..	106
Faith ..	86.86.88.86. ..	409	Hazelwood ..	664.6664 ..	313
Farningham ..	C.M. ..	370	Heathlands ..	7's, 6 lines	330
Farrant ..	C.M. ..	281, 508	Heber ..	87.87.47. ..	70
Fatherland ..	55.88.55. ..	419	Heinlein ..	7.7.7.7. ..	228
Feniton Court ..	8.7., 6 lines	795	Hellespont (or		
Festus ..	L.M. ..	65, 478	Morecambe) 10.10.10.10. ..		493
Ffigysbren ..	10.10.10.10. ..	271	Helmsey ..	87.87.47. ..	168
Filius Dei ..	C.M.D. ..	653, 716	Helvetia ..	11.10.11.10. (with	
Fingal ..	C.M. ..	275, 601	Refrain) ..		792
Florence ..	8.7., 8 lines	625	Hermas ..	6.5., 12 lines	133
Following ..	S.M. ..	283	Herstmonceux ..	4.66.6.66.2. ..	188
Forest Green ..	C.M.D. ..	80	Highbury Quadrant	P.M. ..	702
Fortunatus ..	11's, 5 lines	125	Hillside ..	8.5.8.3. ..	340
Franconia ..	S.M. ..	457, 594	Hindhead ..	L.M. ..	41, 254
(Hastings) 6.5., 8 lines		222	Hobart ..	64.66. ..	633
Frankfort ..	7's, 8 lines	310	Hold Thou my hand	11.10.11.10. ..	363
Frant ..	8.8. ..	482	Holley ..	L.M. ..	154
French (or Dundee) C.M. ..		60, 685	Hollingside ..	7's, 8 lines	311
Fulda (or Walton) L.M. ..		52, 611	Holy Cross ..	C.M. ..	600, 729
			Holy Rood (Brown) S.M. ..		554
Galilee (Jude) ..	8.7.8.7. ..	205	Holy Trinity ..	C.M. ..	127, 688
Galilee (Armes) ..	L.M. ..	520	Holy War ..	6.5, 8 lines	403
Gartan ..	6.7.6.7. ..	96	Holyrood (Watson) S.M. ..		303, 672
Gentle Jesus ..	7.7.7.7. ..	720	Horbury ..	64.64.664. ..	266
German Hymn ..	7.7.7.7. ..	759	Horeb ..	64.66. ..	633
Gerontius ..	C.M. ..	72, 616	Horsley ..	C.M. ..	752
Gibbons ..	7.7.7.7. ..	537	Hosanna ..	L.M. (with	
Glenfinlas ..	6.5.6.5. ..	707	Refrain) ..		573
Glory ..	C.M. (with		Houghton ..	55.55.65.65. ..	3
Refrain) ..		784	Huddersfield ..	S.M. ..	230, 724
God be with you ..	9.8.8.9. (with		Hull ..	886.886. ..	231, 362
Refrain) ..		785	Humility ..	7.7.7.5. ..	740
God is calling yet	L.M. ..		Hunsdon ..	88. ..	482
(with Refrain) 218			Hursley ..	L.M. ..	622
Golden Chain, The	87.87.887. ..	12, 456	Hushed was the		
Golden Sheaves ..	8.7., 8 lines		(or Samuel) 6666.88. ..		765
(Iambic) ..		668	Hyfrydol ..	8.7., 8 lines	143, 721
Good Shepherd, The	8.7., 6 lines	722			
Gopsal ..	66.66.88. ..	141	I need Thee every		
Goshen ..	6.5., 8 lines	764	hour 10.10. (with		
Goss ..	7.7.7.7. (with		Refrain) ..		216
Refrain) ..		743	Ilbstone ..	6.6.6.6. ..	329
Gott ein Vater ..	6.5.6.5. ..	586	Ilkley (or Calm) ..	L.M. ..	155, 176, 485
			Ilslley (or Bishop)	L.M. 41 in G, 242 in F	
			In Memoriam		
			(Maker) 8.8.8.4. ..		269, 326, 490

NAME	METRE	HYMN	NAME	METRE	HYMN
In Memoriam			London ..	C.M. ...	58, 602
(Stainer) 86.76.76.76.		782	Londonderry Air ..	11.10.11.10.11.10.	
In Memoriam				11.12. ...	547
(Sullivan) S.M. ..		556	Longwood ..	10.10.10.10	293
In Te, Domine,			Looking upward ..	7.6.7.6. ..	
speravi 8.10.10.4.		160		(Trochaic) ..	763
In the field ..	Irregular	736	Lord, I hear ..	8.7.8.7.3. ..	590
Incarnation ..	7's, 6 lines	56	Lostwithiel ..	77.44.7.D. ..	467
Initia ..	C.M. ..	127	Love Divine		
Innocents ..	7.7.7.7. ..	720	(Stainer) 8.7.8.7. ..		317
Innsbruck ..	886.886. ..	361	Love Divine		
Intercession ..	75.75.75.75.88. ..	576	(Starnes) 8.7.8.7. ..		47
Intercessor ..	8.8.8.6. ..	318	Lubeck ..	7.7.7.7. ..	184
Integer vitæ ..	11.11.11.5. ..	643	Lucerne ..	8.7.8.7. ..	47
Invitation ..	6's, 8 lines (with		Luckington ..	10.4.66.66.10.4. ..	26
	Refrain) ..	207	Luther's Chant ..	L.M. ..	486
Iona ..	Irregular	773	Luther's Hymn ..	87.87.887. ..	12
Irby ..	87.87.77. ..	737	Luton ..	L.M. ..	609
Irene ..	7.7.7.5. ..	179, 442	Lux Eol ..	8.7., 8 lines	19
Irish ..	C.M. ..	367, 515	Lydia ..	C.M. ..	794
Irlam ..	668.668. ..	28	Lymington ..	7.6., 8 lines	524
			Lyndhurst ..	6.5., 8 lines	779
Jazer ..	C.M. ..	43, 146	Lyngham (or		
Jerusalem ..	C.M. ..	609	Nativity) C.M. ..		23
Jesu, Magister Bone	7.6, 8 lines	474			
Jesus of Nazareth			Magdalen ..	8's, 6 lines	149, 300
passeth by L.M.D. ..		220	Magister ..	87.87.77. ..	391
Jesus, Saviour,			Magnolia ..	8.5.8.3. ..	767
pilot me 7's, 6 lines		416	Maldstone ..	7's, 8 lines	458
Jubilate ..	7.6, 8 lines	525	Mainzer ..	L.M. ..	2, 504
Just as I am ..	8.8.8.6. ..	766	Manchester ..	C.M. ..	278
			Mannheim ..	8.7., 6 lines	417, 472
Keble ..	L.M. ..	621	March ..	7's, 8 lines	541
Kenilworth ..	87.87.47. ..	85	Margaret (Roberts)	10.10.10.10. ..	271
Kiel ..	7.7.7.7. ..	103	Margaret		
Kilmarnock ..	C.M. ..	236	(Matthews) Irregular		739
Kingsfold ..	C.M.D. ..	234	Marlborough ..	11.10.11.10. ..	681
Kirby Bedon ..	664.6664. ..	627	Martham ..	L.M. ..	40
Kirkstall ..	C.M.D. ..	366	Martyrdom ..	C.M. ..	236, 469
Knecht (or Barton)	7.6.7.6. ..	426	Maryton ..	L.M. ..	39, 319, 356
			Matins ..	666.666. ..	166
Lacrymæ ..	7.7.7. ..	489	Mayenne ..	7's, 6 lines	9
Lampadarius ..	L.M. ..	191	Mayfield (or		
Lancashire ..	7.6, 8 lines	619, 655	Hanford) 8.8.8.4. ..		14, 535
Lancaster ..	C.M. ..	193	Meditation ..	C.M. ..	752
Land of our birth	L.M. ..	694	Meirionydd ..	7.6, 8 lines	449
Land of rest ..	C.M.D. ..	365	Melcombe ..	L.M. ..	273, 475, 612
Lasst uns erfreuen	88.44.88. ..	24	Melita ..	8's, 6 lines	684
	(or L.M. with Refrains)		Melton Mowbray	96.96.3.96.96. ..	199
Lasus ..	L.M. ..	550	Mendip ..	C.M. ..	713
Lathbury ..	64.64.D. ..	198	Merton ..	C.M. ..	491
Laudate Dominum	55.55.65.65. ..	4	Message ..	10.8.8.7. (with	
Laudes Domini ..	666.666. ..	166		refrain) ..	776
Laus Deo ..	8.7.8.7. ..	648	Midhurst ..	C.M. ..	678
Lead, Kindly Light	10.4.10.4.10.10. ..	415	Miles' Lane ..	C.M. ..	140
Lebanon ..	8.6., 6 lines	336	Mirfield ..	C.M. ..	400, 712
Ledbury ..	7.7.7.5. ..	250, 595	Misericordia ..	8.8.8.6. ..	232
Leominster ..	S.M.D. ..	314	Missionary ..	7.6, 8 lines	523
Leoni ..	66.84.66.84. ..	17	Monkland ..	7.7.7.7. ..	15, 666
Les commandemens			Monk's Gate ..	65.65.66.65. ..	407
de Dieu 9.8.9.8. ..		562	Monmouth ..	888.888. ..	789
Lewes ..	8.7., 6 lines	472	Montgomery ..	11.11.11.11. ..	307
Lewisham ..	87.87.47. ..	85, 528	Montrose ..	447.87. (Iambic)	630
Leyden ..	C.M.D. ..	200	Morecambe (or		
Liebster Jesu ..	78.78.88. ..	202	Hellespont) 10.10.10.10. ..		498
Light ..	664.6664. ..	534	Morgenlied ..	8.7., 12 lines	126
Linton ..	8.6.8.4. ..	248	Morning Hymn ..	L.M. ..	610
Little Cornard	66.66.88. ..	545	Morwellham ..	8.6., 6 lines	291
Little ones like me	7.7.7.5. ..	740	Moscow ..	664.6664. ..	20, 523
Llanfair ..	7.7.7.7. (with		Mountain		
	Hallelujah) ..	123	Christians P.M. ..		468
Llef ..	L.M. ..	376	Mount Ephraim ..	S.M. ..	304
Lloyd ..	C.M. ..	446, 651	Mount Zion ..	7's, 6 lines	8
			Munich ..	7.6, 8 lines	46

NAME	METRE	HYMN
Nachtlied ..	10's, 6 lines	631
Narenza ..	S.M.	170, 497
Nassau ..	7's, 6 lines	180
National Anthem	664.6664.	690
Nativity (Jarman)		
(or Lyngham) C.M.		23
Nativity (Lahee) ..	C.M.	512
Nativity (Maker) ..	866.866.	87
Neander ..	668.668.3366.	37
Neapolis ..	L.M.	255
Nearer home ..	S.M.D.	429
Newcastle ..	86.886.	74
Newington ..	7.7.7.7.	229
New York ..	7.6., 8 lines	405
Niagara ..	L.M.	519
Nicea ..	11.12.12.10.	33
Noel ..	C.M.D.	82
Northampton ..	C.M.	322
North Coates ..	6.5.6.5. 223, 586,	755
Nottingham ..	7.7.7.7.	381
Nox præcessit ..	C.M.	181
Nun danket ..	67.67.66.66.	10
Nun danket all' ..	C.M.	262
Nutfield ..	84.84.8884.	636
O worship the Lord	12.10.12.10.	18
Oasis ..	6's, 6 lines	247, 364
Old Hundredth ..	L.M. (1st version)	1
Old Hundredth ..	L.M. (2nd version)	22
Old 44th ..	C.M.D.	289
Old 104th (or		
Ravenscroft) 55.65.55.65.		3, 570
Old 113th ..	888.888.	50, 585
Old 120th ..	6's, 6 lines	247
Old 148th ..	66.66.4444.	31
Olivet ..	664.6664.	313
Olrig Grange ..	11.11.11.11.	38
Omsberley ..	L.M.	477, 517
Oriel (or Pange		
lingua) 8.7., 6 lines		83
Orwell ..	66.88.66.	323
Oxford ..	L.M.	604
Palmyra ..	86.86.88.	77
Pange lingua (or		
Oriel) 8.7., 6 lines		83
Passion Chorale ..	7.6., 8 lines	116
Pastor bonus ..	S.M.D.	235
Pater omnium ..	8's, 6 lines	71, 243
Pax Dei (Dykes) ..	10.10.10.10.	563
Pax Dei (Holmes) ..	S.M.	268
Pax tecum ..	10.10.	360
Paxton ..	C.M.	744
Pearsall ..	7.6., 8 lines	46, 69
Peel Castle ..	10.10.10.10.	778
Pembroke ..	886.886.	302
Peniel ..	8's, 6 lines	270
Penitencia ..	10.10.10.10.	251
Penlan ..	7.6., 8 lines	424
Pentecost (Boyd) ..	L.M.	174, 471
Pentecost (Lomas) ..	664.6664.	185
Perfect Love ..	11.10.11.10.	682, 749
Perivale ..	447.87. (Iambic)	630
Peterborough ..	L.M.D.	7
Petersham ..	C.M.D.	104, 200
Petition (or		
Dedham) 7.6., 8 lines		647
Philadelphia ..	L.M.	379
Philippi ..	664.6664.	185, 627
Pilgrims ..	11.10.11.10.9.11.	432
Posen ..	7.7.7.7.	359
Potsdam ..	S.M.	61, 387
Praise ..	886.886.	301
Praise, my soul ..	8.7., 6 lines	579

NAME	METRE	HYMN
Princethorpe ..	6.5., 8 lines	536
Pro omnibus sanctis	10.10.10.4.	451
Pro patria ..	7.6.7.6.	697
Propior Deo ..	64.64.664.	265
Prospect ..	C.M.D.	790
Putney Hill ..	C.M.	333
Quam Dilecta ..	6.6.6.6.	568
Queenswood ..	C.M.D.	434
Rachie ..	6.5., 12 lines	397
Rakestraw ..	10.10.10.10.	251
Raleigh ..	66.66.88.	686
Ramoth ..	7's, 8 lines	32
Ratisbon ..	7's, 6 lines	613, 715
Ravendale ..	886.886.	301
Ravenscroft ..	55.55.65.65.	3, 570
Ravenshaw ..	6.6.6.6. (Trochaic)	197
Rawdon ..	8.8.8.6.	232
Redhead ..	7.7.7.7.	607
Redhead (No. 143)	8.7.8.7.	29
Regent Square ..	87.87.87.	526
Remembrance ..	7.6.7.6.	214
Requiem ..	87.87.77.	637, 676
Requiescat ..	77.77.88.	441
Rescue the		
perishing 11.10., 6 lines		383
Resonet in laudibus	7.7.7.7. (with	
Chorus) ..		751
Rest (Lomas) ..	6.10.6.10.	98
Rest (Maker) ..	86.886.	357
Rex gloriæ ..	8.7., 8 lines	453
Rex regum ..	C.M.D.	703
Rhuddlan ..	8.7., 6 lines	529
Richmond ..	C.M.	72, 513
Rickmansworth ..	8.3.8.3.	757
Rimington ..	L.M.	487
Ringland ..	5.5.5.11.	646
Rivaulx ..	L.M.	36, 67, 355
Rockingham ..	L.M.	112
Roscommon ..	L.M.	748
Rothbury ..	8.5.8.3.	767
Rotherfield ..	L.M.	608
Rouen ..	11.11.11.5.	463
Rousseau ..	8.7., 6 lines	708
Royal Fort ..	86.886.	74
Russia ..	11.10.11.10.	
(Dactylic) ..		698
Ruth ..	6.5., 8 lines	663
Rutherford ..	76.76.76.75.	433
or 7.6., 8 lines		561
Sacrament ..	9.8.9.8.	494
Sacrifice ..	7.6.7.6.	233
Safe home ..	66.66.88.	438
Saffron Walden ..	8.8.8.6.	137
Sagina ..	8's, 6 lines	793
Saint Aëlred ..	8.8.8.3.	109
St. Agnes (Dykes) ..	C.M.	165, 322, 347
St. Agnes (Langran) ..	10.10.10.10.	292
St. Aidan ..	8.8.8.	34, 585
St. Albinus ..	78.78.4.	128
St. Alphege ..	7.6.7.6.	107, 233
St. Anatolius ..	76.76.88.	638
St. Andrew		
(Barnby) S.M.		285, 582
St. Andrew		
(Thorne) 8.7.8.7.		205
St. Angelus ..	C.M.	44
St. Anne ..	C.M.	44
St. Anselm		
(Barnby) 7.6., 8 lines		551
St. Anselm (Hayne) ..	L.M.	380
St. Asaph (Mann) ..	12.11.12.11.	210, 629

NAME	METRE	HYMN	NAME	METRE	HYMN
St. Asaph (Bambridge)	8.7., 8 lines	714	St. Peter ..	C.M. 146, 436, 507	
St. Bees ..	7.7.7.7. ..	287, 381	St. Philip (Flotow)	7.6.7.6. ..	392
St. Benet ..	7's, 6 lines	798	St. Philip (Monk)	7.7.7. ..	489
St. Bernard ..	C.M. 131,	370, 385	St. Polycarp ..	L.M. ..	175, 461
St. Brannock ..	7's, 6 lines	56	St. Saviour ..	C.M. ..	79, 727
St. Bride ..	S.M. ..	119, 352	St. Sepulchre ..	L.M. ..	253
St. Catherine (Dale)	7.6., 8 lines	204	St. Silas ..	8.6., 6 lines	291, 368
St. Catherine (Hemy)	8's, 6 lines	178, 710	St. Stephen ..	C.M. ..	136, 182
St. Cecilia ..	6.6.6.6. ..	430, 540	St. Sylvester ..	Irregular	644
St. Christopher ..	76.86.86.86.	237	St. Theodolph ..	7.6., 8 lines	108
St. Chrysostom ..	8's, 6 lines	299, 440,	St. Theresa ..	6.5., 12 lines	772
		699	St. Werburgh (Stewart)	64.64.664.	266
St. Clement ..	9.8.9.8. ..	562	Saint Werburgh (Webbe)	8.7., 6 lines	70
St. Columba ..	8.7.8.7. (Iambic) (or C.M.)	63	Salisbury ..	C.M. 196,	369, 516
St. Columb's ..	6.6.6.6. ..	430	Salvatori ..	7.6., 8 lines	731
St. Constantine ..	6.5.6.5. ..	245	Salvator mundi	664.6664.	691
St. Cross ..	L.M. ..	111	Salzburg ..	C.M. ..	55, 136
St. Cuthbert ..	8.6.8.4. ..	173	Samos ..	7.7.7.3. ..	399
St. David ..	C.M. ..	689	Samson ..	L.M. ..	395, 746
St. Denio ..	11.11.11.11.	38, 307	Samuel ..	6666.88.	765
St. Denys ..	6.6.6.6. ..	329, 502	Sanctissimus ..	12.10.12.10.	18
St. Drostane ..	L.M. ..	102	Sandon ..	10.4.10.4.10.10.	415
St. Ethelwald ..	S.M. ..	394	Sandringham ..	55.88.55.	321
St. Ewen ..	7.6., 8 lines	522	Sardis ..	8.7.8.7. ..	118
St. Flavian ..	C.M. ..	53, 678	Savannah ..	7.7.7.7. ..	628
St. Frances ..	C.M. ..	277	Saviour of the world (The)	11.10.11.10.	
St. Fulbert ..	C.M. ..	23, 334		11.10.11.12.	547
St. Gabriel ..	8.8.8.4. ..	632, 770	Sawley ..	C.M. ..	259, 769
St. George ..	S.M. 48,	170, 683	Saxby ..	L.M. 226,	256, 343
St. George's, Bolton	7.6, 8 lines	152, 315	Sefton (Calkin)	L.M. ..	572
St. George's, Edinburgh	C.M.D. and Coda	130	Sefton (Crosbie)	8.7.8.7. ..	164
St. George's, Windsor	7's, 8 lines	670	Selborne ..	L.M. ..	135, 696
St. Gertrude ..	6.5., 12 lines	398	Selma ..	S.M. ..	328
St. Godric ..	66.66.88.	141	Selwyn ..	C.M.D. ..	635
St. Hugh ..	C.M. ..	93, 257	Sennen ..	7.7.7.7.4. (with Refrain)	639
St. Ishmael ..	S.M.D. ..	142, 511	Seraph ..	C.M.D. ..	677
St. Ives ..	668.668.	28	Seraphim ..	447.887.	5
St. James ..	C.M. ..	161	Serenity ..	S.M. ..	353
St. John (Calkin)	66.66.88.	110, 388	Sharon (Wallhead)	C.M. ..	465
St. John's (Haverгал)	66.66.4444.	578	Sharon (Boyce)	8.7.8.7. ..	240
St. John's College	C.M. ..	348	Shepton- Beauchamp	L.M. ..	471
St. John, Westminster	C.M. ..	493	Sherborne ..	7.7.7.7. ..	57, 359
St. Jude (Cottman)	6's, 8 lines	539	Sicilian Mariners ..	8.7.8.7. ..	679
St. Jude (Vincent)	67.887. ..	324	Silchester ..	S.M. ..	393, 584
St. Keverne ..	10.10.10.4.	295	Silksworth ..	75.75.77. ..	781
St. Leonard (Smart)	C.M. ..	282	Siloam ..	C.M.D. ..	244
St. Leonard's (Hiles)	C.M.D. ..	290	Silverstone ..	8.8.8.6. ..	318
St. Lucy ..	7.7.7.7. ..	665	Simeon ..	L.M. ..	695
St. Luke ..	11.11.11.11.	38	Sine nomine ..	10.10.10.4.	451, 711
St. Mabyne ..	8.7.8.7. ..	206	Solomon ..	C.M. ..	279, 728
St. Magnus ..	C.M. ..	138	Solothurn ..	L.M. ..	612
St. Margaret ..	88.886. ..	358	Southampton ..	64.64.664.	267
St. Marguerite ..	C.M. ..	445	Southgate ..	84.84.8884.	335
St. Martin ..	7.7.7.7. ..	414, 758	Southport (Davies)	S.M. ..	120
St. Mary ..	C.M. ..	115	Southport (Lomas)	8.8.8.4. ..	632
St. Mary Magdalene (Dykes)	6.5., 8 lines	342	Southwell ..	S.M. ..	284
St. Mary Magdalene (Sullivan)	7's, 8 lines	99	Southwell (Irons)	C.M. ..	435
St. Matthew ..	C.M.D. ..	569	Spain ..	7's, 6 lines	532
St. Matthias ..	8's, 6 lines	564	Spean ..	11.10.11.10. (Dactylic)	90
St. Michael ..	S.M. ..	13, 303	Spire ..	55.88.55.	419
St. Oswald ..	8.7.8.7. ..	118, 389	Spohr ..	8.6., 6 lines	368
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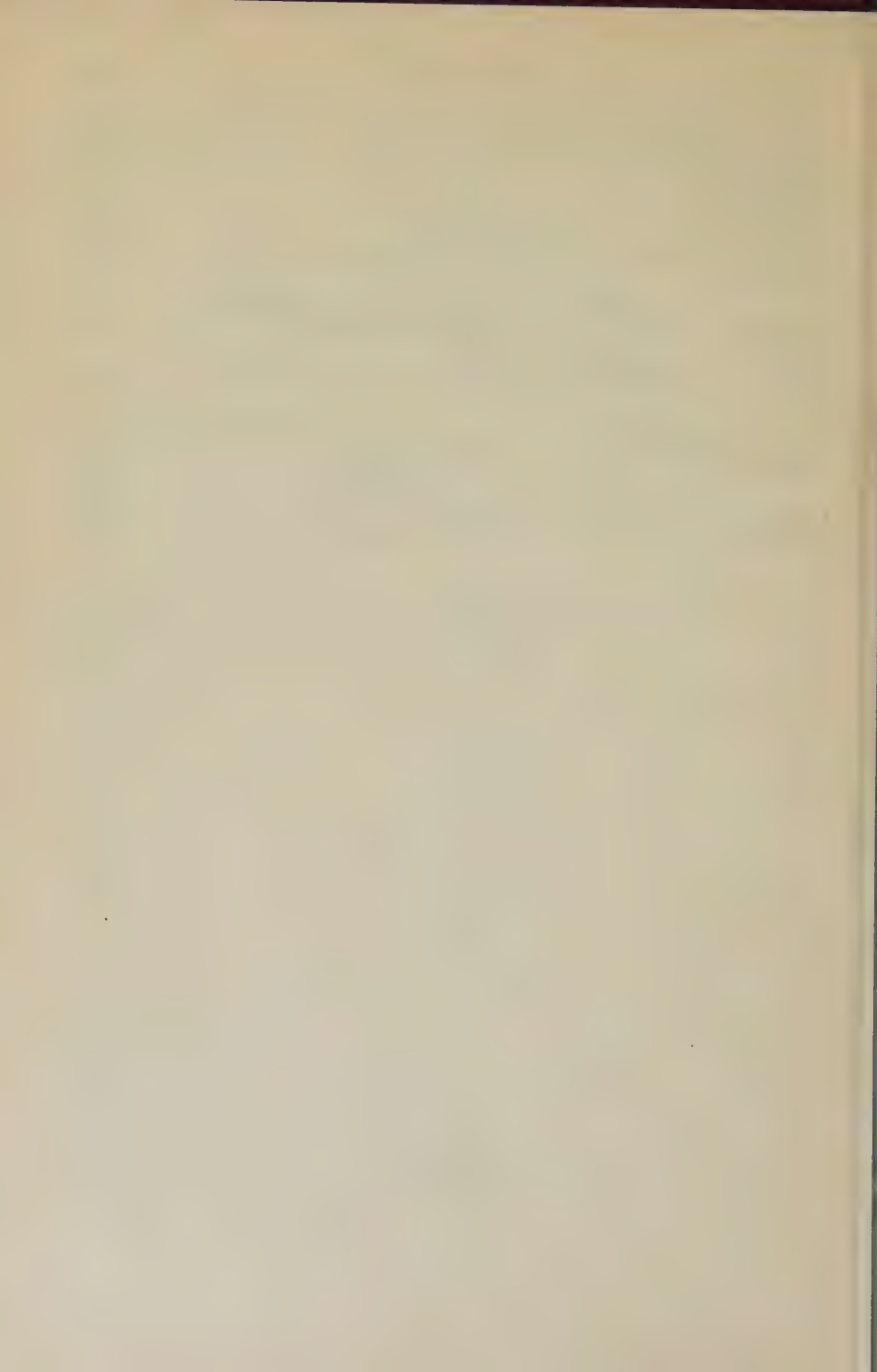
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Section 1.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Old Hundredth. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

Genevan Psalter.

(For other version see No. 22.)

- 1** PSALM C.
- 1** ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2** The Lord, ye know, is God indeed:
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3** O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4** For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe.

- 2** PSALM C.
- 1** BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2** His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3** We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?
- 4** We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
praise.
- 5** Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

I. Watts, alt. J. Wesley.

Mainzer. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

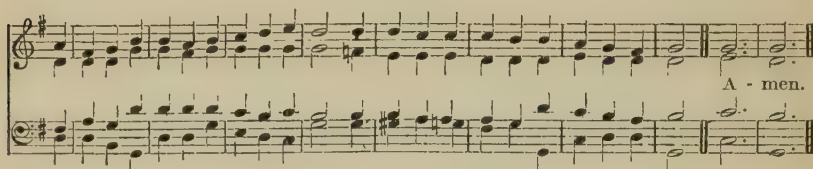
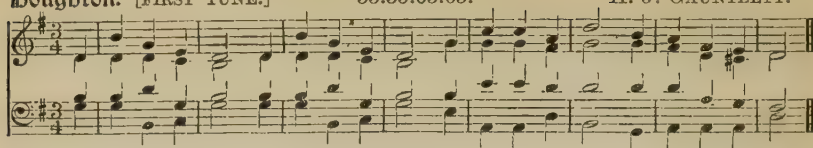
J. MAINZER.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Boughton. [FIRST TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



3

Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.—PSALM CIV. 1.

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old:
Hath established it fast
By a changeless decree
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

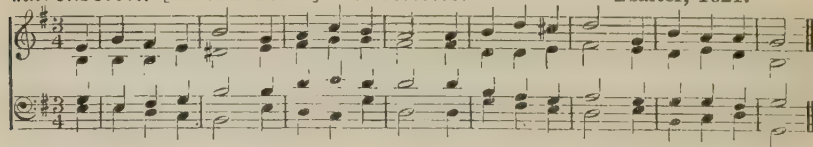
- 4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!
- 6 O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

R. Grant.

Ravenscroft. [SECOND TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

THOS. RAVENSCROFT'S
Psalter, 1621.

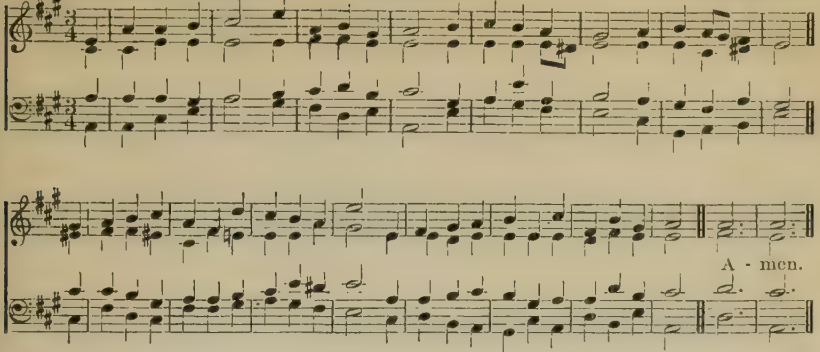


THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Hanover. [THIRD TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

W. CROFT.



4

He that is our God is the God of salvation.—PSALM lxxviii. 20.

1 **Y**E servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

3 'Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne'
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

4 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,—
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above;
And thanks never-ceasing,
And infinite love.

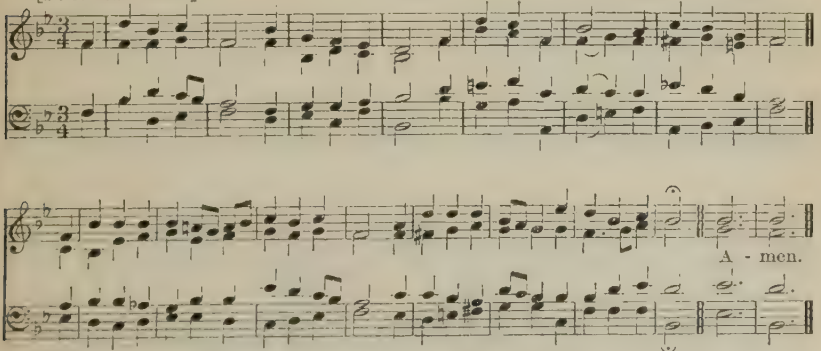
C. Wesley.

Laudate Dominum.

[FOURTH TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.



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THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Seraphim. [FIRST TUNE.]

447.887.

HENRY SMART.

Verses 1, 3, & 6 in Unison.

(Organ Harmonies by E. J. HOPKINS.)

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and an organ accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The organ part is labeled "ORGAN." in the lower left. The music begins with a half rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes.

The second system of the musical score, continuing the vocal and organ parts from the first system. The organ accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation for the vocal melody.

The third system of the musical score. It concludes with a double bar line. The organ part includes a final chord and a small "A - men." marking at the end of the system.

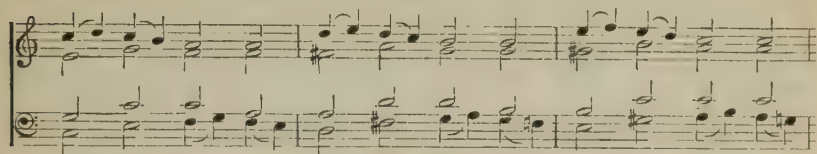
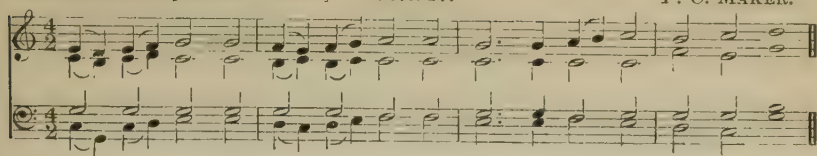
Verses 2, 4, & 5 in Harmony.

The fourth system of the musical score, featuring a vocal line and organ accompaniment. The organ part is more active, with many beamed eighth notes in both hands, creating a rich harmonic texture.

The fifth system of the musical score, continuing the harmonic organ accompaniment and the vocal line. The system ends with a double bar line.

Windermere. [SECOND TUNE.] 447.887.

F. C. MAKER.



5

Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts.—PSALM ciii. 21.

1.

ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,

Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2.

Sun and moon bright,
Night and noon-light,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3.

Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared,
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4.

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared;
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5.

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountains, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

6.

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver!
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

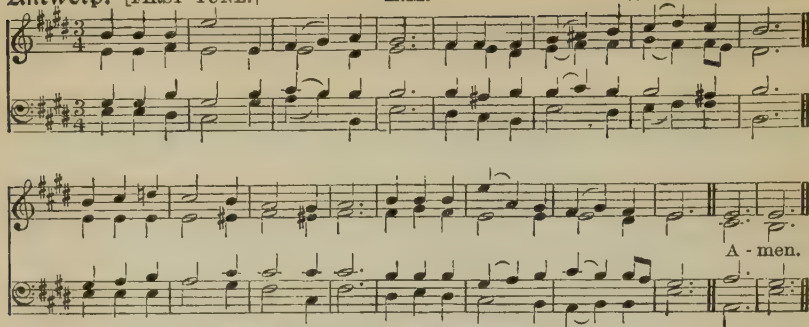
J. S. Blackie.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Antwerp. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

W. SMALLWOOD.



(For this Tune in Key E flat see No. 506.)
(See also Tune ELX, No. 162.)

6

*Sing ye praises with under-
standing.—PSALM xlvi. 7.*

- 1 SING to the Lord a joyful song ;
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise
- 2 For life and love, for rest and food
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair
- 3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great ;
Trust in His Name, for it is true.
- 4 For joys untold, that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love ;
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.
- 5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high—
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die,—
- 6 Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

7

PSALM cxxxvi.

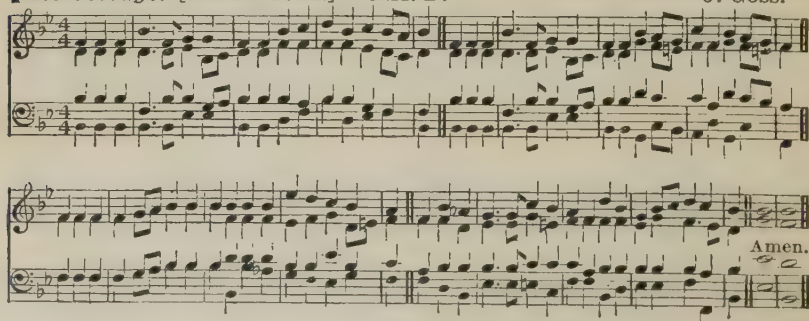
- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all His ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies, in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

I. Watts.

Peterborough. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M. D.

J. GOSS.



THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Mount Zion. [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., six lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

- 8 *All Thy works shall praise Thee,
O Lord.—PSALM cxlv. 10.*
- 1 **A**LL things praise Thee, Lord most high,
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness, thus displayed,
Should all worship bring to Thee;
All things praise Thee: Lord, may we.
- 2 All things praise Thee: night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light;
All things praise Thee: day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee;
All things praise Thee: Lord, may we.
- 3 All things praise Thee, high and low,
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
Rippling stream, and tempest loud,
Summer, winter,—all to Thee
Glory render: Lord, may we.
- 4 All things praise Thee: heaven's high
Rings with melody divine; [shrine
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and archangel meet;
Thus their highest bliss, to be
Ever praising: Lord, may we.
- 5 All things praise Thee: gracious Lord,
Great Creator, powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow,
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;
All things praise Thee: Lord, may we.
G. W. Conder.

- 9 *O give thanks unto the Lord, call upon
His Name.—PSALM cv. 1.*
- 1 **O** GIVE thanks to Him Who made,
Morning light and evening shade:
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food:
Quickener of our wearied powers;
Guard of our unconscious hours.
- 2 O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame:
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the eternal Mind!
- 3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship,
And all creatures are His care:
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?
- 4 O give thanks to Him Who came
In a mortal suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity,—
Came for rebel man to die;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.
Josiah Conder.

Mayenne. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s., six lines.

C. GOUDIMEL.

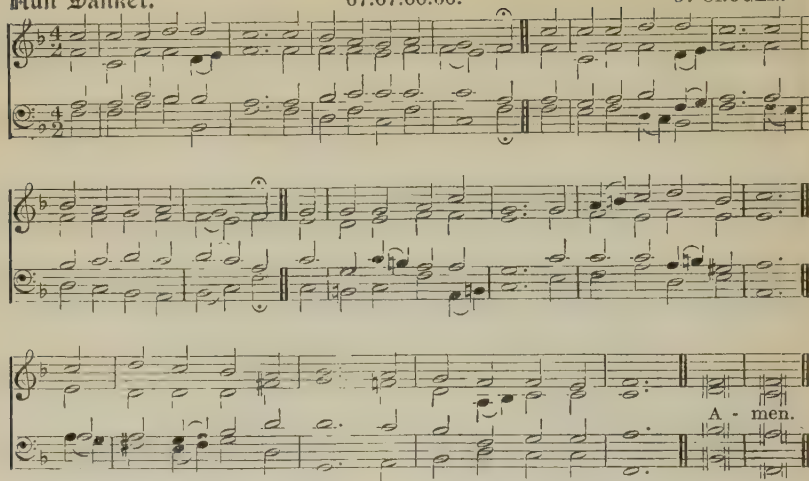
(See Tune ST. BENET, No. 798.)

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Nun Danket.

67.67.66.66.

J. CRÜGER.



10 *The darkness is past and the true light now shineth.*—1 JOHN ii. 8.

1 PRAISE the Lord our God,
In clouds and darkness dwelling,
Yet fount of shadeless light
All light of earth excelling !
He guides us on to age,
Through sunlit paths of youth ;
He glads our longing eyes
With full unveiled truth.

2 That truth, O Lord, we seek,
In spirit meek and lowly ;
To all who learn or teach
Give wisdom pure and holy.
In solemn awe we bend,
All wondering round Thy throne,
And Thee, our Lord, our life,
Our joy, our gladness own.

3 O Lord of truth and light,
All heaven and earth possessing,
Grant us Thy laws to know,
Our daily task-work blessing !
Teach us Thy love to see,
O'er earth and heaven outspread,
While wisdom, conquering fear,
With highest faith shall wed.

4 All praise and thanks to Thee,
Eternal Lord, be given,
For all Thy help on earth,
For all our hopes of heaven !

Thy Name, the One, the Three,
Through æons yet to come,
All saints and angels sing
Their light, their peace, their home !
E. H. Plumptre.

11 *The Lord hath done great things for us ; whereof we are glad.*—
PSALM cxxvi. 3.

1 NOW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices ;
Who, from our mothers' arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

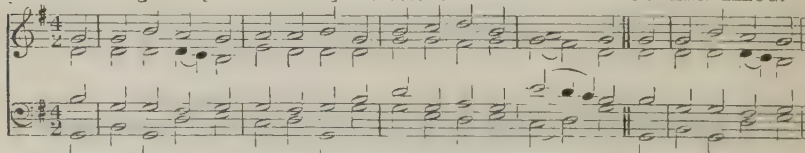
2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

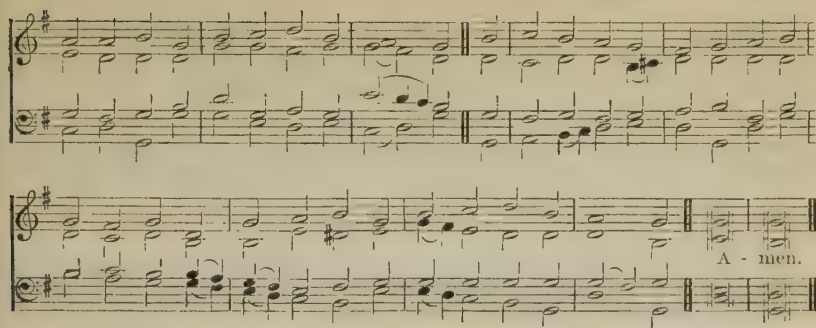
3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest heaven ;
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinckart, tr. C. Winkworth.

Luther's Hymn. [FIRST TUNE.] 87.87.887.

JOHANN KLUG.





12

To the praise of the glory of His grace.—EPHESIANS i. 6.

1 SING praise to God Who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation :
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills ;
To God all praise and glory !

2 What God's almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth ;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth ;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo ! all is just, and all is right ;
To God all praise and glory !

3 The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace, and joy, and blessing ;
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads His own, His chosen band ;
To God all praise and glory !

4 Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises :
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart,
Both soul and body bear your part ;
To God all praise and glory !

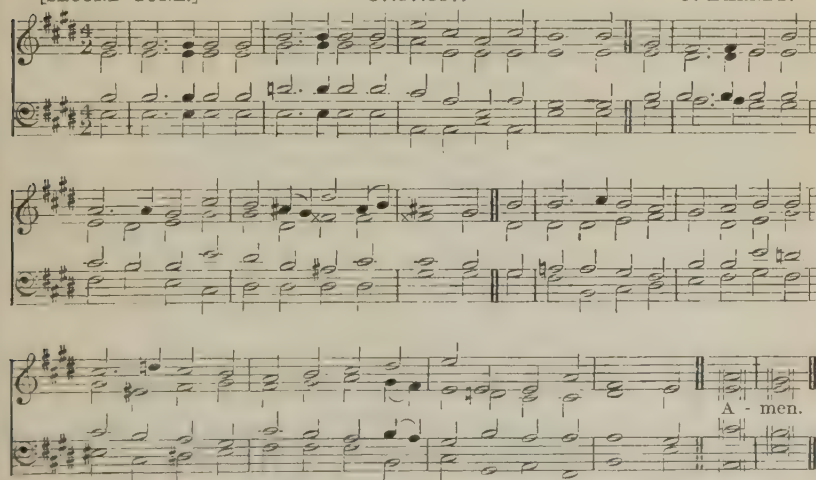
J. J. Schütz, tr. F. E. Cor.

The Golden Chain.

[SECOND TUNE.]

87.87.887.

J. BARNBY.



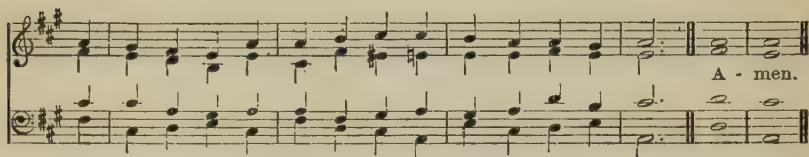
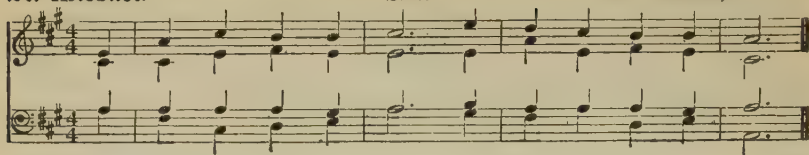
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THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

St. Michael.

S.M.

French Psalter, 1551.



(For this Tune in Key G see No. 303.)

13

Stand up and bless the Lord your God.—NEH. ix. 5.

1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify ?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Mayfield (Banford).

[FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

J. D. MACEY.

Musical score for Mayfield (Banford) in G major, 8.8.8.4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, ending with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

14

God is love.—1 JOHN iv. 8.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 LET every voice for praise awake,
 Let every heart the joy partake ;
 And with this truth sweet music make,
 Our God is love.</p> | <p>3 How strong these words from heaven to
 To kindle love, to banish fear, [cheer,
 And all things high and pure endear !
 Our God is love.</p> |
| <p>2 Uncounted gifts from day to day,
 One great hope lighting all our way,
 Through His dear Son bid each to say,
 Our God is love.</p> | <p>4 O Father, when the night is nigh
 That veils for ever earth and sky
 Be this the heart's last melody,
 Our God is love.</p> |
- 5 Then, when the brief, low strain is o'er,
 This truth divine shall with us soar,
 And make sweet music evermore,
 Our God is love.

T. Davis.

Avenue. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

From J. S. BACH.

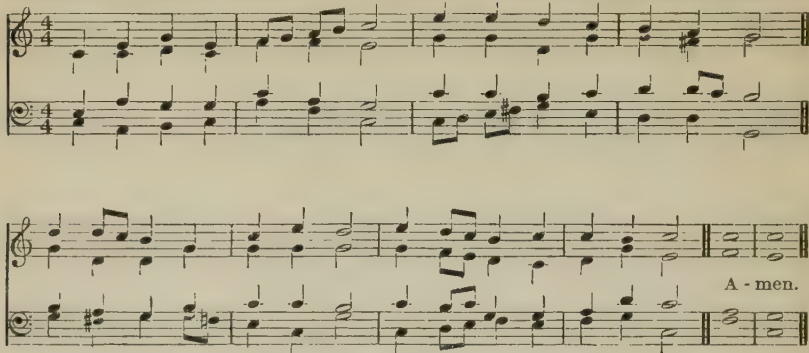
Musical score for Avenue (Second Tune) in G major, 8.8.8.4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, ending with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Monkland. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

Original unknown.
Arranged by J. B. WILKES.



(For this Tune in Key B flat see 666.)

15

PSALM cxxxvi.

- 1 **L**ET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord for He is kind
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living He doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us then with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord for He is kind :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

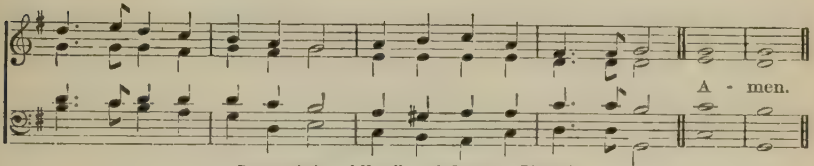
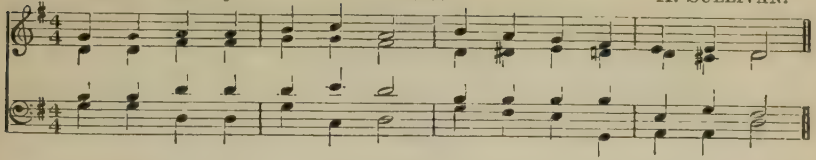
John Milton.

Ever faithful, ever sure.

[SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

A. SULLIVAN.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited,

16

His praise shall continually be in my mouth.—PSALM XXXIV. 1.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

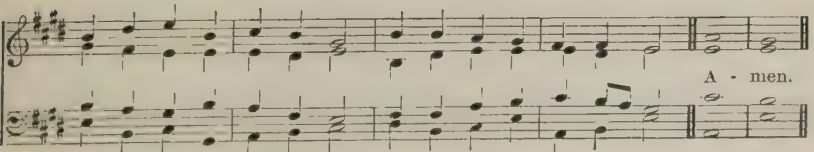
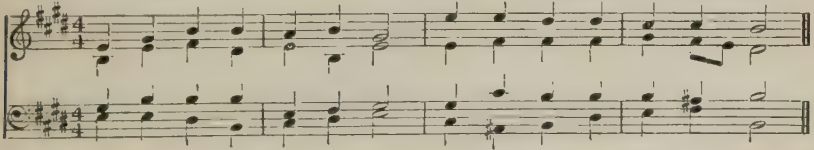
6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.

Culbach. [THIRD TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

Heilige Seelenlust, 1657.

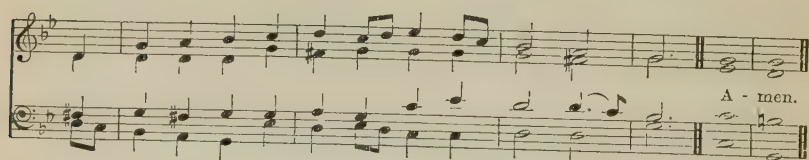
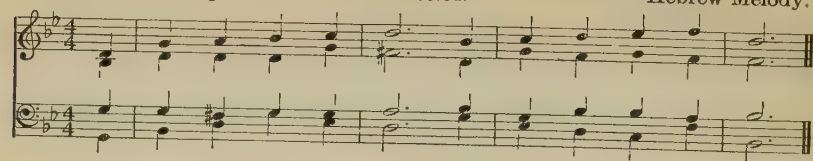


THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Leont. [FIRST TUNE.]

66.84.66.84.

Hebrew Melody.

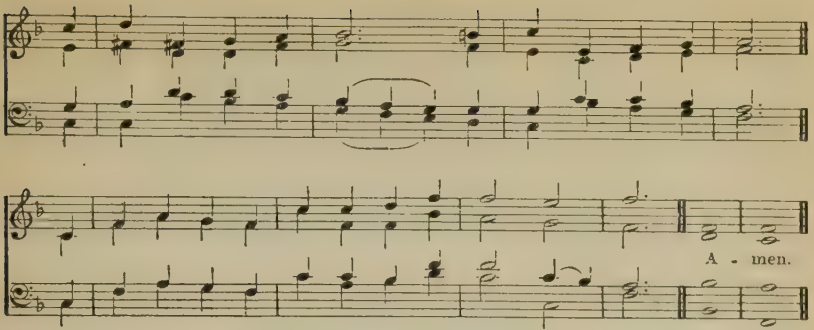


Covenant. [SECOND TUNE.]

66.84.66.84.

J. STAINER.





(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

17

The God of Abraham.—GEN. xxxi. 42.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
We bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand;
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him our only Portion make,
Our Shield and Tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us all our happy days
In all our ways:
He is our faithful Friend;
He is our gracious God;
And He will save us to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.
- 4 He by Himself hath sworn—
We on His oath depend—
We shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
We shall behold His face,
We shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.
- 5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We join the heavenly lays;
And celebrate with all our powers
His endless praise.

Thomas Olivers.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Sanctissimus. [FIRST TUNE.]

12.10.12.10.

W. H. COOKE.

Worship the Lord. [SECOND TUNE.] 12.10.12.10.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

(Small notes for verses 1 & 5.)

18

O come, let us worship and bow down.—PSALM xciv. 6.

1 **O** WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name.

2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee.
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

- 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
- 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of fearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.
- 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Lux Eoi.

8.7., eight lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

19

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts.—ISAIAH vi. 3.

- 1 **R**OUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:
'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!'
- 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
'Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.'

- 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!'
- 3 With His seraph-train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

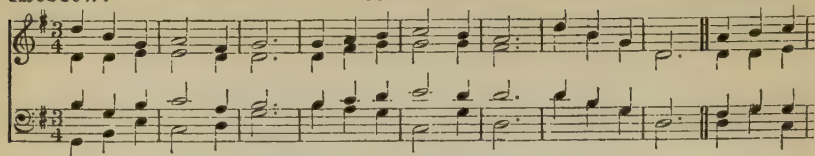
Richard Mant.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Moscow.

664.6664.

F. GIARDINI.



20 *Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power.—REV. iv. 11.*

1 **G**LORY to God on high !
 Let earth to heaven reply,
 ' Praise ye His Name ' :
 Angels His love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore ;
 And saints cry evermore,
 ' Worthy the Lamb ! '

2 All they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising His Name :
 We, who have felt His blood
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Spread His dear fame abroad
 ' Worthy the Lamb ! '

3 Join, all the ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless :
 Praise ye His Name :
 In Him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 ' Worthy the Lamb ! '

4 Though we must change our place,
 Yet shall we never cease
 Praising His Name ;
 To Him we'll tribute bring,
 Hail Him our gracious King,
 And without ceasing sing,
 ' Worthy the Lamb ! '

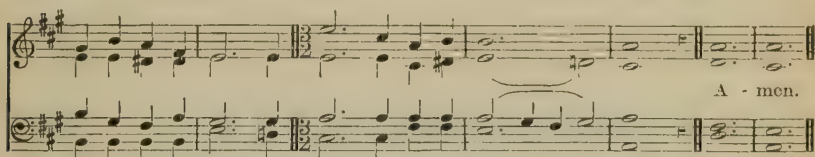
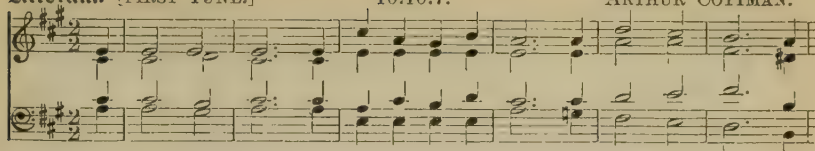
James Allen.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Halleluia. [FIRST TUNE.]

10.10.7.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



A - men.

21 *A great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Hallelujah.*—REV. xix. 1.

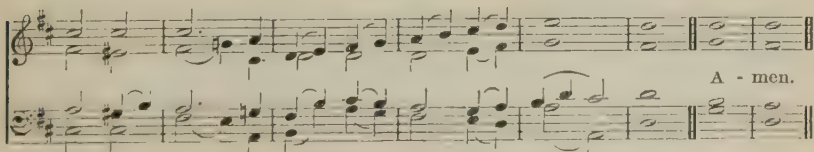
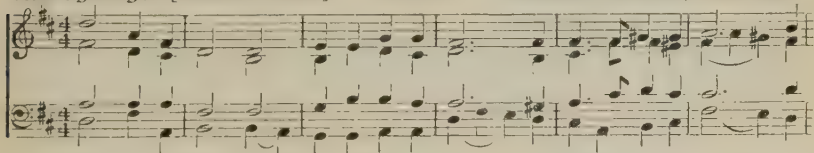
- 1 SING Hallelujah forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
An endless Hallelujah.
- 2 Ye next, who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Hallelujah.
- 3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And, with glad songs resounding, wake again,
An endless Hallelujah.
- 4 In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Hallelujah.
- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Hallelujah.
- 6 There, in one glad acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Hallelujah.
- 7 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Hallelujah.
- 8 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Hallelujah.

Latin hymn, tr. J. Ellerton.

Woodgrange. [SECOND TUNE.]

10.10.7.

LOUISE DUGDALE, Mus. Bac.



A - men.

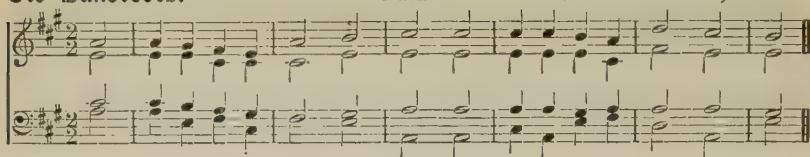
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THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Old Hundredth.

L.M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551.



(For other version see No. 1.)

22

PSALM cxvii.

1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

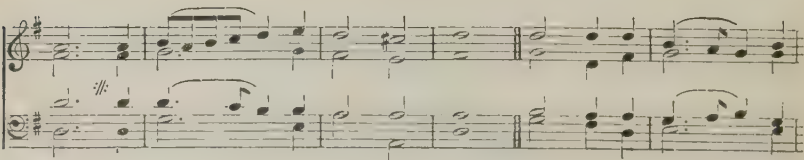
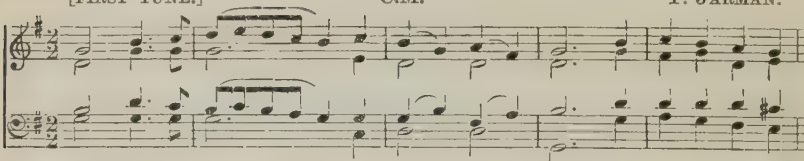
I. Watts.

Nativity (Lyngbam).

[FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

T. JARMAN.





(See also Tune NATIVITY, No. 512.)

23

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.—REV. v. 12.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
But all their joys are one. [tongues,

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus';
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For He was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth; and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise;

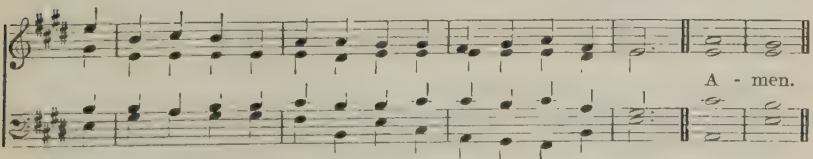
5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

I. Watts.

St. Fulbert. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Melody from Geistliche Kirchengesäng,

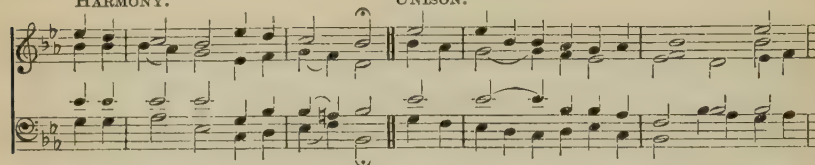
Lasst uns erfreuen. 88.44.88., and Hallelujahs. Cöln, 1623.

UNISON.

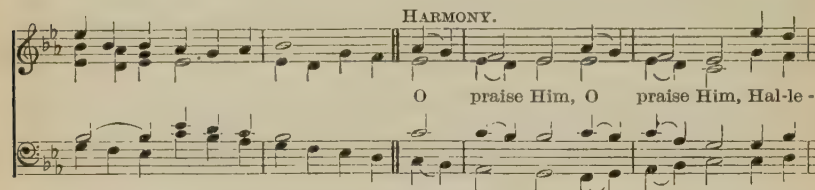


HARMONY.

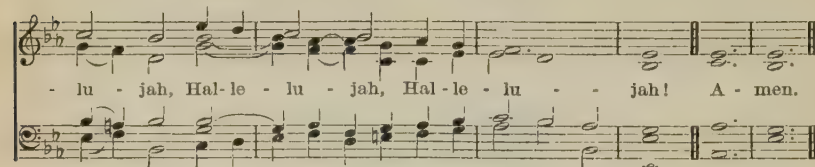
UNISON.



HARMONY.



UNISON.



24

Praise Him sun and moon.—PSALM cxlviii. 3.

By permission from Curwen Edition No. 6833, published by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.,
24, Berners Street, London, W.1.

1 **A**LL creatures of our God and King,
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam,
O praise Him, O praise Him,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

2 Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heaven along,
O praise Him, Hallelujah !
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of evening, find a voice.

3 Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest man both warmth and light.

4 Dear mother earth, who day by day
Unfoldest blessings on our way,
O praise Him, Hallelujah !
The flowers and fruits that in thee grow
Let them His glory also show.

5 And all ye men of tender heart,
Forgiving others, take your part,
O sing ye, Hallelujah !
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
Praise God and on Him cast your care.

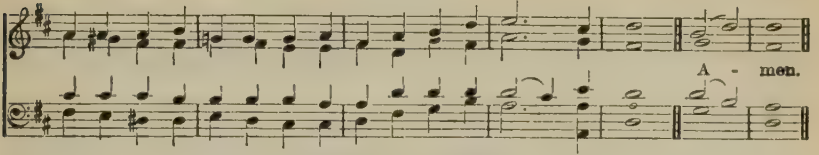
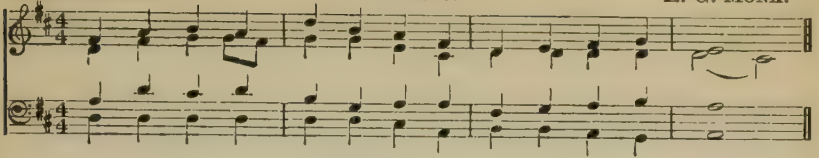
6 And thou, most kind and gentle death,
Waiting to hush our latest breath,
O praise Him, Hallelujah !
Thou leadest home the child of God,
And Christ our Lord the way hath trod.

7 Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship Him in humbleness,
O praise Him, Hallelujah !
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One.
St. Francis of Assisi, tr. W. H. Draper.

Angel Voices.

85.85.843.

E. G. MONK.



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25

Praise God in His sanctuary.—PSALM cl. 1.

- 1 **A** NGEL voices ever singing
 Round Thy throne of light,
 Angel harps for ever ringing,
 Rest not day nor night ;
 Thousands only live to bless Thee
 And confess Thee,
 Lord of might.
- 2 Thou, Who art beyond the farthest
 Mortal eye can scan,
 Can it be that Thou regardest
 Songs of sinful man ?
 Can we know that Thou art near us
 And wilt hear us ?
 Yea, we can.

- 3 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
 O'er each work of Thine ;
 Thou didst ears and hands and voices
 For Thy praise design ;
 Craftsman's art and music's measure
 For Thy pleasure
 All combine.
- 4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
 Of Thine own to Thee ;
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds and hands and voices
 In our choicest
 Psalmody.

- 5 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
 Thine shall ever be :
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Blessèd Trinity :
 Of the best that Thou hast given,
 Earth and Heaven
 Render Thee.

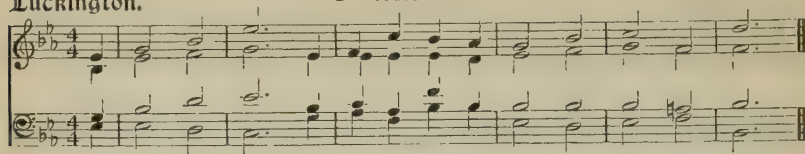
Francis Pott.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Luckington.

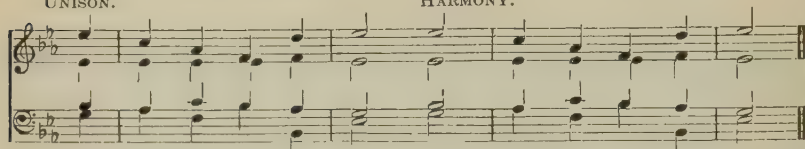
10 4.66.66.10 4.

BASIL HARWOOD.



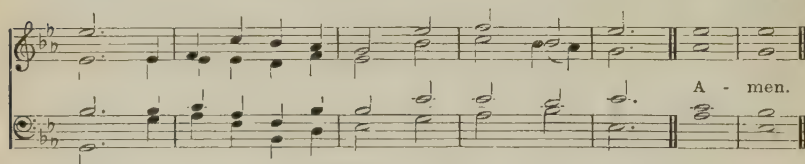
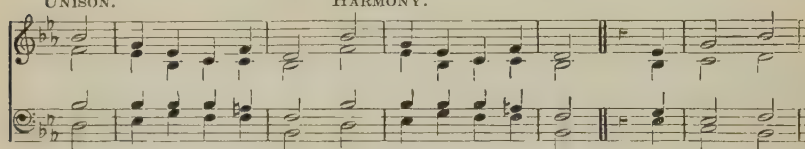
UNISON.

HARMONY.



UNISON.

HARMONY.



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26

Every tongue shall give praise to God.—ROMANS xiv. 11 (R.V.)

1 **L**ET all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King !
 The heavens are not too high ;
 His praise may thither fly :
 The earth is not too low ;
 His praises there may grow.
 Let all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King !

2 Let all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King !
 The Church with psalms must shout,
 No door can keep them out :
 But, above all, the heart
 Must bear the longest part.
 Let all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King !

G. Herbert.

Halle.

Ss., six lines.

H. KUGELMANN.

(See also Tune ST. CHRYSOSTOM, No. 298.)

27

Surely the Lord is in this place.—GENESIS xxviii. 16.

- 1 **L**O ! God is here ! let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place !
 Let all within us feel His power,
 And silent bow before His face ;
 Who know His power, His grace who prove,
 Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo ! God is here ! Him day and night
 Th' united choirs of angels sing :
 To Him, enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring :
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue !
- 3 Being of beings, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :
 Still may we stand before Thy face,
 Still hear and do Thy sovereign will :
 To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

Tersteegen, tr. J. Wesley.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

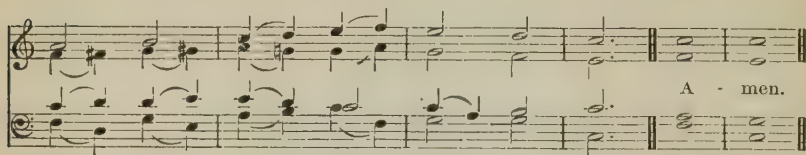
3rd Lam. [FIRST TUNE.]

668.668.

EDWYN VINCENT.



Ped.



A - men.

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28

Thou shalt not delay to offer.—EXODUS xxii. 29.

1 **O** PRAISE our God to-day ;
 Ye people, haste to pay
 Due thanks and homage to your King.
 Bid every power awake,
 And cheerful music make,
 While grateful hearts their tributes bring.

2 O praise our God to-day ;
 Ye who have served Him say
 How kind and good are all His ways.
 He is a Friend in need,
 He is a Friend indeed ;
 Come, now, your Ebenezers raise.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

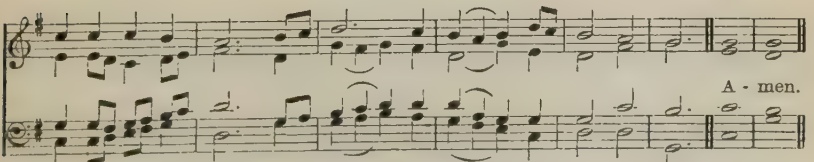
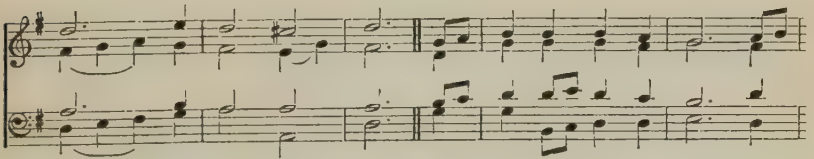
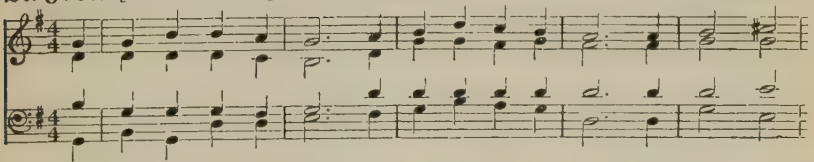
- 3 O praise our God to-day,
Let children all obey,
And, as of old, hosannas sing ;
The Saviour now, as then,
Will surely listen when
With earnest praise their voices ring.
- 4 O praise our God to-day ;
Nor till to-morrow stay,
For hours and days are passing fast ;
This evening's setting sun
May find our work undone,
And tell us that our day is past.
- 5 O praise our God to-day ;
Our loved ones gone away
Now sing in yonder world of light ;
Come, join the heavenly song,
Come, join the ransomed throng
Who praise Him ceaseless day and night.

R. Walmsley.

St. Jves. [SECOND TUNE.]

668.668.

C. GREEN.



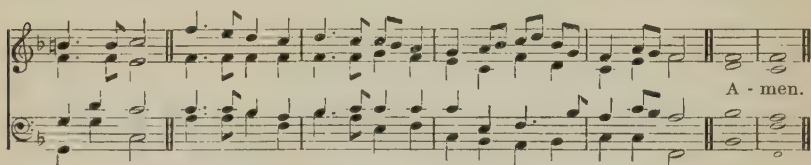
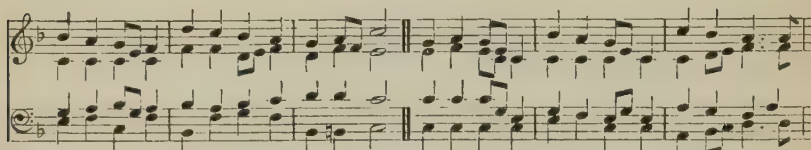
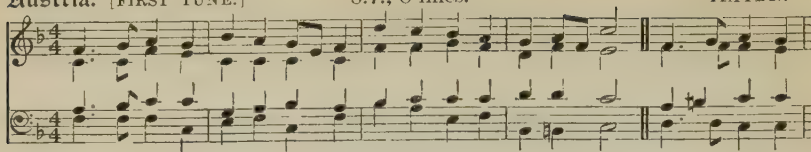
(See also Tune ASCALON, No. 577.)

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Austria. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7., 8 lines.

HAYDN.



29

The worlds were framed by the word of God.—HEBREWS xi. 3.

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore
Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed:
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

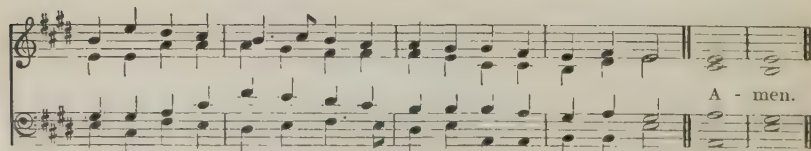
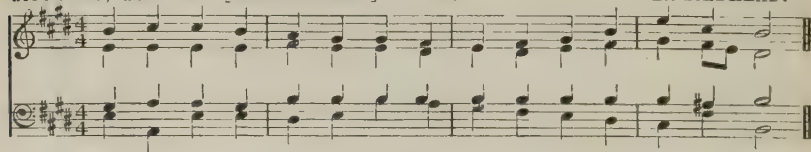
3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious:
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation
Laud and magnify His Name.

Founding Hospital Collection.

Redhead, No. 143. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.

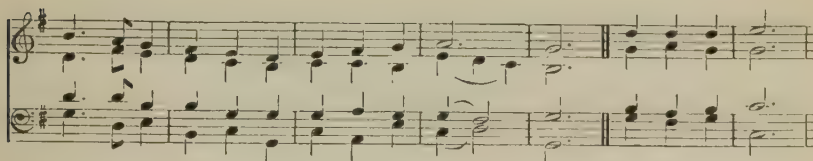
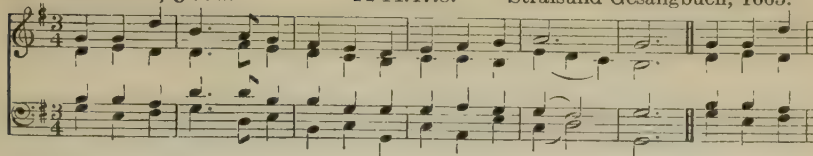
R. REDHEAD.



Hast du denn, Jesu.

14 14.47.8.

Stralsund Gesangbuch, 1665.



30

Bless the Lord, Who crowneth thee with tender mercies. — PSALM ciii. 2-4.

UNISON.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation ;
 O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation :
 All ye who hear,
 Brothers and sisters draw near,
 Praise Him in glad adoration.

HARMONY.

- 2 Praise to the Lord, Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
 Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth :
 Hast thou not seen
 How thy entreaties have been
 Granted in what He ordaineth ?

- 3 Praise to the Lord, Who doth prosper thy work, and defend thee ;
 Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee :
 Ponder anew
 What the Almighty can do,
 If with His love He befriend thee.

UNISON.

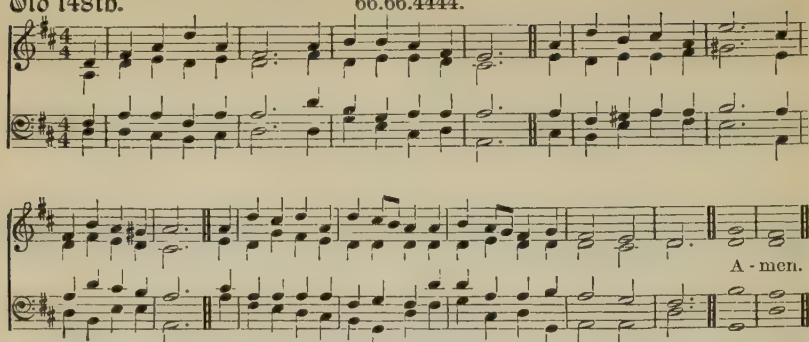
- 4 Praise to the Lord ! O let all that is in me adore Him !
 All that hath life and breath come now with praises before Him !
 Let the amen
 Sound from His people again :
 Gladly for aye we adore Him.

J. Neander, tr. C. Winkworth and others.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Old 148th.

66.66.4444.



(See also Tune DARWALL, No. 656.)

31

Bless the Lord, ye His angels.—PSALM ciii. 20.

1 YE holy Angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
For else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives
And praise Him still,
Through good or ill,
Who ever lives!

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above:
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise.

R. Baxter and R. R. Chope.

Section 2.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Ramoth. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

(See also Tune TICHFIELD, No. 312.)

32

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.—REVELATION iv. 8.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord
God of Hosts, when heaven and
Out of darkness at Thy word, [earth
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good;
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:

Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

James Montgomery.

Syria. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

(For this Tune in Key G, see No. 705.)

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Tricena.

11.12.12.10.

J. B. DYKES.

33

They cast their crowns before the throne.—REVELATION iv. 10.

- 1 **H**OLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy ; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea :
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity !

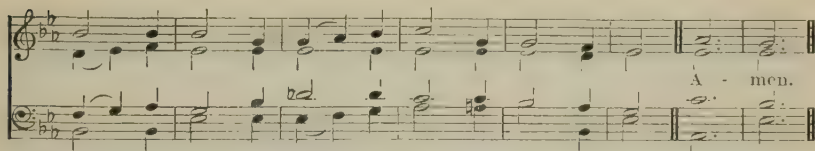
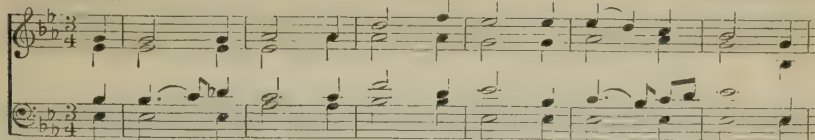
Reginald Heber.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

St. Aidan.

8.8.8.

F. R. GREY.



(For this Tune in D flat, see No. 585.)

34 *The name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*—MATT. xxviii. 19.

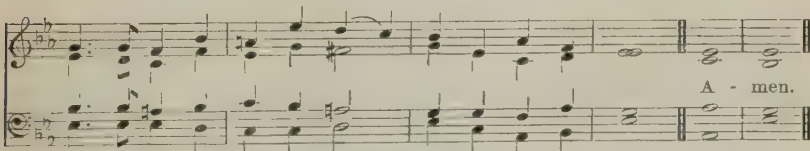
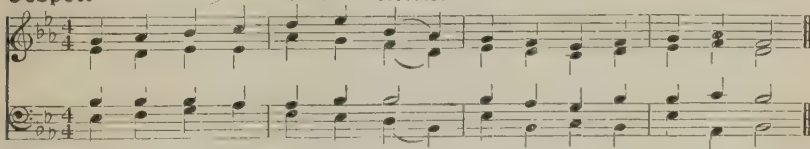
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O GOD of Life, Whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.</p> <p>2 O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored ;
On every soul Thy love be poured.</p> <p>3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.</p> | <p>4 O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.</p> <p>5 Father, protect us here below ;
Jesus, Thy mercy may we know ;
O Holy Ghost, Thy power bestow.</p> <p>6 O Holy, Blessèd Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;
In us, O God, exalted be !</p> |
|--|---|

A. T. Russell.

Vesper.

7.7.7.5.

J. STAINER.



(See also TUNE IRENE, No. 179.)

35 *At evening time it shall be light.*—ZECHARIAH xiv. 7.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.</p> <p>2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears :
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.</p> | <p>3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.</p> <p>4 Holy, Blessèd Trinity !
Darkness is not dark with Thee
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.</p> |
|---|---|

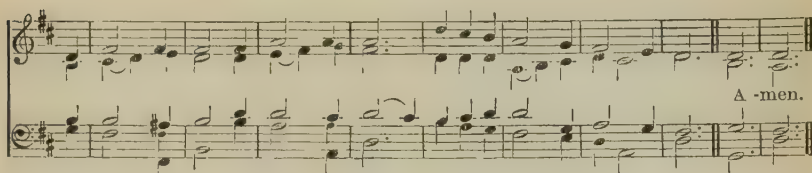
R. H. Robinson.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Rivault.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



36

God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness.—PSALM xlvii. 8.

1 **F**ATHER of Heaven, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend :
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend :
To us Thy quickening power extend.

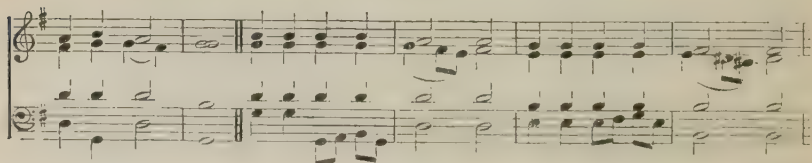
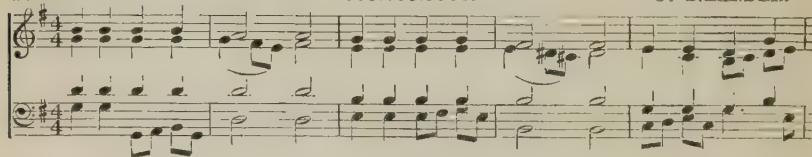
4 Thrice Holy ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend :
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

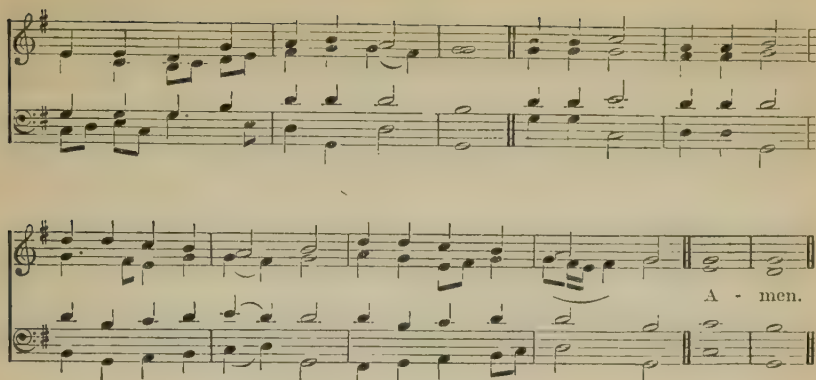
E. Cooper.

Neander.

668.668.3366.

J. NEANDER.





37

The Lord is in His holy temple.—PSALM xi. 4.

- 1 **G**OD is in His temple,
 The Almighty Father,
 Round His footstool let us gather:
 Him with adoration
 Serve, the Lord most holy,
 Who hath mercy on the lowly
 Let us raise
 Hymns of praise,
 For His great salvation :
 God is in His temple !

- 2 Christ comes to His temple :
 We, His word receiving,
 Are made happy in believing.
 Lo ! from sin delivered,
 He hath turned our sadness,
 Our deep gloom, to light and gladness ;
 Let us raise
 Hymns of praise,
 For our bonds are severed :
 Christ comes to His temple !

- 3 Come and claim Thy temple,
 Gracious Holy Spirit !
 In our hearts Thy home inherit :
 Make in us Thy dwelling,
 Thy high work fulfilling,
 Into ours Thy will instilling,
 Till we raise
 Hymns of praise,
 Beyond mortal telling,
 In the eternal temple.

W. T. Matson.

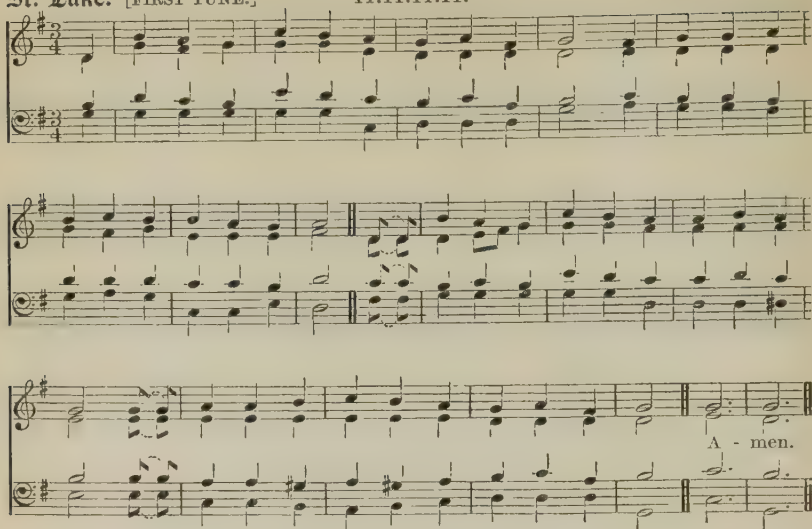
The following Hymns also refer to the Holy Trinity : Nos. 6, 8, 17, 24, 25, 26.

Section 3.

GOD THE FATHER.

St. Luke. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.11.11.11.



(1) HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

38 *Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God.*—1 TIM. i. 17.

1 IMMORTAL, invisible,
God only wise,
In light inaccessible
Hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious,
The Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious,
Thy great Name we praise.

2 Unresting, unhasting,
And silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting,
Thou rulest in might ;
Thy justice like mountains
High soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains
Of goodness and love.

3 To all, life Thou givest,
To both great and small;
In all life Thou livest,
The true life of all ;
We blossom and flourish
As leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish :
But nought changeth Thee.

4 To-day and to-morrow
With Thee still are Now ;
Nor trouble, nor sorrow,
Nor care, Lord, hast Thou ;
Nor passion doth fever,
Nor age can decay,
The same God for ever
That was yesterday.

5 Great Father of Glory,
Pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee,
All veiling their sight ;
But of all Thy rich graces
This grace, Lord, impart—
Take the veil from our faces.
The veil from our heart.

6 All land we would render;
O help us to see,
'Tis only the splendour
Of light hideth Thee ;
And so let Thy glory,
Almighty, impart
Through Christ in the story,
Thy Christ to the heart.

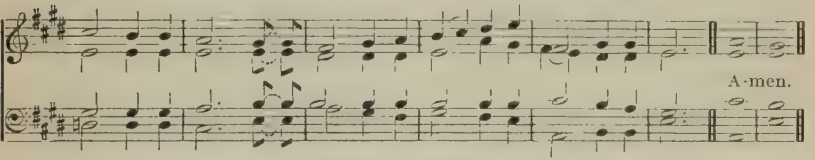
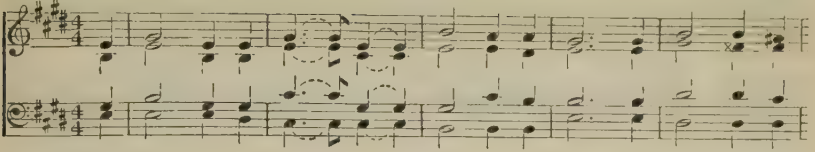
W. C. Smith.

HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

Olrig Grange.
[SECOND TUNE.]

11.11.11.11.

J. F. BRIDGE.

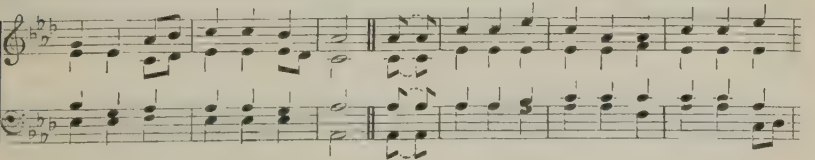
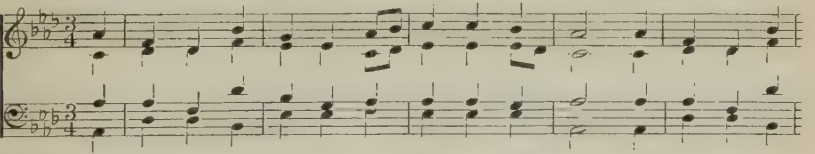


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St. Denio. [THIRD TUNE.]

11.11.11.11.

Welsh Hymn Melody.

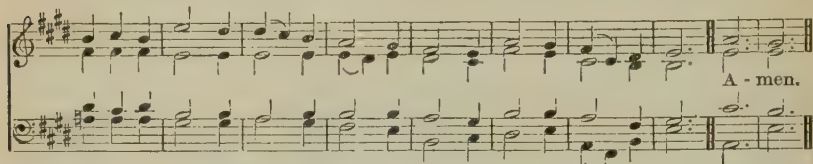


GOD THE FATHER.

Marlyton. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

H. PERCY SMITH.



(See also TUNE OMBERSLEY, No. 475.)

39

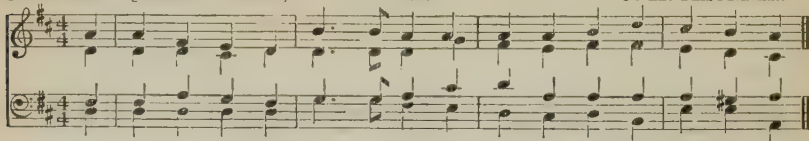
To Him that made great lights.—PSALM cxxxvi. 7.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 ORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star:
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!</p> <p>2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.</p> <p>3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;</p> | <p>Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.</p> <p>4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
Before Thy ever-blazing throne [love,
We ask no lustre of our own.</p> <p>5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.
O. W. Holmes.</p> |
|--|--|

Martham. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. H. MAUNDER.



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40

Hereby perceive we the love of God.—1 JOHN iii. 16.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O LOVE of God, how strong and true!
Eternal and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.</p> <p>2 O Love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.]</p> <p>3 O heavenly Love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless !]</p> <p>4 O wide-embracing, wondrous Love,
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.</p> | <p>5 We read thee in the flowers, the trees,
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,
The songs of birds upon the wing,
The joy of summer and of spring.</p> <p>6 We read thee best in Him Who came
To bear for us the cross of shame.
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.</p> <p>7 We read thy power to bless and save
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection-light,
We read the fulness of thy might.</p> <p>8 O Love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal Love, in Thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest !</p> |
|---|--|

H. Bonar.

HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

Windhead. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

ETHEL EARLE.

41 *Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.—JER. xxiii. 24.*

- 1 FATHER and Friend, Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heaven above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with Thee.
- 4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought;
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

J. Bouring.

Bishop (Hillsley.) [FOURTH TUNE.] L.M.

JOHN BISHOP.

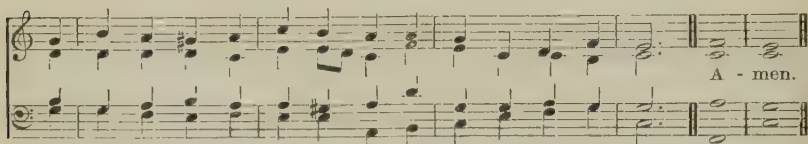
(For other version in Key F, see No. 242.)

GOD THE FATHER.

Westminster. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

JAMES TURLE.



42 Then face to face. 1 COR. xiii. 12.

- 1 MY God, how wonderful Thou art !
Thy majesty how bright !
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.
- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !]
- 4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 7 Father of Jesus, love's reward !
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee !

F. W. Faber.

43 Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious
in power. —EX. xv. 6.

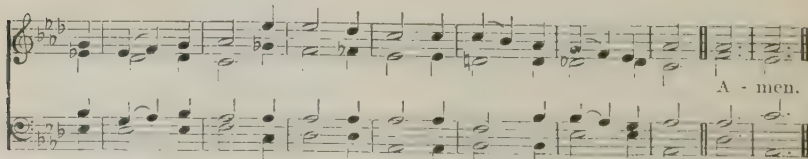
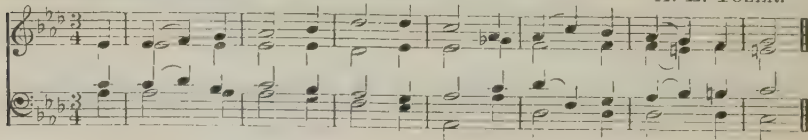
- 1 O GOD, Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright ;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.
- 2 Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold ;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.
- 3 Yet more than all, and evermore,
Should we, Thy creatures, bless,
Most worshipful of attributes,
Thine awful holiness.
- 4 There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still ;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.
- 5 All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—
- 6 All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command ;
And still outflows Thy silent sea
Immutable and grand.]
- 7 O little heart of mine ! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own ?

F. W. Faber.

3azer. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

A. E. TOZER.



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HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

St. Anne. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

W. CROFT.



44

PSALM xc.

1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home ;

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

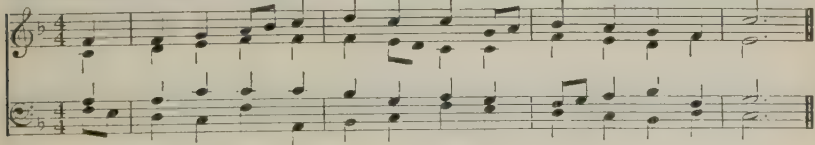
6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

I. Watts.

St. Angelus. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

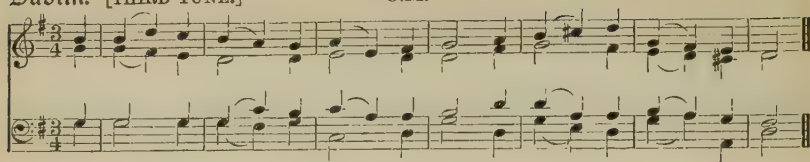
ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



GOD THE FATHER.

Dublin. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.



A - men.

45

Canst thou by searching find out God?—JOB xl. 7.

1 **O** THOU, in all Thy might so far,
In all Thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here,—

2 What heart can comprehend Thy Name
Or searching find Thee out,
Who art within a quickening Flame
A Presence round about ?

3 Yet though I know Thee but in part
I ask not, Lord, for more :
Enough for me to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore.

4 O sweeter than aught else besides
The tender mystery
That, like a veil of shadow, hides
The light I may not see !

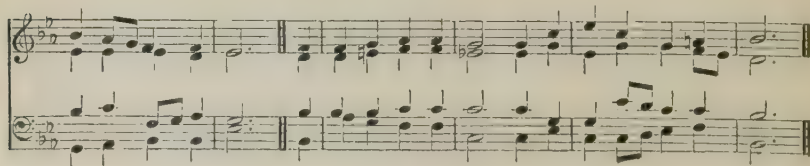
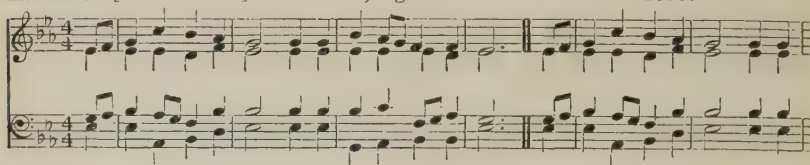
5 And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to Thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

Munich. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

Meiningen Gesangbuch,
1693.



HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.



46 *Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.*—PSALM cii. 27.

1 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling place serene :
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now ;
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou !

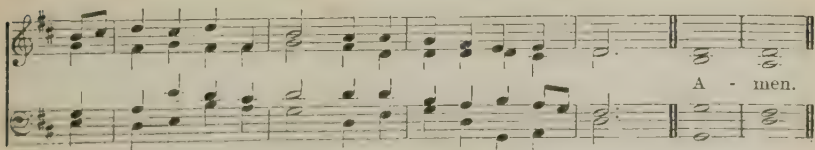
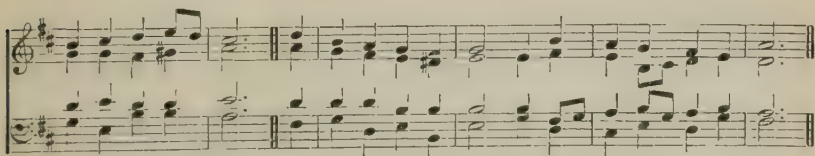
2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face ;
A joy no language measures ;
A fountain brimming o'er ;
An endless flow of pleasures ;
An ocean without shore.

E. H. Bickersteth.

Pearsall. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines. St. Gall Gesangbuch, 1863.



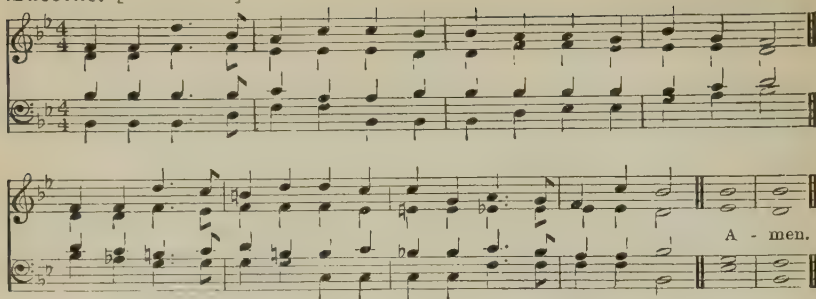
(See also Tune JUBILATE, No. 525.)

GOD THE FATHER.

Lucerne. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

T. A. WILLIS.



47

God is love.—1 JOHN iv. 16.

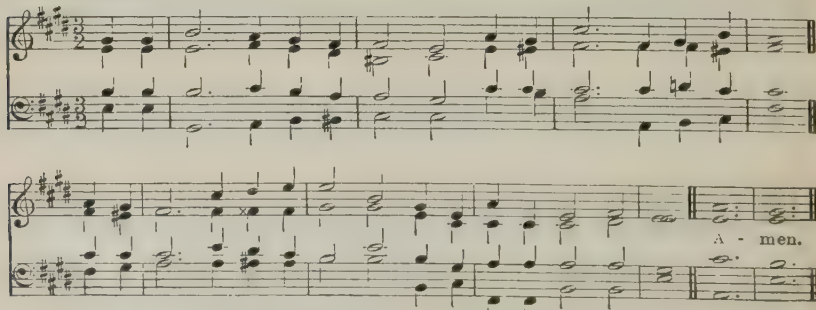
- 1 GOD is love : His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens :
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move ;
But His mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom His brightness streameth :
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above :
Everywhere His glory shineth :
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. Bowring.

Love Divine. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

PERCY J. STARNES.

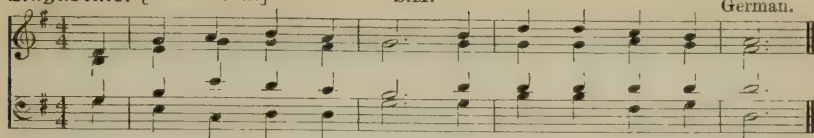


(See also another Tune, LOVE DIVINE, No. 317.)

Augustine. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

German.



48

PSALM ciii. 1-7.

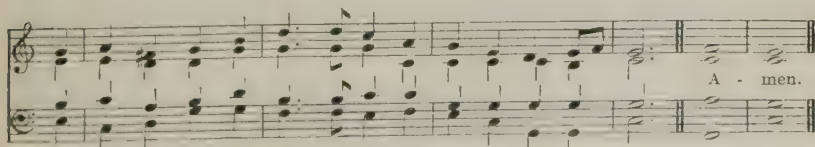
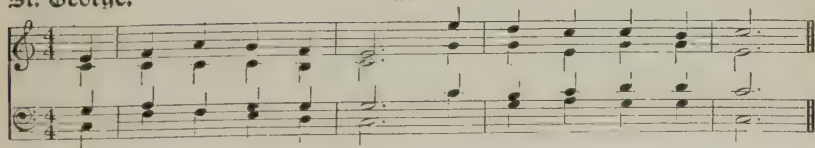
- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul ;
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless His Name
 Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul ;
 Nor let His mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins ;
 'Tis He relieves thy pain ;
 'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave :
 He that redeemed my soul from hell
 Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
 He gives the sufferers rest ;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the world His truth and grace
 By His beloved Son.

I. Watts.

St. George.

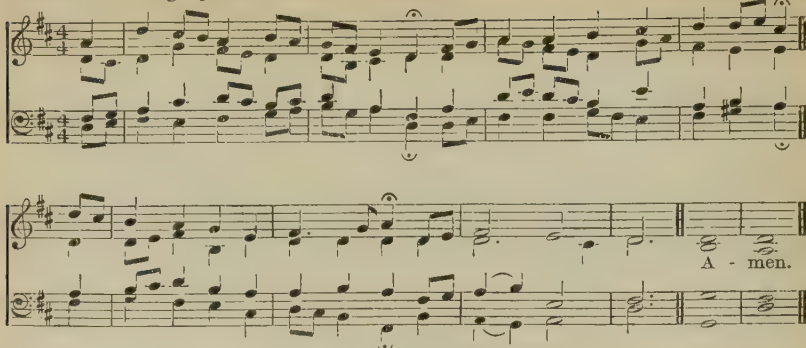
S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



Es ist kein Tag. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.4.

J. D. MEJER.



(For other version, see No. 297.)

49

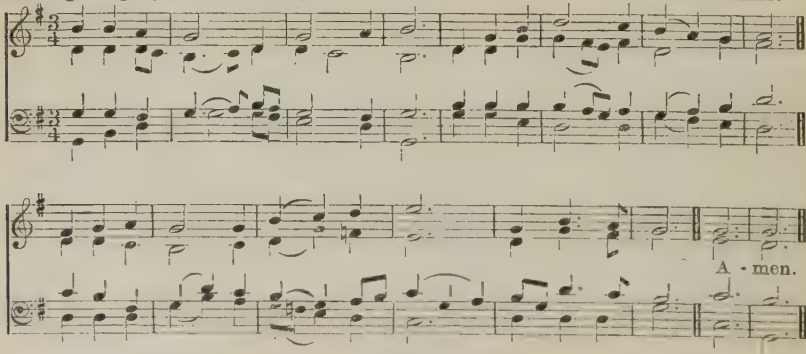
So will we sing and praise Thy power.—PSALM xxi. 13.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 LORD God Almighty, in Thy hand
Rolls every world, blooms every
O Maker of the sea, the land, [flower ;
We praise Thy power.</p> <p>2 For day and night that never cease ;
For garnered wealth of harvest days ;
For the pure mountains breathing peace,
Thy power we praise.</p> <p>3 For the protected gift of life ; [bower ;
For reason ; for home's sheltering
For the strong love of child and wife,
We praise Thy power.</p> | <p>4 For freedom ; for the sage's thought ;
For martyrs brave ; for poet's lays ;
For the great Word by prophets brought,
Thy power we praise.</p> <p>5 For Him, Thy Son Divine, Who came
From Thee—Thine all-transcendent
dower !
To raise us from our sin and shame,
We praise Thy power.</p> <p>6 For all He did our souls to save,
And guide us in Thy heavenly ways ;
For His dear life, His cross, His grave,
Thy power we praise.</p> |
|--|--|
- 7 Illimitable is Thy love,
Thy mercy endless as Thy days ;
Nor shall we cease in realms above
Thy power to praise.

G. T. Coster.

Almsgiving. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.4.

J. B. DYKES.



Swiss Tune. [FIRST TUNE.]

888.888.

50

PSALM cxlvi.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death.
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.</p> <p>2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; He made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.</p> | <p>3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience
He helps the stranger in distress, [peace :
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.</p> <p>4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.</p> |
|--|--|

I. Watts.

Old 113th. [SECOND TUNE.]

888.888.

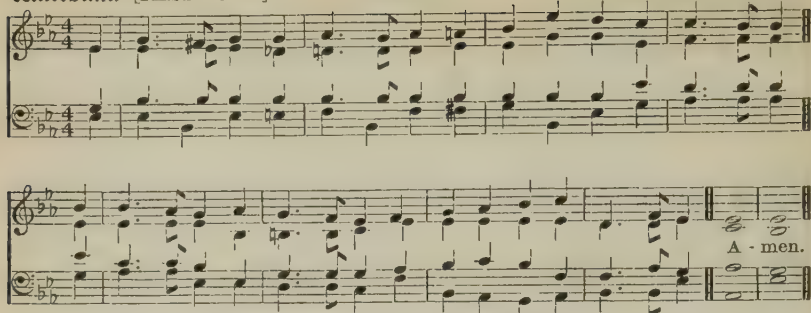
(For other version, see No. 585 ; see also MONMOUTH, No. 789.)

GOD THE FATHER.

Waltbam. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



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(2) CREATION.

51 The Lord is good to all.— PSALM cxlv. 9.

- 1 YES, God is good,—in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading
Ten thousand voices ever cry, [wood,
'God made us all, and God is good.'
- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling host, all join to say,
In accents clear, that 'God is good.'
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, 'God is good.'
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky, and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, 'God is good.'
- 5 Yes, 'God is good,' all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech
endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that 'God is good.'
- 6 For all Thy gifts I bless Thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening
word: [good,
These prompt our song that 'God is

J. Hampden Gurney.

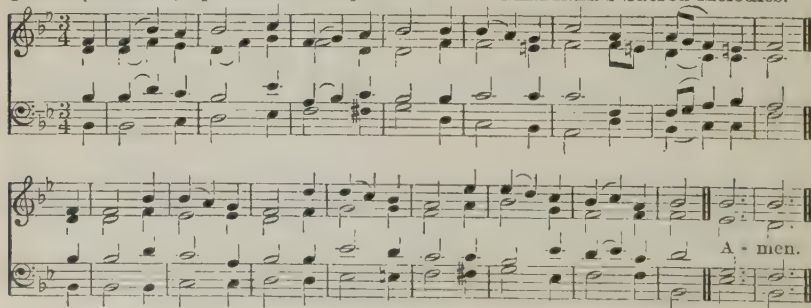
52 The heavens declare the glory of God.—PSALM xix. 1.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.'

Joseph Addison.

Fulda (Walton). [SECOND TUNE.] L.M.

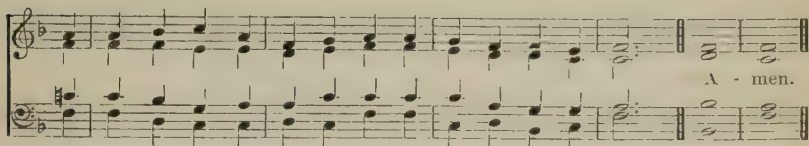
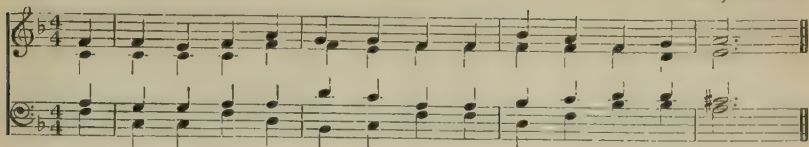
GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies.



St. Flavian. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

DAY'S Psalter, 1563.



53

Invisible things . . . understood by the things that are made.—ROM. i. 20.

1 **T**HERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

5 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace:
It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

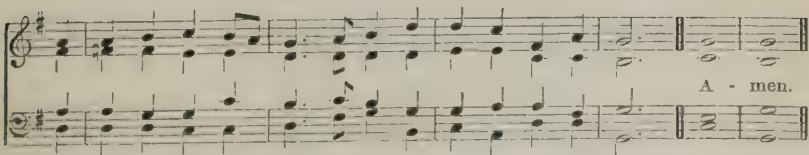
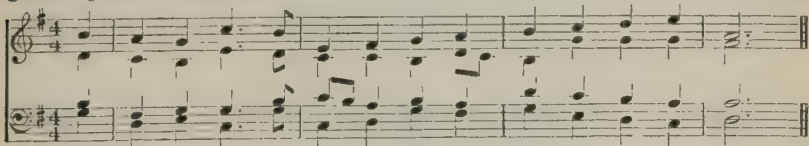
6 Thou Who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee.
And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble.

Faith. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

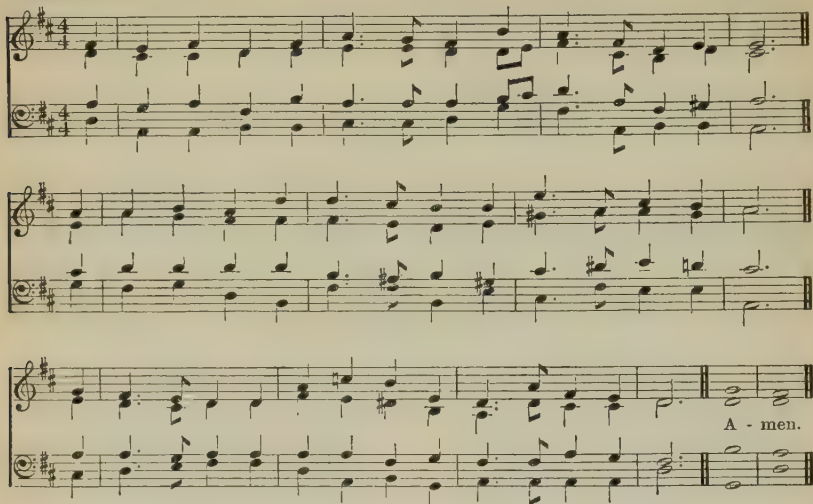
J. B. DYKES.



Allballows.

8.6., six lines.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



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54 *I would seek unto God, which doeth great things and unsearchable.*—JOB v. 3.

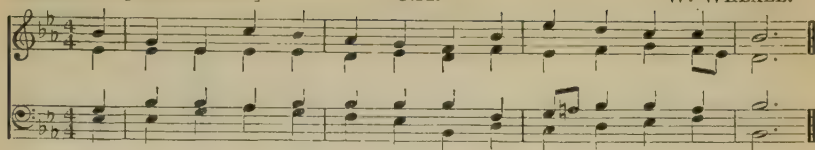
- 1 **B**EYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high ;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh ;—
- 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain ;
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain :
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
Thy path, the trackless main :
- 3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim,
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honour of Thy Name,
The wonders of Thy ways :
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.
- 4 I hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air ;
The waves obey Thy dread control
Yet still Thou art not there :
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere ?
- 5 O not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight
There doth His Spirit rest :
O come, Thou Presence Infinite,
And make Thy creature blest !

Josiah Conder.

Bedford. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

W. WHEALE.



(3) PROVIDENCE.

55

I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.—GEN. xxviii. 15.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this earthly pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide :
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

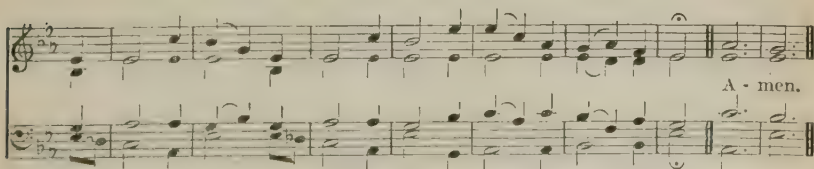
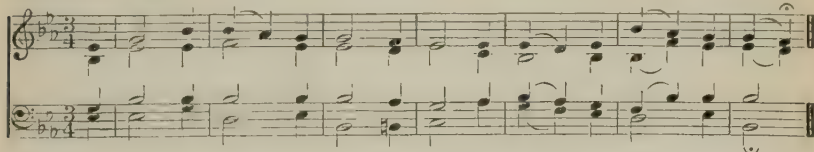
5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge.

Salzburg. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. MICHAEL HAYDN.

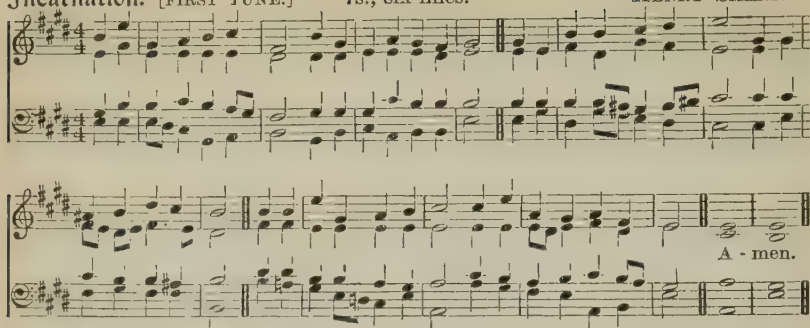


GOD THE FATHER.

Incarnation. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

HENRY SMART.



56

All things were made by Him.—JOHN i. 3.

1 **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
For the splendour of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

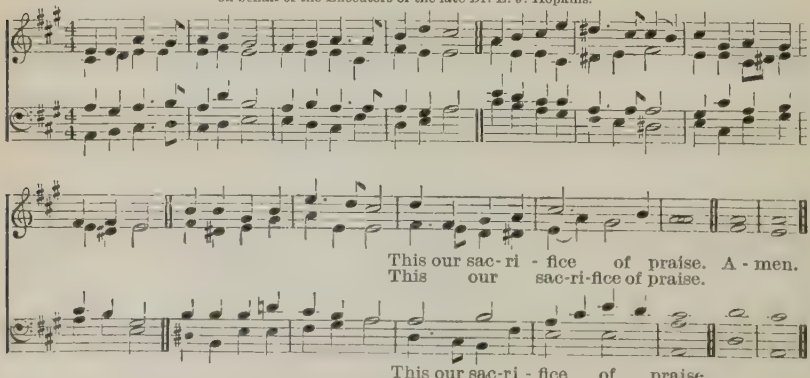
5 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

F. S. Pierpoint.

St. Brannock. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s., six lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.

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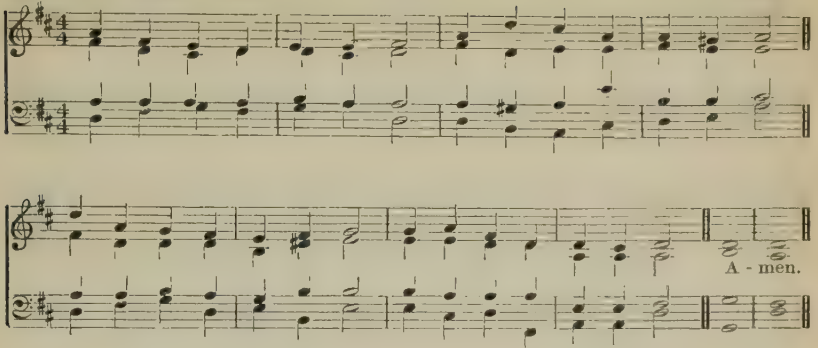


(See also No. 798.)

Buckland. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

L. G. HAYNE.



57

He that heareth My word, hath eternal life.—JOHN v. 24.

1 **L**IFE of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty !

2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined :
Thine are every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind ;

3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving noblest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good ;

4 Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim way,
Quelling strife and tyrant wrong,
Widening freedom's sacred sway.

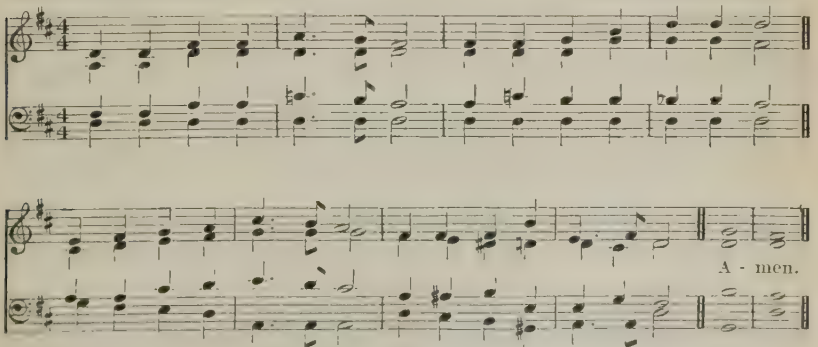
5 Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty !

S. Johnson.

Sherborne. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.

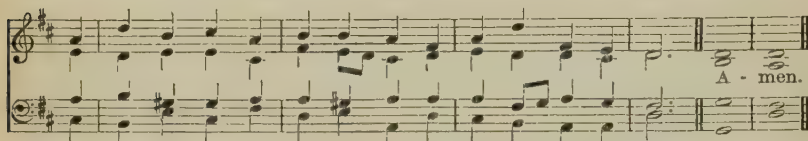


GOD THE FATHER.

London. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

W. CROFT.



58 *The multitude of His mercies.*— LAM. iii. 32.

- 1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my thankful heart ?
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flowed.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

- 8 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise :
For O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

59 *That acceptable and perfect will* of God.—ROM. xii. 2.

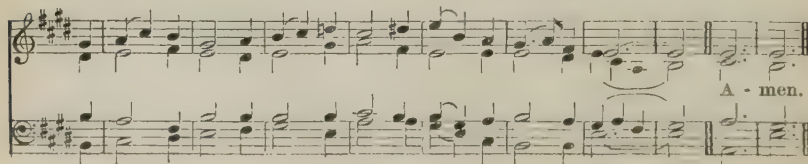
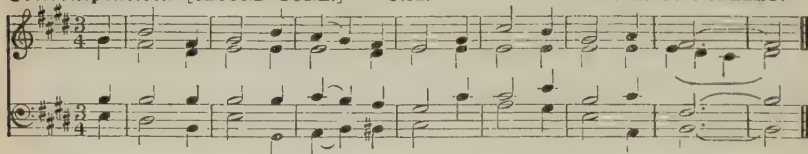
- 1 **A**LL as God wills, Who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.
- 2 Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;
- 3 That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;
- 4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.
- 5 No longer forward nor behind
I look, in hope or fear ;
But grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

J. G. Whittier.

Contemplation. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

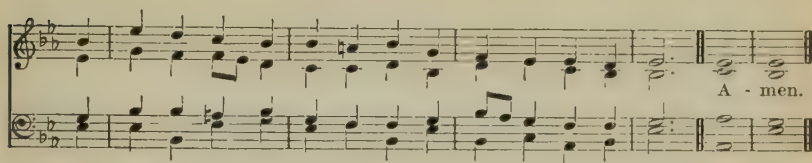
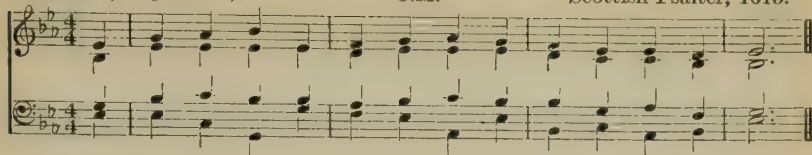
F. A. G. OUSELEY.



Dundee (or French).

C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



60

The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm.—NAHUM i. 3.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

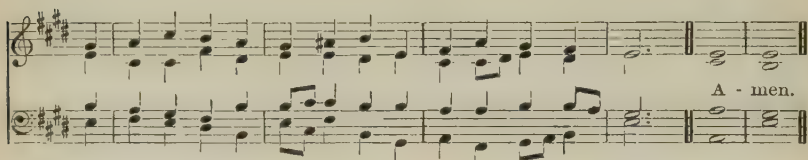
W. Cowper.

GOD THE FATHER.

Potsdam.

S.M.

From J. S. BACH.



61

The Lord the everlasting God.—GENESIS xxi. 23.

1.

O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay :

2.

O everlasting Health
From which all healing springs ;
Our bliss, our treasure, and our wealth,
To Thee our spirit clings.

3.

O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true ;
Sure guide of erring age and youth
Lead us, and teach us too.

4.

O everlasting Strength,
Uphold us in the way ;
Bring us, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day.

5.

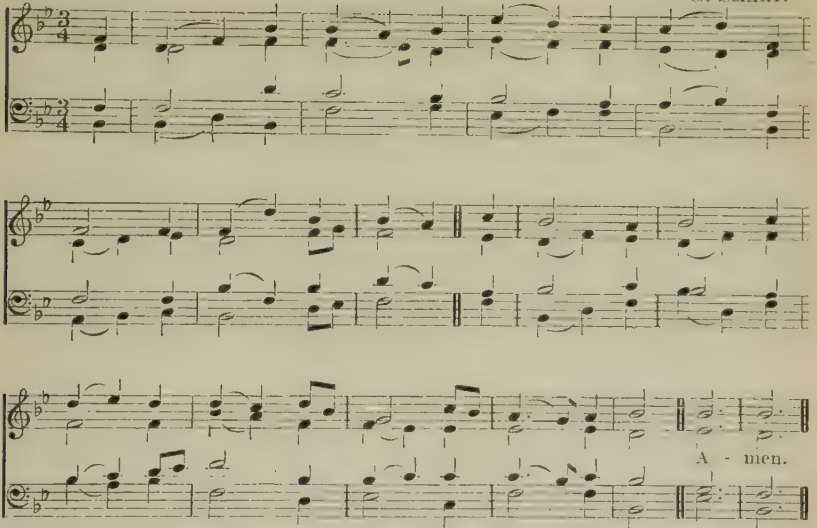
O everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

H. Bonar.

Wiltshire.

C.M.

G. SMART.



(See also Tune St. COLUMBA, No. 63.)

62

PSALM xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green ; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own Name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill :
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes ;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

F. Rous and W. Burton.

GOD THE FATHER.

Dominus regit me.

[FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7. (iambic).

J. B. DYKES.

63

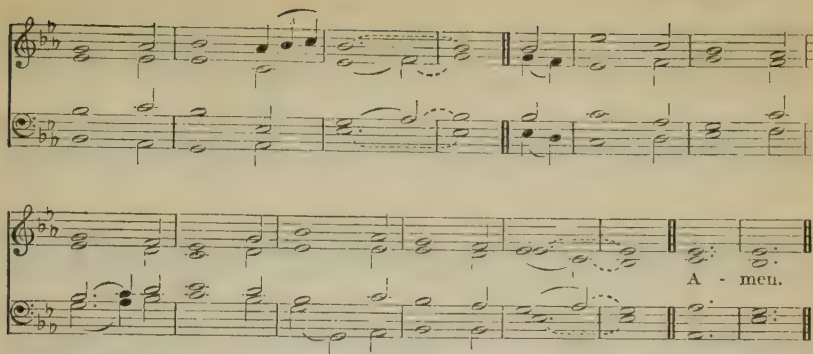
I am the Good Shepherd.—JOHN x. 11.

- 1 THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed ;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth !
- 6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

H. W. Baker.

St. Columba. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. (iambic). Ancient Irish Hymn Melody.

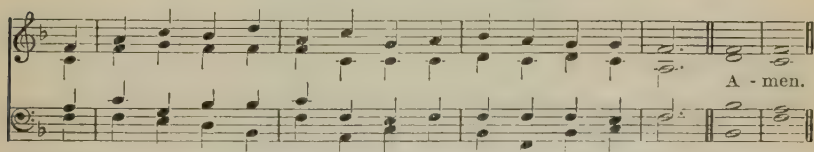
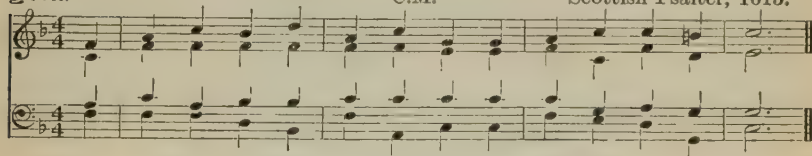


* N.B.—The dotted slurs are used when the Tune is taken as a Common Metre.

York.

C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



(See also Tune COLESHILL, No. 209.)

64

PSALM cxxi.

- 1 **I** TO the hills will lift mine eyes :
From whence doth come mine aid ?
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.
- 2 Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber That thee keeps.
Behold, He That keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.
- 3 The Lord thee keeps ; the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay :
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.
- 4 The Lord shall keep thy soul ; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill ;
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

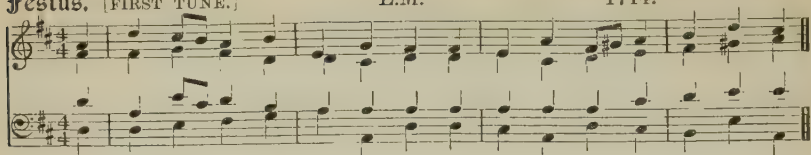
GOD THE FATHER.

FREYLINGHAUSEN'S Gesangbuch,

Festus. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

1714.



65

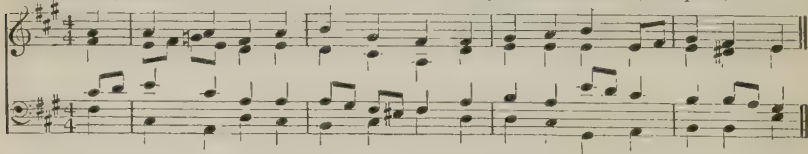
Ask . . . the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.—JOB xii. 7.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THERE'S not a bird with lonely nest,
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share
O God, in Thy paternal care.</p> <p>2 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude;
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there
Who makes his solitary prayer.</p> | <p>3 In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.</p> <p>4 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing: [sky,
Widely they spread through earth and
And last to all eternity.</p> <p>5 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all the years, in every place,
Will bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.</p> |
|---|---|

Baptist W. Noel.

Breslau. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M. As Hymnodus Sacer, Leipsic, 1625.



66

Herein is love.—1 JOHN iv. 10.

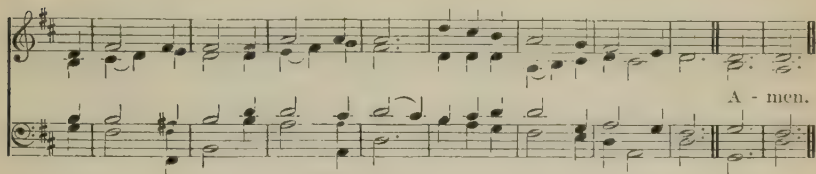
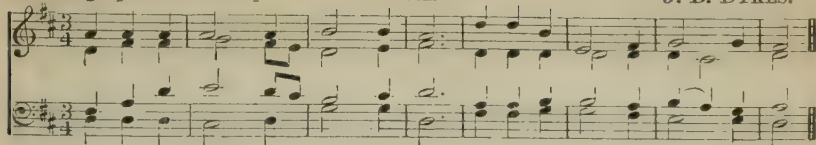
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest
tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.</p> <p>2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art
near.</p> | <p>3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.</p> <p>4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!</p> |
|--|--|

O. W. Holmes.

Rivaulty. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



(See also Tune FULDA, No. 52.)

67

All our fathers were under the cloud.—1 Cor. xii. 1.

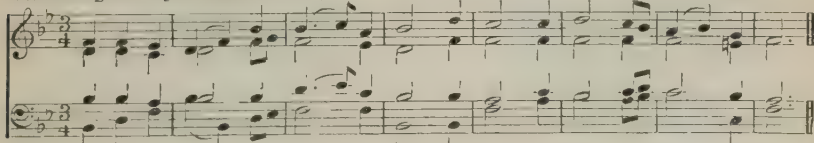
- 1 **E**TERNAL God, Whose changeless will
Encircles all our changing years,
We praise Thy love which giveth still
The fruit of joy from seed of tears.
- 2 Our fathers sought Thee : Thou wast there
On lonely moor, in prison cell ;
Thy presence gave them strength to bear
Reproach, and, suffering, serve Thee well.
- 3 No more on us is laid the cross
Of sorrow, danger, pain or shame ;
They nobly triumphed over loss ;
Make us as faithful to Thy Name.
- 4 Grant us Thy grace through faith to win
A larger hope, a deeper love ;
Steadfast to fight the hosts of sin,
Nor from the Master's footsteps move :
- 5 Till faith be sight, our witness done,
Each doubt at rest, hushed every strife,
And all Thy Church on earth be one
In growing fulness of Thy life.

J. Estlin Carpenter.

Warrington. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

R. HARRISON.



(See also Tune EISENACH, No. 377.)

GOD THE FATHER.

Ein' feste Burg.

87.87.66.667.

M. LUTHER.

68

The gates of hell shall not prevail.—MATTHEW xvi. 18.

1 **A** SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His Name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

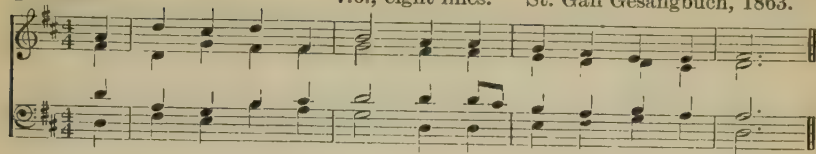
3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment shall not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

M. Luther, tr. T. Carlyle.

Pearsall.

7.6., eight lines. St. Gall Gesangbuch, 1863.



69

I will sing of mercy and of judgment.—PSALM ci. 1.

1 MY song shall be of mercy ;
Come, ye who love the Lord,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust His faithful Word ;
Tell out His works with gladness,
With me exalt His Name,
Whose love endures for ever,
To endless years the same.

2 My song shall be of judgment :
Ye who His chastenings feel,
O faint not, nor be weary ;
He wounds that He may heal ;
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all His ways are wisdom,
And truth and righteousness.

3 Of mercy and of judgment
To Thee, O Lord we sing,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O great eternal King ;
For only Thou art holy,
For Thou art Lord alone,
And mercy still and judgment
Are pillars of Thy throne.

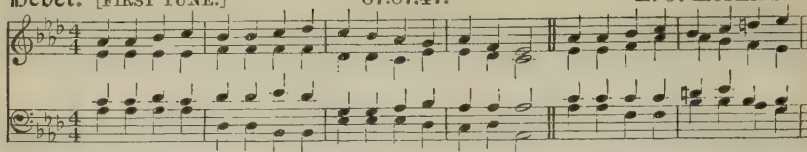
H. Downton.

GOD THE FATHER.

Heber. [FIRST TUNE.]

87.87.47.

E. J. HOPKINS.



70

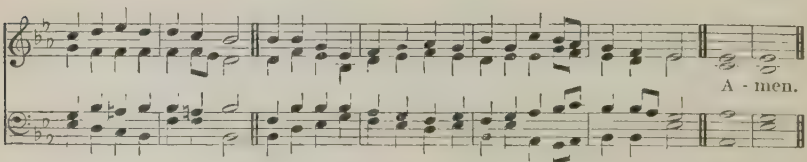
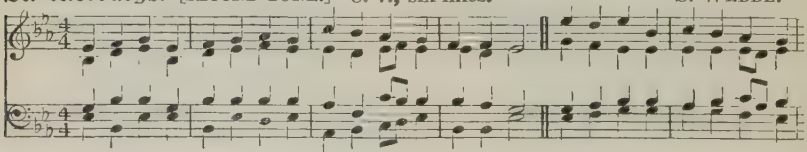
Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself.—ISAIAH xlv. 15.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 MOUNTAINS by the darkness hidden
Are as real as in the day ;
Be, then, unbelief forbidden
In a dreary hour to say,
‘ God hath left us,
O why hath He gone away ? ’</p> <p>2 When He folds the cloud about Him,
Firm within it stands His throne ;
Wherefore should His children doubt
Him,—
Those to whom His love is known ?
God is with us,
We are never left alone.</p> <p>3 Travellers at night, by fleeing,
Cannot run into the day ;
God can lead the blind and seeing,
On Him wait, and for Him stay ;
Be not fearful,
They who cannot sing can pray.</p> | <p>4 O, the bright, the vast creation
Can be terrible and stern :
From its stroke be no salvation,
Though on every side we turn :
Lord of nature,
Then to Thee our spirits yearn.</p> <p>5 Calm and blest is our composure,
When the secret is possessed,
That our God, in full disclosure,
Hath to us His heart expressed ;
Thou, O Saviour,
Hast been given to give us rest.</p> <p>6 Space and time, O Lord, that show Thee
Oft in power veiling good,
Are too vast for us to know Thee
As our trembling spirits would :
But in Jesus,
Father ! Thou art understood.</p> |
|--|---|

T. T. Lynch.

St. Werburgh. [SECOND TUNE.] 8. 7., six lines.

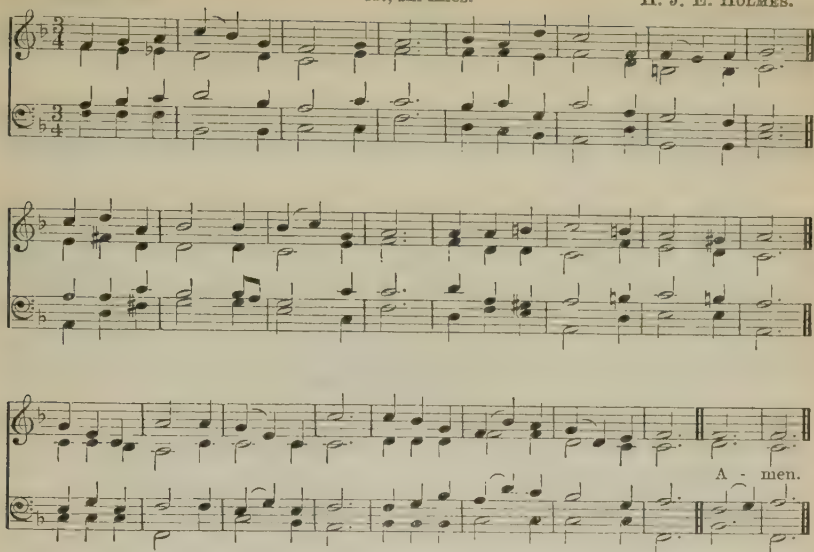
S. WEBBE.



Pater Omnium.

8s., six lines.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



(See also TUNE ST. CATHERINE, No. 178.)

71

Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and . . . not evil?—JOB 1. 10.

1 **G**OD sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;
 Alike, they're needful for the flower;
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment:
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

2 Can loving children e'er reprove,
 With murmurs, those they trust and love?
 Creator! I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to Thee:
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

3 O ne'er will I at life repine;
 Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing with parting breath,
 As comes to me or cloud or sun.
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

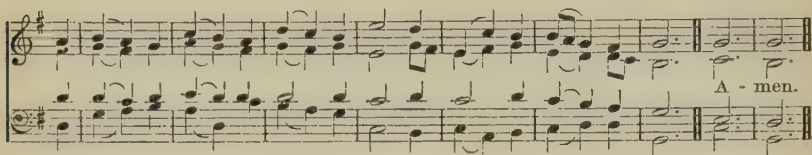
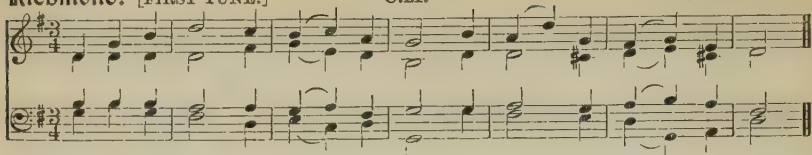
Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

GOD THE FATHER.

Richmond. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

T. HAWEIS.



(For other version, see No. 513.)

(4) REDEMPTION.

72

The second man is the Lord from heaven.—1 COR. xv. 47.

1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight,
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,—
God's presence, and His very self,
And essence all-Divine.

5 O generous love ! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo ;

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die !

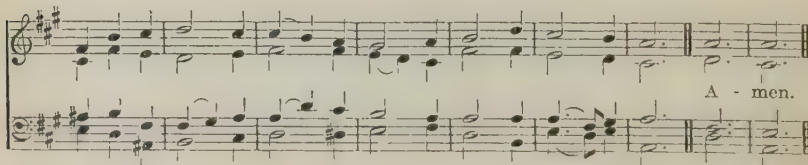
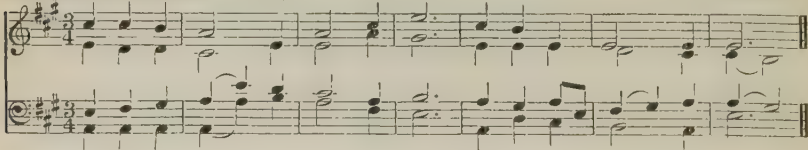
7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

J. H. Newman.

Gerontius. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

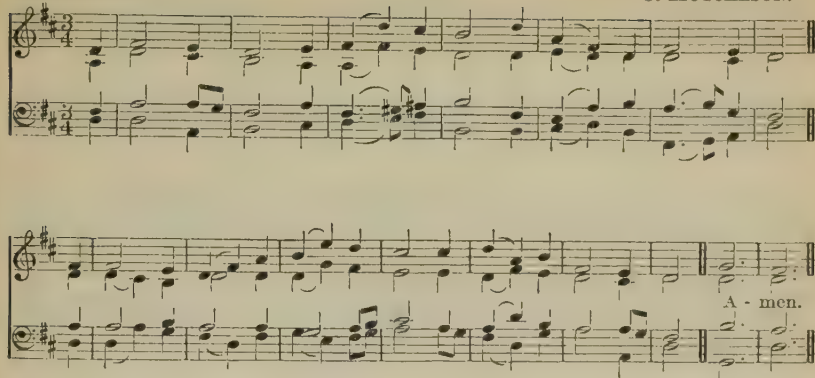
J. B. DYKES.



Stracathbro.

C.M.

C. HUTCHESON.



73

PSALM ciii. 1—5.

1.

O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord
And all that in me is
Be stirrèd up His Holy Name
To magnify and bless.

2.

Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestowèd on thee :

3.

All thine iniquities Who doth
Most graciously forgive ;
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve ;

4.

Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down ;
Who thee with loving kindness doth
And tender mercies crown

5.

Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth,
So that, even as the eagle's age,
Renewèd is thy youth.

Metrical Psalm.

GOD THE FATHER.

Newcastle. [FIRST TUNE.]

86.886.

H. L. MORLEY.



74

God is Light.—1 JOHN i. 5.

1 **E**THERNAL Light ! Eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching
sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee.

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam ?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode ;—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

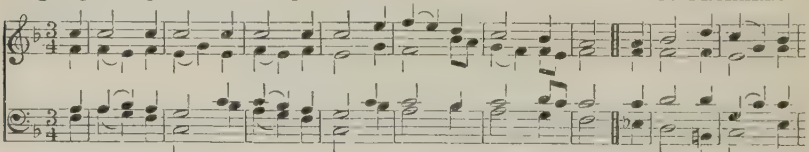
5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Majesty above ;
The sons of ignorance and night
Can dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love.

T. Binney.

Royal Fort. [SECOND TUNE.]

86.886.

E. J. ORCHARD.



REDEMPTION.

Cranbrook. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

T. CLARK.

Grace! 'tis a charm-ing .. sound, Har - mon - ious to my ear: ..

Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, Heaven with the

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear, And

hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear. A - men.

hear, And all . . the . . earth shall hear.

75 Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. — JOHN i. 17.

1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge.

Cambridge. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

R. HARRISON.

A - men.

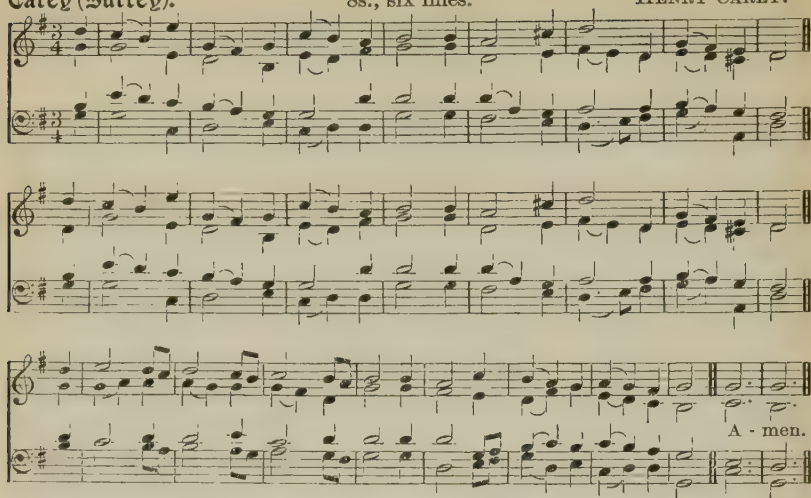
(For this Tune in G, see No. 481.)

GOD THE FATHER.

Carey (Surrey).

8s., six lines.

HENRY CAREY.



(See also Tune EATON, No. 213.)

76

Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity ?—MICAH vii. 18.

1 GREAT God of wonders, all Thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine ;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine :
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

2 Such dire offences to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare ;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share :
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood :
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

4 O may this strange, this wondrous grace,
This matchless miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise
And all the angelic choirs above :
Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Samuel Davies,

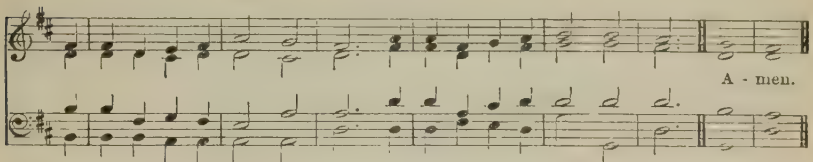
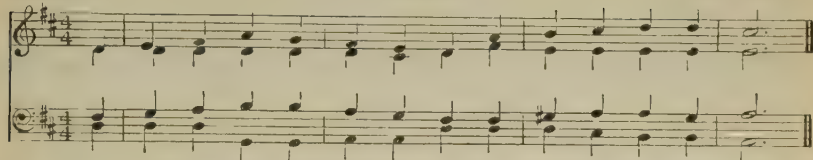
Section 4.

GOD THE SON.

Palmyra.

86.86.88.

J. SUMMERS.



(1) THE ETERNAL WORD.

The Image of the invisible God.—COL. i. 15.

77

1 THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son ;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven's beloved One :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

2 In Thee most perfectly expressed
The Father's glories shine ;
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally Divine :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

3 True image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed ;
Brightness of uncreated light ;
The heart of God revealed :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

4 But the high mysteries of Thy Name
An angel's grasp transcend ;
The Father only—glorious claim !
The Son can comprehend :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

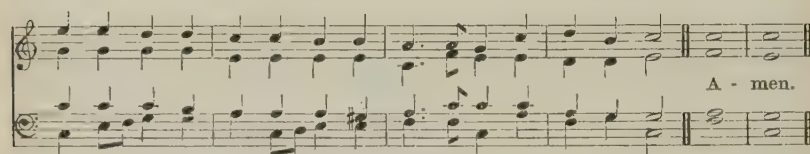
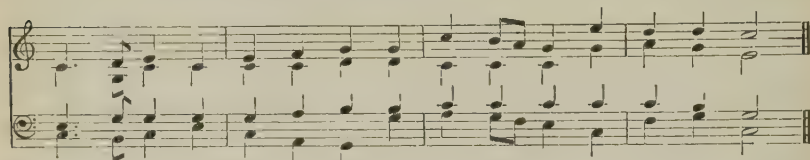
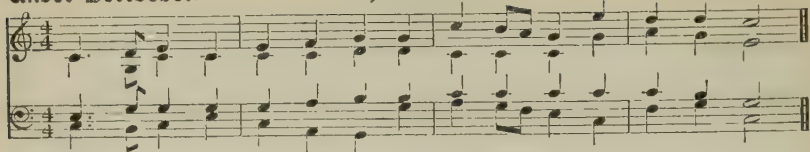
5 Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and sun ;
The eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven's beloved One :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

Josiah Conder.

Unser Herrscher.

8.7., six lines.

J. NEANDER.



78

The beginning of the creation of God.—REV. iii. 14.

1 **O**F the Father's love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see.

2 He is here, Whom seers in old time
Chanted of, while ages ran ;
Whom the faithful word of prophets
Promised since the world began ;
Long foretold, at length appearing ;
Praise Him, every child of man.

3 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens !
Praise Him, angels in the height !
All dominions bow before Him,
And exalt His boundless might :
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite.

4 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing ;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering :
Let their guileless song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring.

5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be ;
Honour, glory, might, dominion,
And eternal victory.

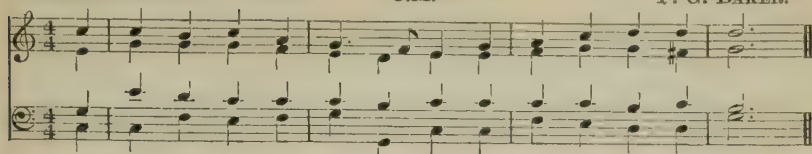
Aurelius Prudentius, tr. Neale and Baker.

HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

St. Saviour.

C.M.

F. G. BAKER.



(See also Tune BRISTOL, No. 799.)

(2) HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

79

The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings.—ISAIAH lxi. 1.

1.

HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held :
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

Philip Doddridge.

GOD THE SON.

From the "English Hymnal." By permission of the Oxford University Press.

Forest Green.

C.M.D.

English Traditional Melody.

80 *When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son.*—GAL. iv. 4.

1 **A** THOUSAND years have come and
And near a thousand more, [gone,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before ;
And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred, [tongue
That sent such news from tongue to
As ears had never heard.

2 Then angels on their starry way
Felt bliss unfelt before,
For news that men should be as they
To darkened earth they bore ;
So toiling men and spirits bright
A first communion had,
And in meek mercy's rising light
Were each exceeding glad.

3 And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore ;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring,
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And, dawning in a lowly birth,
Uprose the Light of man.

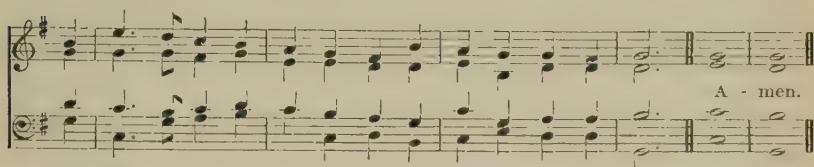
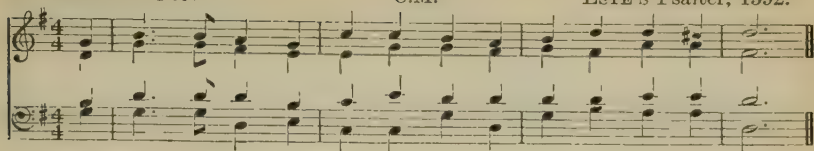
4 For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore ;
And twice a thousand years of grief,
Of conflict and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win.

T. T. Lynch.

Winchester Old.

C.M.

ESTÆ's Psalter, 1592.



81

The glory of the Lord shone round about them.—LUKE ii. 9.

1 **W**HILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around :

2 'Fear not !' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 'To you in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :

4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song :

6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

Tate and Brady.

GOD THE SON.

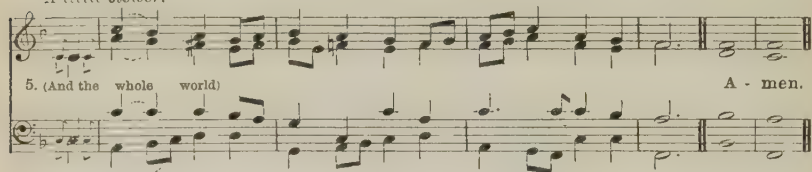
Noel.

C.M. D.

Arranged by A. SULLIVAN.



A little slower.



5. (And the whole world)

A - men.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

82

Glory to God in the highest.—LUKE ii. 14.

1 **I**T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold :
' Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King !'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring :
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look up ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

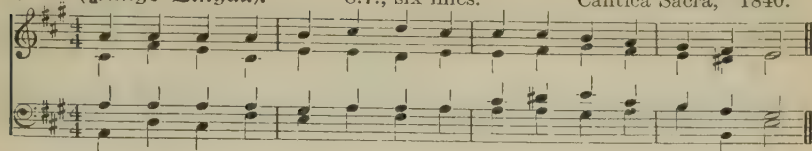
5 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever circling years,
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing !

E. H. Sears.

Oriel (Pange Lingua).

8.7., six lines.

CASPAR ETT'S
"Cantica Sacra," 1840.



(See also Tune ST. WERBURGH," No. 70.)

83

Waiting for the consolation of Israel.—LUKE ii. 25.

- 1 **E**ARTH was waiting, spent and restless
With a mingled hope and fear ;
And the faithful few were sighing,
' Surely, Lord, the day is near ;
The Desire of all the nations,
It is time He should appear.'
- 2 In the sacred courts of Zion,
Where the Lord had His abode,
There the money-changers trafficked,
And the sheep and oxen trod ;
And the world, because of wisdom,
Knew not either Lord or God.
- 3 Then the Spirit of the Highest
On a virgin meek came down,
And He burdened her with blessing,
And He pained her with renown ;
For she bare the Lord's Anointed,
For His cross and for His crown.
- 4 Earth for Him had groaned and travailed
Since the ages first began ;
For in Him was hid the secret
That through all the ages ran—
Son of Mary, Son of David,
Son of God, and Son of man.

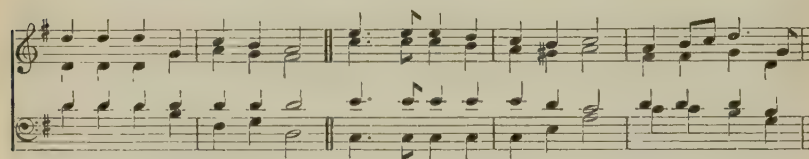
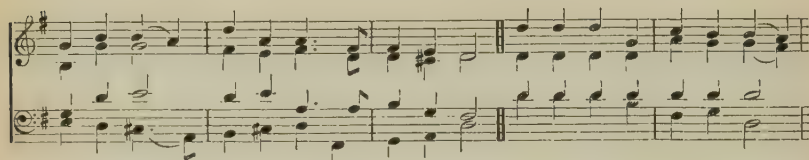
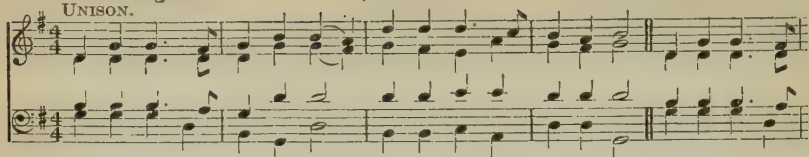
W. C. Smith.

Christmas Hymn.

7s., ten lines.

MENDELSSOHN.

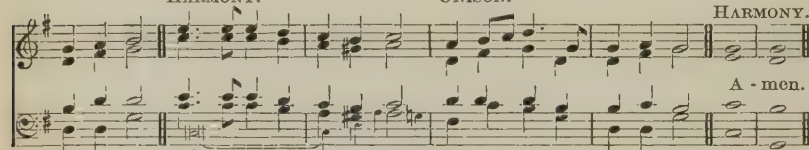
UNISON.



HARMONY.

UNISON.

HARMONY.



Org.

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84

Unto you is born . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—LUKE ii. 11.

1 **H**ARK ! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 ' Christ is born in Bethlehem.'
 Hark ! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see !
 Hail, the Incarnate Deity !
 Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel.
 Hark, &c.

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild, He lays His glory by ;
 Born, that man no more may die ;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born, to give them second birth.
 Hark, &c.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head !
 Now display Thy saving power,
 Ruined nature now restore,
 Now in mystic union join
 Thine to ours, and ours to Thine !
 Hark, &c.

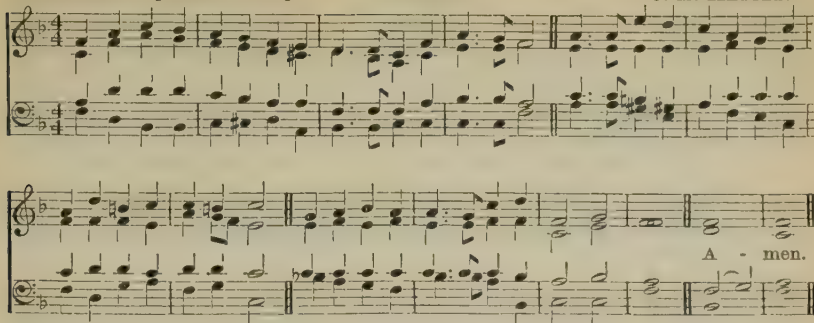
C. Wesley.

HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

Kenilworth. [FIRST TUNE.]

87.87.47.

C. E. KETTLE.



85

They . . . fell down and worshipped Him.—MATT. ii. 11.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great Desire of nations ;
Ye have seen His natal star :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

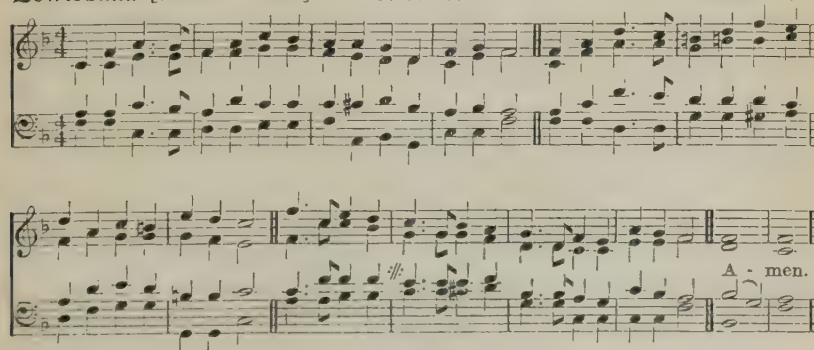
5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery.

Lewisbam. [SECOND TUNE.]

87.87.47.

J. TILLEARD.



86 Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass.—LUKE ii. 15.

Adeste Fideles.

Irregular.

J. READING.

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant; O
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ult - a - tion,
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing;

come ye, O come.. ye, to Beth - le - hem;
 Sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of heaven a - bove;
 Je - sus, to Thee.. be . . glo - - ry given;

Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of an - gels;
 'Glo - ry to God . . In . . the . . high - est; } O
 Word of the Fa - ther Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O

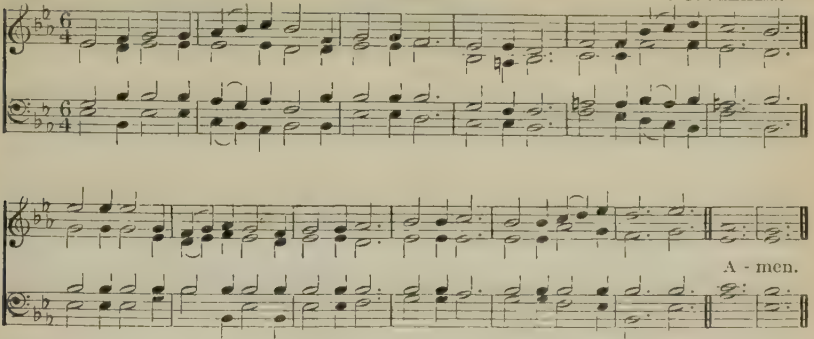
come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - men
Bonaventura, tr. F. Oakeley.

HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

Nativity. [FIRST TUNE.]

866.866.

F. C. MAKER.



87

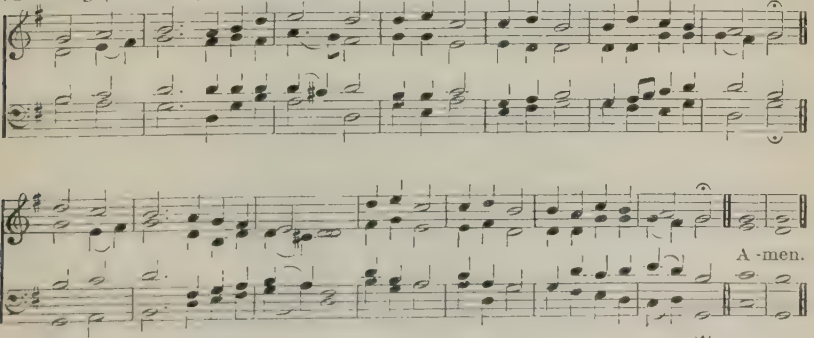
The babe lying in a manger.—LUKE ii. 16.

- 1 **A**LL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
'Christ is born!' their choirs are singing
Till the air everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.
- 2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat:
'Flee from woe and danger; [you
Brethren, come: from all that grieves
You are freed: all you need
I will surely give you.'
- 3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him Who with love is yearning;
Hail the star that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

- 4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, for the door
Now is found of gladness;
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, pain or loss
Can again betide you.
- 5 Blessèd Saviour, let me find Thee;
Keep Thou me close to Thee;
Cast me not behind Thee:
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest on Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.
- 6 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish,
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.
Paul Gerhardt, tr. C. Winkworth.

Ebeling (Bonn). [SECOND TUNE.] 866.866.

J. G. EBELING.

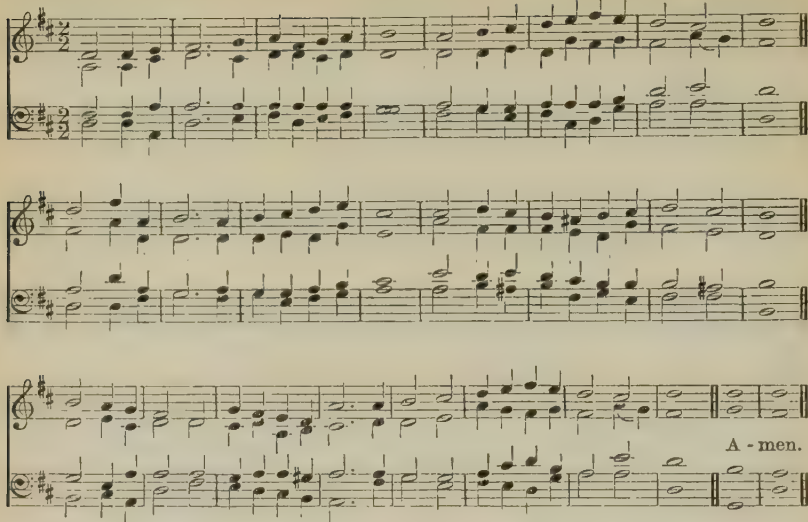


GOD THE SON.

Yorksire.

10s., six lines.

JOHN WAINWRIGHT.



88

The angel said . . . I bring you good tidings of great joy.—LUKE ii. 10.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, awake ! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above :
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate, of the Virgin's Son.
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, ' Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth :
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'
- 3 He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire ;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang :
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
' Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.'
- 4 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;
Trace we the Babe Who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross ;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 5 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng :
He That was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display ;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

*John Byrom.
(Vv. 4 & 5 altd.)*

HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

Dir.

7s., six lines.

CONRAD KOCHER.

89 *When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.*—MATT. ii. 10.

- 1 **A**S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down.
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

W. C. Dix.

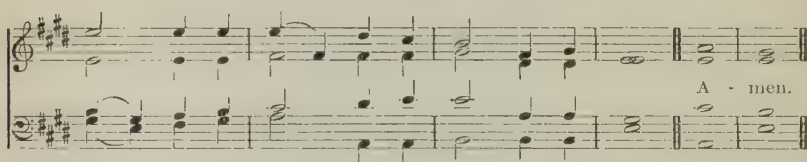
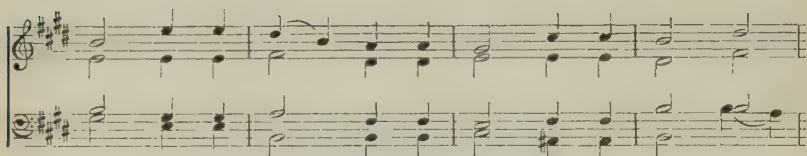
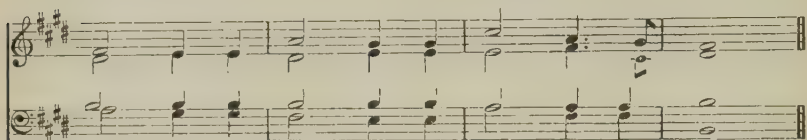
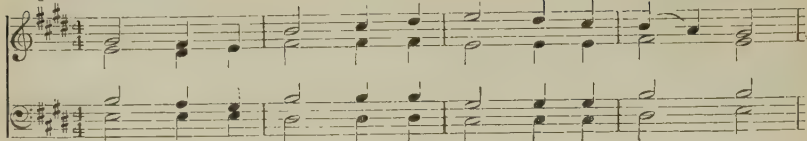
GOD THE SON.

Epiphany Hymn.

[FIRST TUNE.]

11.10.11.10. (dactylic).

J. F. THRUPP.



90

We have seen His star in the east.—MATT. ii. 2.

1.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ;
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

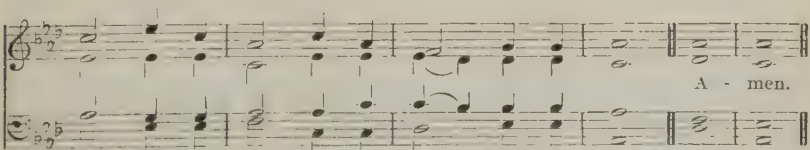
5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

R. Heber.

Spean. [SECOND TUNE.]

11.10.11.10. (dactylic).

J. F. BRIDGE.



A - men.

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(See also Tune EPIPHANY, No. 664.)

GOD THE SON.

Bischoptorpe. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

91

One is your Master, even Christ.—MATT. xxiii. 8.

1 IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above ;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are
Our lips of childhood frame, [said
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

7 O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. Whittier.

Albano. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

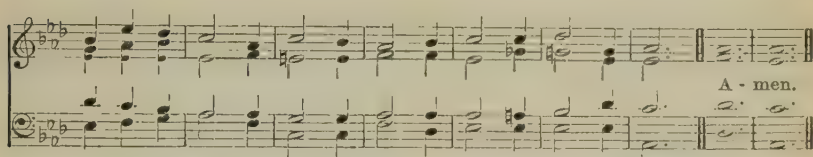
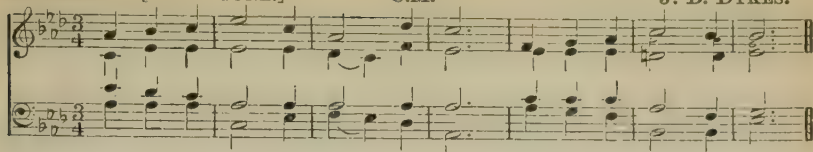
V. NOVELLO.

HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

Beatitudo. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

J. B. DYKES.



92 He knew what was in man.— JOHN ii. 25.

- 1 **O** LORD and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.
- 2 Thou judgest us : Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn ;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.
- 3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight,
And naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.
- 4 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own ;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.
- 5 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys, and pains belong ;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.
- 6 Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most Divine,
The flower of man and God !

J. G. Whittier.

93 Present your bodies, your reasonable service.—ROMANS xii. 1.

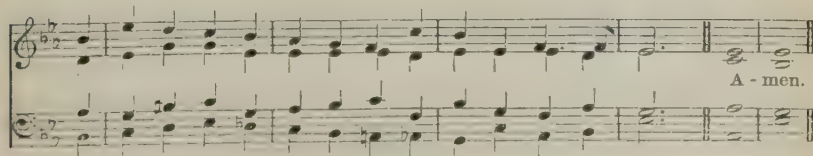
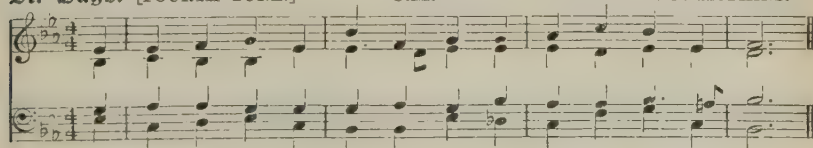
- 1 **W**E faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way !
- 2 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done ;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.
- 3 Alone, O Love ineffable !
Thy saving Name is given ;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven !
- 4 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be ?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.
- 5 Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude ;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.
- 6 The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise,
Its faith and hope Thy canticles
And its obedience praise.

J. G. Whittier.

St. Hugh. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS.

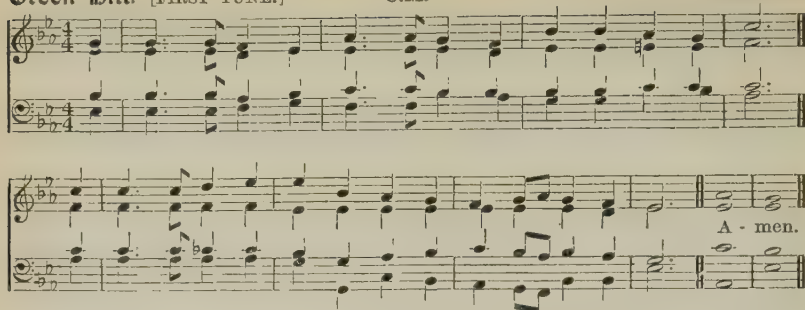


GOD THE SON.

Green Hill. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

A. L. PEACE.



94 *As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.—1 COR. xv. 49.*

1 O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Immanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear ;
This watch the Lord did keep ;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear ;
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven ;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

4 But not this robe of flesh alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee ;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

5 Our own will be Thy life divine,
Thine image we shall bear ;
With Thine own glory we shall shine,
In Thine own bliss shall share.

6 O mighty grace, our life to live
To make our earth divine !
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine !

T. H. Gill.

95 *It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren.—HEB. ii. 17.*

1 IN all things like Thy brethren, Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin ;
But how unlike to us, O Lord !
Replies the voice within.

2 O holy God ! yet frail weak man !
'Tis not for us to know
How spotless soul and body felt
Temptation, pain, and woe.

3 Our faith is weak ;—O Light of Light !
Clear Thou our clouded view ;
That, Son of Man, and Son of God,
We give Thee honour due.

4 O Son of Man ! Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears ;
Life's thankless toil, and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.

5 O Son of God ! in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne ;
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succouring Thine own.

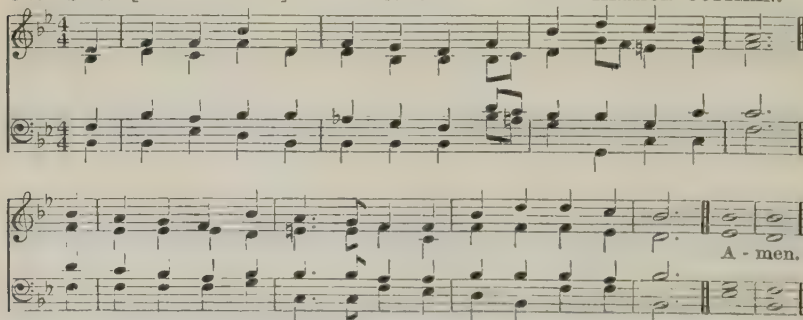
6 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge !
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Elect in earth and heaven.

Joseph Anstice.

Caterham. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



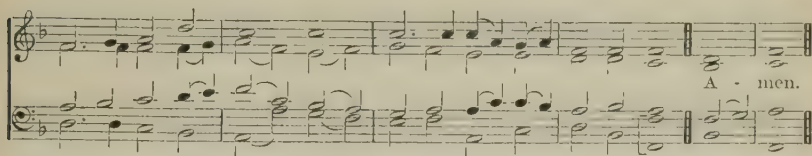
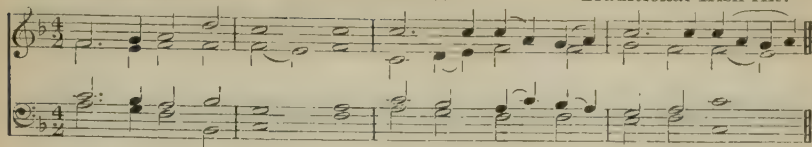
(See also Tune DALEHURST, No. 258.)

HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

Gartan. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.7.6.7.

Traditional Irish Air.



96

The Word became flesh and dwell among us, full of grace.—JOHN i. 14.

1 LOVE came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign.

2 Worship we the Godhead,
Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
But wherewith for sacred sign?

3 Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.

Christina Rossetti.

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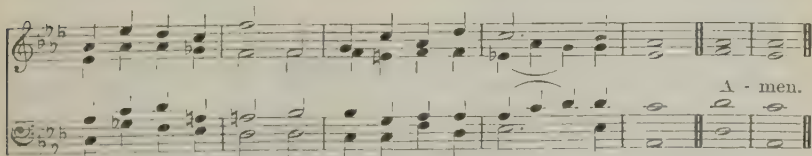
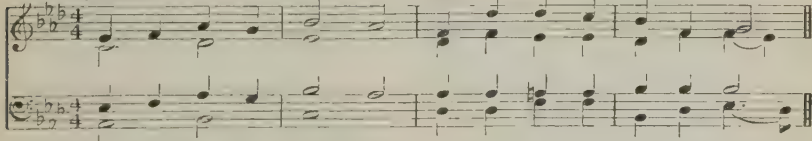
Vale-Tide. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.7.6.7.

SIDNEY HANN.

UNISON.

HARMONY.



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GOD THE SON.

The First Nowell.

P.M. W.SANDYS's Christmas Carols, 1833.

REFRAIN.

Now-ell, . . Now-ell, Now -
 - ell, . . Now - ell, . . Born is the King of Is - - ra - el. A - men.

97

He guided them on every side.—2 CHRONICLES xxxii. 22.

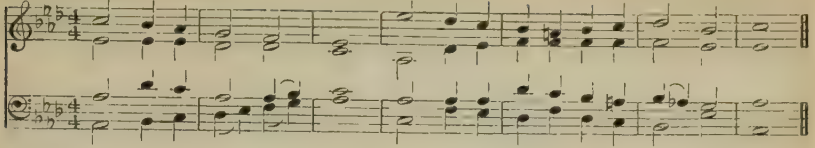
- 1 THE first Nowell the angel did say,
 Was to certain poor shepherds in
 fields as they lay;
 In fields where they lay keeping their
 sheep,
 On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
 Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
 Born is the King of Israel.
- 2 They lookèd up and saw a star,
 Shining in the East, beyond them far,
 And to the earth it gave great light,
 And so it continued both day and night.
 Nowell, Nowell, &c.
- 3 And by the light of that same star,
 Three wise men came from country far;
 To seek for a King was their intent,
 And to follow the star wherever it went.
 Nowell, Nowell, &c.
- 4 This star drew nigh to the north-west,
 O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
 And there it did both stop and stay,
 Right over the place where Jesus lay.
 Nowell, Nowell, &c.
- 5 Then entered in those wise men three
 Full reverently on bended knee,
 And offered there, in His presence,
 Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
 Nowell, Nowell, &c.
- 6 Then let us all with one accord
 Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
 That hath made heaven and earth of
 nought,
 And with His blood mankind hath
 bought.
 Nowell, Nowell, &c.

Traditional.

Rest. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.10.6.10.

GEORGE LOMAS.



A - men.

(3) HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

98

The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head. LUKE ix. 58.

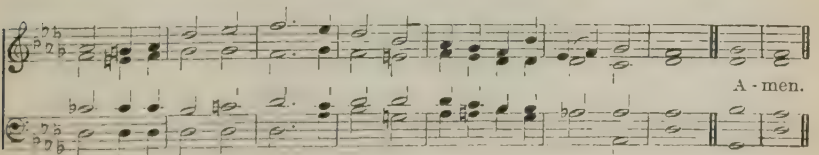
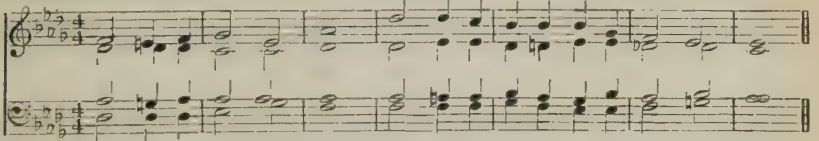
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his
peaceful bed ;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.</p> <p>2 And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest ;
To bid the sinner live, [breast.
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His</p> <p>3 I, who once made Him grieve ;
I, who once made His gentle Spirit
mourn ;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of
thorn ;—</p> | <p>4 O why should I have peace ?
Why, but for that unchanged, undying
love,
Which would not, could not cease
Until it made me heir of joys above.</p> <p>5 Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonised for me.</p> <p>6 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful
bed ;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.</p> |
|---|---|
- 7 On earth Thou lovest best
To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin ;
O come and take Thy rest,
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Archfield. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.10.6.10.

G. H. WOOLSTON.



A - men.

GOD THE SON.

Burleigh. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

S. WEEKES.

A - men.

99

Master, where abidest Thou ?—JOHN 1. 38.

1 **M**ASTER, where abidest Thou ?
 Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek
 For the wants which press us now
 Other aid is all too weak.
 Canst Thou take our sins away ?
 May we find repose in Thee ?
 From the gracious lips to-day,
 As of old, breathes, 'Come and see.'

2 Master, where abidest Thou ?
 We would leave the past behind :
 We would scale the mountain's brow,
 Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
 Still a look is all our lore,
 The transforming look to Thee :
 From the Living Truth once more
 Breathes the answer, 'Come and see.'

92

3 Master, where abidest Thou ?

How shall we Thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breast ?
Still a look is all our might ;
Looking draws the heart to Thee ;
Sends us from the absorbing sight,
With the message, ' Come and see.'

4 Master, where abidest Thou ?

All the springs of life are low
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
And we wait Thy call to go.
From the depths of happy rest,
Where the just abide with Thee,
From the voice which makes them blest,
Falls the summons, ' Come and see.'

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

St. Mary Magdalene.

[SECOND TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

A - men.

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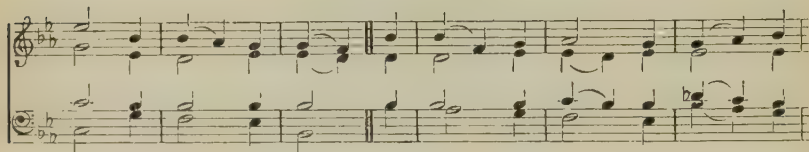
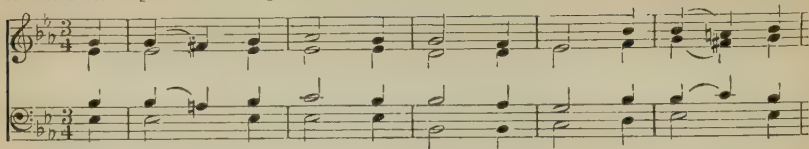
(See also Tune BENEVENTO, No. 310.)

GOD THE SON.

Staincliffe. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

R. W. DIXON.



100 *Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.*—MATT. xi. 28.

1.

HOW sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2.

From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3.

'Come, wanderers, to My Father's home
Come all ye weary ones, and rest';
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

J. Bowring.

I have given you an example.—JOHN xiii. 15.

1.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations know,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

4.

Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

I. Watts.

Angel's Hymn. [SECOND TUNE.] L.M. From ORLANDO GIBBONS.

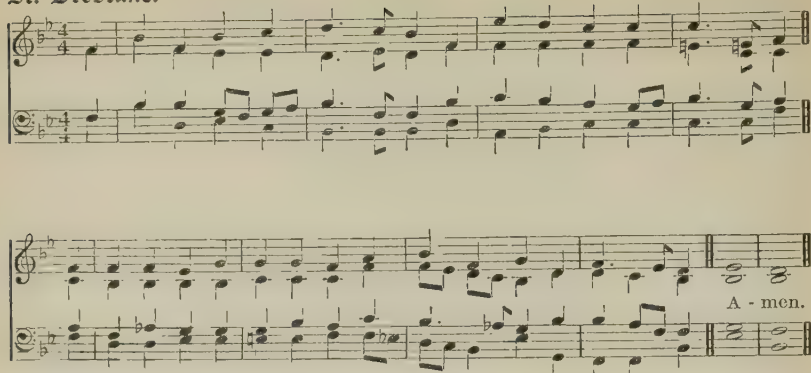


GOD THE SON.

St. Drostan.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



102

And as He went, they spread their garments in the way.—LUKE xix. 36.

1.

RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh .
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign !

H. H. Milman.

Kiel. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

A. J. ROMBERG.

103

The Lord is very pitiful.—JAMES v. 4.

1 WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,
Pity in His bosom reigned ;
Sympathy He loved to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdained.

2 Round Him thronged the blind, the
lame,
Deaf, and dumb, diseased, possessed ;
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely blessed.

3 He could make the leper whole ;
Thousands at a meal He fed ;
Winds and waves He could control
By a word He raised the dead.

4 Lord, to me Thy blessing give ;
Hungering, sick, and faint, I come ;
Let me in Thy presence live,
Lead me to my heavenly home.

5 Be Thy love to me revealed,
Be Thy grace by me possessed ,
Touch me, and I shall be healed ;
Bless me, and I shall be blessed.

John Ryland (alt.).

Christ Chapel. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

C. STEGGALL.

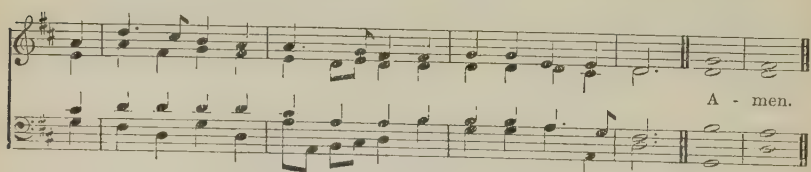
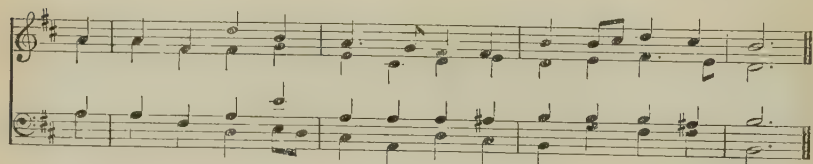
(See also Tune BUCKLAND, No. 57.)

GOD THE SON.

Petersham. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M. D.

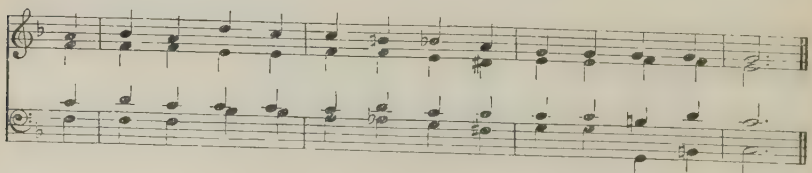
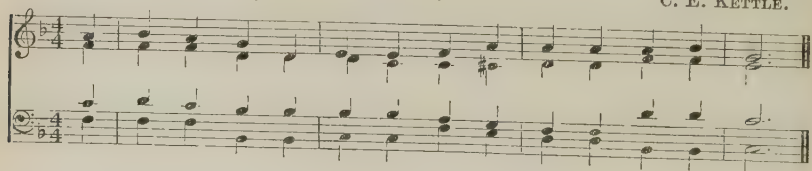
C. W. POOLE.

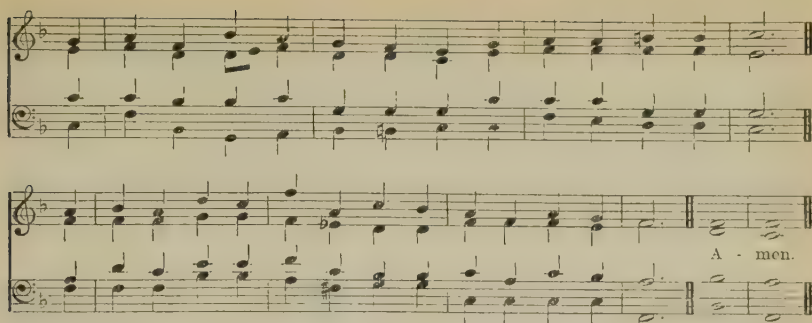


Blenden. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M. D.

C. E. KETTLE.





104 *Miracles . . . which God did by Him
in the midst of you.*—ACTS ii. 22.

1 **O** WHERE is He that trod the sea ?

O where is He that spake,—
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break ?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 O where is He that trod the sea ?

O where is He that spake,—
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake ?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire ;
And strong ones heal the weak, who
waste
Their life in sad desire.

3 O where is He that trod the sea ?

O where is He that spake,—
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take ?
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean.
And cry, 'Tis He can save !

4 O where is He that trod the sea ?

'Tis only He can save :
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave :
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustle fare they take ;
'Twas springtide when He blest the
bread,
And harvest when He brake.

5 O where is He that trod the sea ?

My soul, the Lord is here !
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee ;
Be thine to look, and hear :

He all Thy needs will satisfy :

Art thou diseased or dumb,

Or dost thou in thy hunger cry ?—

'I come,' saith Christ, 'I come !'

T. T. Lynch.

105 *Jesus showed Himself again.*—
JOHN xxi. 1.

1 **THE** Galilean fishers toil

All night, and nothing take ;
But Jesus comes,—a wondrous spoil
Is lifted from the lake.
Lord, when our labours are in vain,
And vain the help of men,
When fruitless is our care and pain,
Come, blessed Jesus, then !

2 The night is dark, the surges fill

The bark, the wild winds roar ;
But Jesus comes ; and all is still,—
The ship is at the shore.
O Lord, when storms around us howl,
And all is dark and drear,
In all the tempests of the soul,
O blessed Jesus, hear !

3 A frail one, thrice denying Thee,

Saw mercy in Thine eyes ;
The penitent upon the tree
Was borne to paradise.
In hours of sin and deep distress,
O show us, Lord, Thy face ;
In penitential loneliness,
O give us, Jesus, grace !

4 The faithful few retire in fear

To their closed upper room,
But suddenly, with joyful cheer,
They see their Master come.
Lord, come to us, unloose our bands.
And bid our terrors cease ;
Lift over us Thy blessed hands
Speak, holy Jesus, peace.

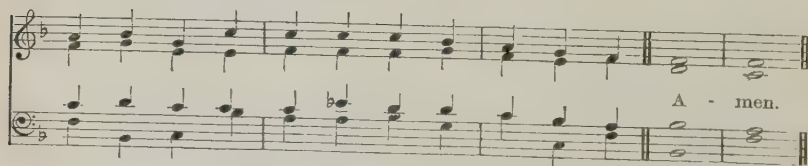
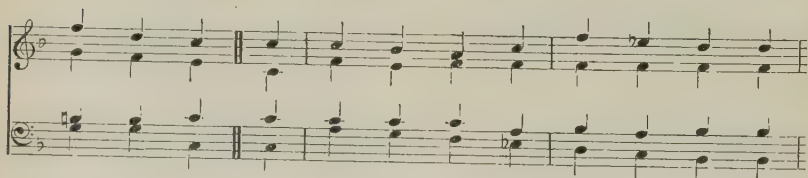
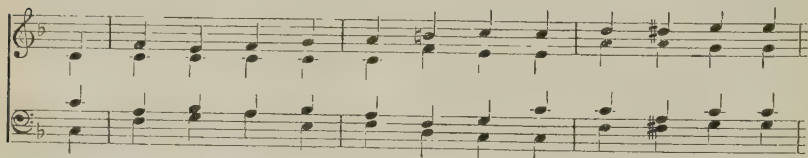
C. Wordsworth.

GOD THE SON.

Hayes.

L.M.D.

From BEETHOVEN.
Arr. by W. R. BRAINE.



(See also Tune STANLEY, No. 319.)

Master, it is good for us to be here.—MARK ix. 5.

1 O MASTER, it is good to be
 High on the mountain here with Thee,
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
 Those glorious saints of other days ;—
 Who once received on Horeb's height
 The eternal laws of truth and right,
 Or caught the still, small whisper, higher
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 O Master, it is good to be
 With Thee, and with Thy faithful three ;—
 Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
 Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
 Here, where the son of thunder learns
 The thought that breathes, the word that burns ;
 Here, where on eagle's wings we move
 With him whose last best creed is Love.

3 O Master, it is good to be
 Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee,
 And watch Thy glistening raiment glow
 Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
 The human lineaments that shine
 Irradiant with a light divine,
 Till we too change from grace to grace,
 Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 Lord, it is good for us to be
 In life's worst anguish close to Thee,
 Within the overshadowing cloud
 Which wraps us in its awful shroud :
 We wist not what to think or say,
 Our spirits sink in sore dismay ;
 They tell us of the dread ' decease,'
 But yet to linger here is peace.

5 O Master, it is good to be
 Here on the Holy Mount with Thee ;
 When darkling in the depths of night,
 When dazzled with excess of light,
 We bow before the heavenly Voice
 That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
 Though love wax cold and faith be dim ;—
 "This is My Son ! O hear ye Him !"

A. P. Stanley.

GOD THE SON.

St. Alphege. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

107

Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.—MATT. xxi. 9.

- 1 **A**LL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
- 2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
- 3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

- 4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
- 5 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise ;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
- 6 Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Theodulph of Orleans, tr. J. M. Neale.

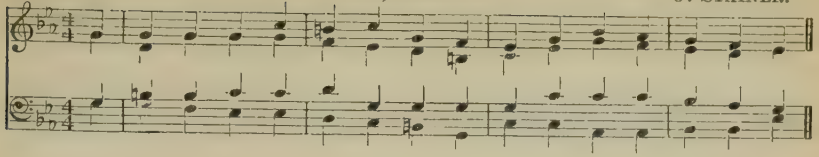
St. Theodulph. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

M. TESCHNER.

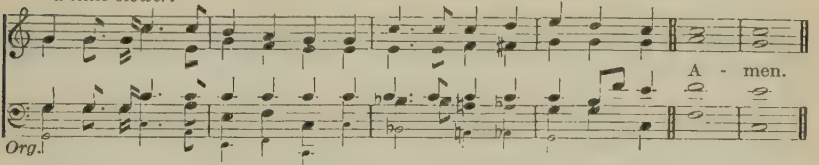
Credo.

8s., six lines.

J. STAINER.



a little slower.



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(See also TUNE ST. CATHERINE, No. 178.)

108

We walk by faith, not by sight.—2 CORINTHIANS v. 7.

1 **W**E saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death ;
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home,
In that despised Nazareth ;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2 We saw Thee not upon the wave,
When Thou the stormy sea didst bind,
Nor marked the health Thy blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind ;
But we believe the Fount of light
Could give the darkened eyeball sight.

3 We were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter cross around,
Nor heard Thy prayer for them that slew,
Nor felt the earthquake rock the ground ;
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side ;
But we believe that Thou hast died.

4 We stood not by the empty tomb,
Where late Thy sacred body lay ;
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way ;
But we believe that angels said,
' Why seek the living with the dead ? '

5 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld Thee rising to the skies.

6 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness ;
But we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

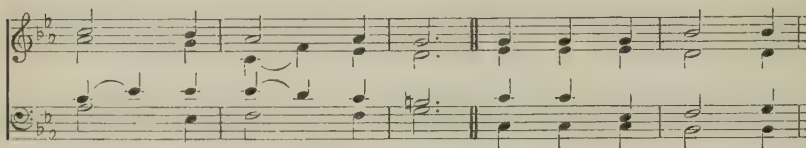
*J. Hampden Gurney
(based on Anne Richter).*

GOD THE SON.

St. Hælfred.

8.8.8.3.

J. B. DYKES.



109

He . . . rebuked the wind and the raging of the water.—LUKE viii. 24.

1.

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
 Watch did Thine anxious servants keep :
 But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
 Calm and still.

2.

' Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
 ' O save us in our agony ' ;
 Thy word above the storm rose high,
 ' Peace, be still.'

3.

The wild winds hushed ; the angry deep
 Sank, like a little child, to sleep ;
 The sullen billows ceased to leap
 At Thy will.

4.

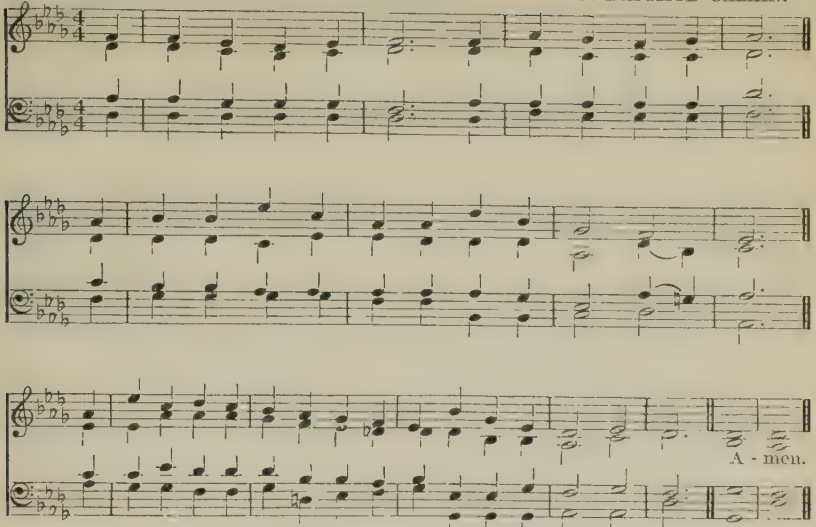
So, when our life is clouded o'er,
 And storm-winds drift us from the shore
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
 ' Peace, be still.'

Godfrey Thring.

St. John.

66.66.4444.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



(See also Tune DARWALL, No. 656.)

(4) HIS DEATH.

(See also Section VIII. (3), 'The Lord's Supper.')

110

In other ages it was not made known.—EPHESIANS iii. 5.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 MY song is love unknown,
 My Saviour's love to me;
 Love to the loveless shown,
 That they might lovely be.
 O who am I,
 That for my sake
 My Lord should take
 Frail flesh, and die?</p> <p>2 He came from His blest throne
 Salvation to bestow;
 But men made strange, and none
 The longed-for Christ would know:
 But O! my Friend,
 My Friend indeed,
 Who at my need
 His life did spend.</p> <p>3 Sometimes they strew His way,
 And His sweet praises sing;
 Resounding all the day
 Hosannas to their King:
 Then 'Crucify!'
 Is all their breath,
 And for His death
 They thirst and cry.</p> | <p>4 They rise and needs will have
 My dear Lord made away;
 A murderer they save,
 The Prince of life they slay,
 Yet cheerful He
 To suff'ring goes,
 That He His foes
 From thence might free.</p> <p>5 In life, no house, no home
 My Lord on earth might have
 In death, no friendly tomb,
 But what a stranger gave.
 What may I say?
 Heaven was His home;
 But mine the tomb
 Wherein He lay.</p> <p>6 Here might I stay and sing,
 No story so divine;
 Never was love, dear King!
 Never was grief like Thine.
 This is my Friend,
 In Whose sweet praise
 I all my days
 Could gladly spend.</p> |
|---|---|

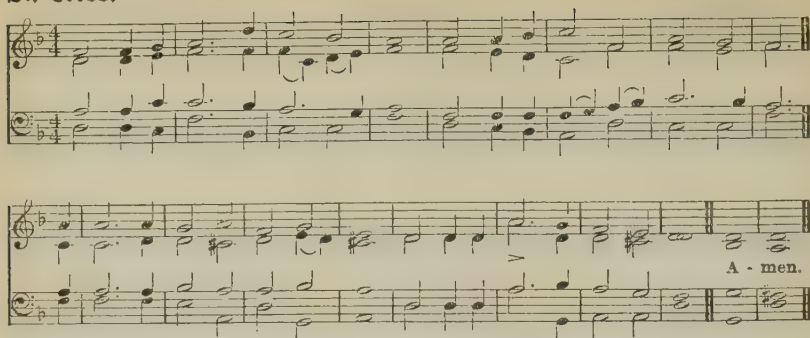
S. Crossman.

GOD THE SON.

St. Cross.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



111

All the people that came together to that sight . . . smote their breasts and returned.—LUKE xxiii. 48.

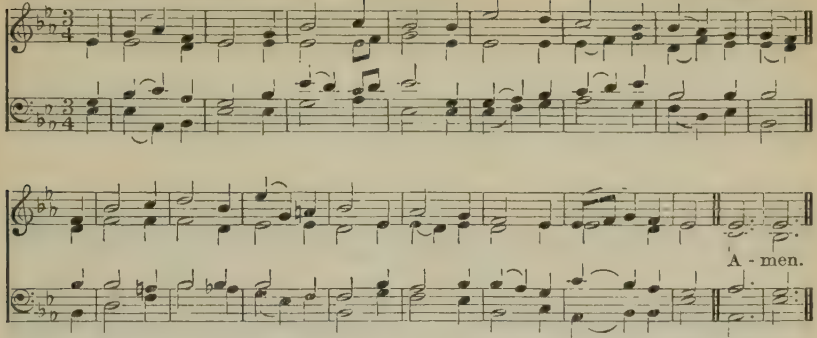
- 1 **O** COME and mourn with me awhile ;
See, Jesus calls us to His side :
O come, together let us mourn :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love ;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 Come, let us stand beneath the cross ;
The fountain opened in His side
Shall purge our deepest stains away :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's offering is :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 6 O love of God ! O sin of man !
In this dread act your strength is tried.
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Lord, is crucified.

F. W. Faber (alt.).

Rockingham. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

E. MILLER.



112 *He humbled Himself and became
obedient unto death.—
PHILIPPIANS ii. 8.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

I. Watts.

113 *The preaching of the cross.—
1 COR. i. 18.*

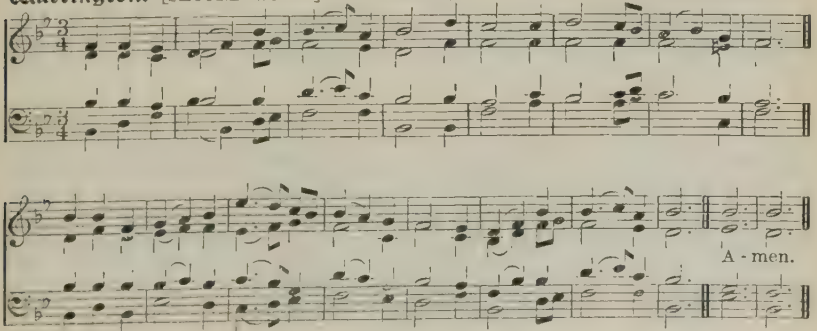
- 1 **W**E sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, ' God is love ' :
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes the terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love :
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

T. Kelly.

Warrington. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

R. HARRISON.

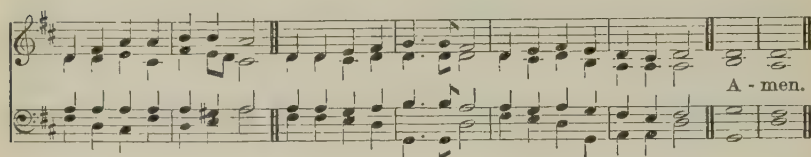
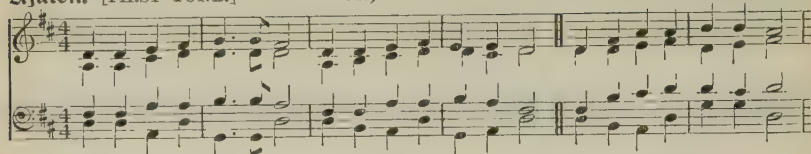


GOD THE SON.

Hjalon. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

R. REDHEAD.



114

Learn of Me.—MATT. xi. 29.

1 **G** O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour :
Turn not from His griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
See the Lord of life arraigned :
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete !
' It is finished ! ' hear Him cry :
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

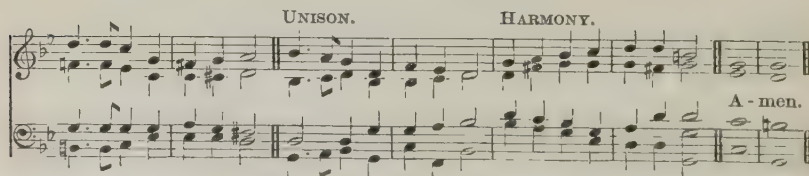
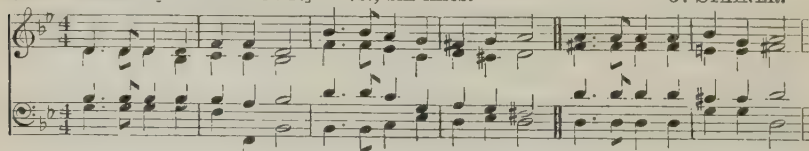
4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom :
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen ; He seeks the skies :
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery.

Venit Hora. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

J. STAINER.



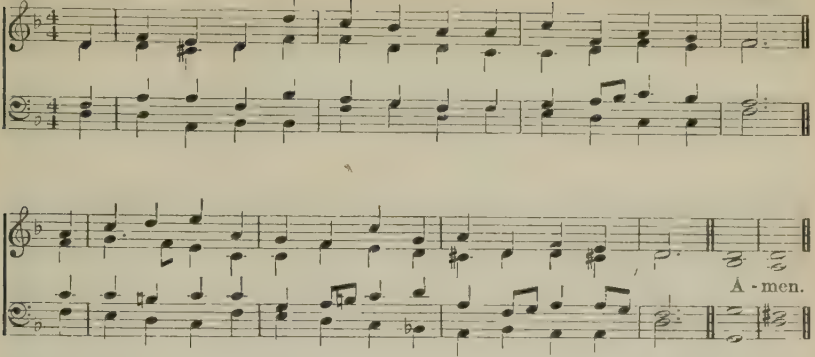
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(See also Tune CASSEL, No. 224.)

St. Mary. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

PLAYFORD'S Psalter.



115

A fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.—ZECH. xiii. 1.

1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

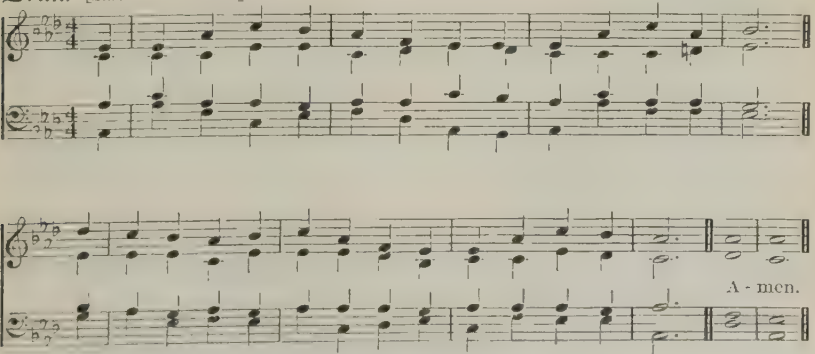
5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper.

Evan. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



(See also TUNE BELMONT, No. 349.)

GOD THE SON.

Passion Chorale.

7.6., eight lines.

H. L. HASSLER.

116 *And platted a crown of thorns and put it about His head.*—MARK XV. 17.

1 **O**. SACRED Head ! now wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown !
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn !
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn !

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain :
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain :
Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour ;
'Tis I deserve Thy place ;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end ?

O make me Thine for ever ;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee !

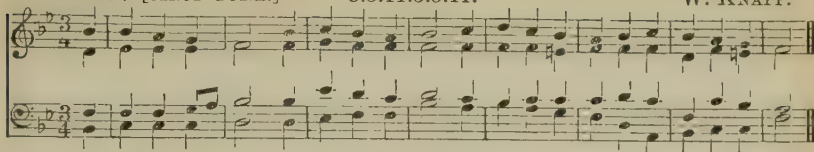
4 And when I am departing,
Then part not Thou from me ;
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free !
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throes,
Release me from mine anguish
By Thine own pain and woe !

5 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me ;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free !
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move ;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.
*Bernard of Clairvaux ; P. Gerhardt ;
tr. J. W. Alexander.*

Wareham. [FIRST TUNE.]

5.5.11.5.5.11.

W. KNAPP.



A - men.

117

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?—LAM. i. 12.

1 **A**LL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 He dies to atone
For sins not His own,
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He
hath done:
Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession, 'My Father,
forgive.'

3 For you and for me
He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
The sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

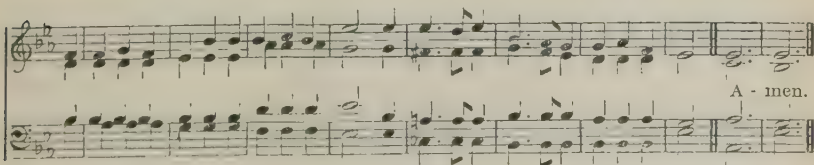
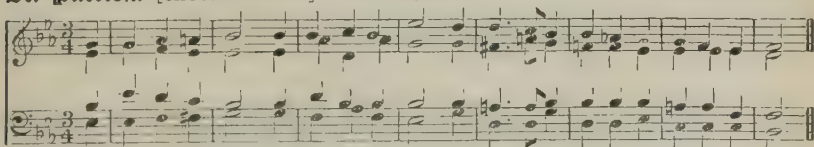
4 His death is my plea;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath
answered for me:
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace;
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in
my place!

C. Wesley.

St. Patrick. [SECOND TUNE.]

5.5.11.5.5.11.

R. TAYLOR.



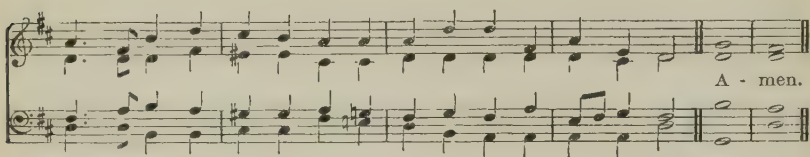
A - men.

GOD THE SON.

St. Oswald. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

J. B. DYKES.



118 *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*—
GAL. vi. 14.

1 **I**n the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

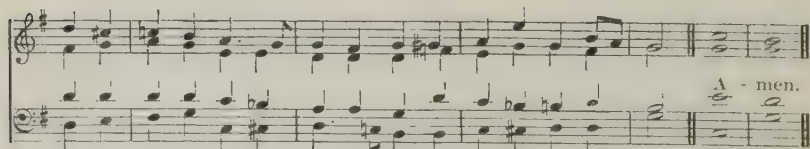
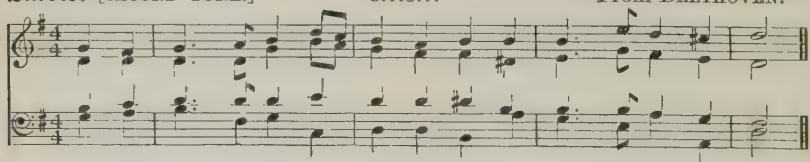
5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring.

Sardis. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

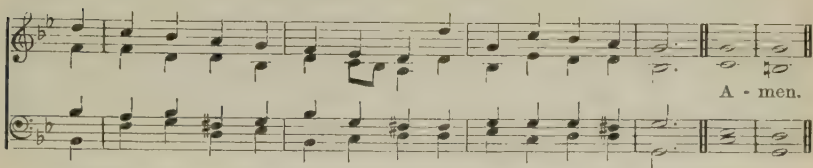
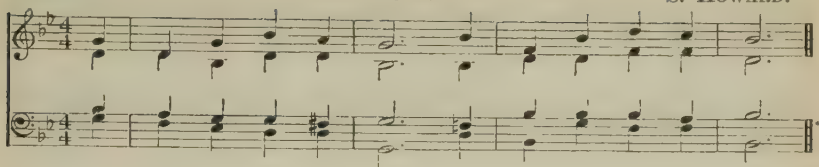
From BEETHOVEN.



St. Bride.

S.M.

S. HOWARD.



119

He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.—HEB. x. 14.

1.

NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain :

2.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our guilt away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

3.

My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of Thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

4.

Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove,
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
 And sing His bleeding love.

I. Watts.

GOD THE SON.

Trentbam. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

R. JACKSON.

120

It is finished.—JOHN xix. 30.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O PERFECT life of love !
All, all is finished now,—
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.</p> <p>2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed ;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.</p> <p>3 No pain that we can share,
But He has felt its smart ;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.</p> | <p>4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.</p> <p>5 In perfect love He dies ;
For me He dies, for me !
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.</p> <p>6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.</p> |
|---|--|
- 7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought ;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

H. W. Baker.

Southport. [SECOND TUNE.]

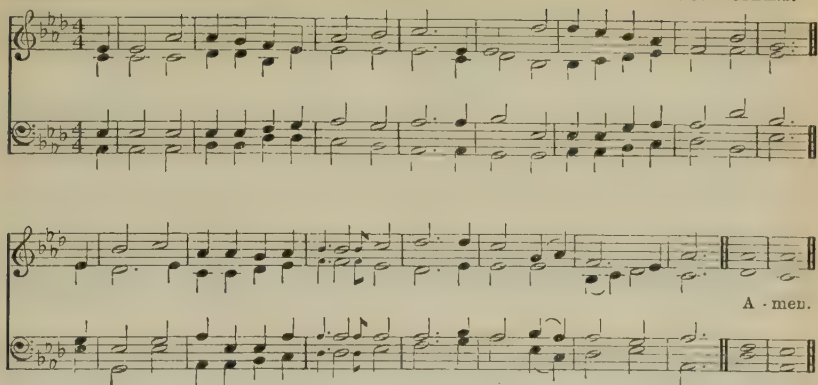
S.M.

J. DAVIES.

Artavia,

10.10.10.6.

E. J. HOPKINS.



121

I will do the part of a kinsman to thee.—RUTH iii. 13.

1.

AND didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee ?
 And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow ?
 Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea ?
 Art Thou his kinsman now ?

2.

O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough !
 O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
 Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
 Whose lips drawn human breath !

3.

By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
 By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
 By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine,
 To draw us sinners in ;

4.

By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
 By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
 By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
 I pray Thee, visit me.

5.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away
 Die ere the Guest adored she entertain—
 Lest eyes that never saw Thine earthly day
 Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

Jean Ingelow.

GOD THE SON.

Easter Hymn.

7.4., eight lines.

LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708.

A - men.

(5) HIS RESURRECTION.

122

The Lord is risen indeed.—LUKE xxiv. 34.

1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah !
Who did once upon the cross,
Hallelujah !
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah !

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Hallelujah !
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Hallelujah !
Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah !
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah !

3 But the pain which He endured,
Hallelujah !
Our salvation hath procured ;
Hallelujah !
Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah !
Where the angels ever sing,
Hallelujah !

From the Latin of 15th century.

HIS RESURRECTION.

Vienna. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT.

Musical score for Vienna (First Tune) in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, ending with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.'.

(For this Tune in Key A, see No. 412.)

123

He rose again the third day.—1 CORINTHIANS XV. 4.

- 1 'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day !'
Sons of men and angels say :
Raise your joy and triumph high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

- 4 Lives again our glorious King :
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where thy victory, O grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 King of glory ! Soul of bliss !
Everlasting life is this :
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

C. Wesley.

Llanfair. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7., with Hallelujah.

Old Welsh Air.

Musical score for Llanfair (Second Tune) in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The third system also has a treble and bass staff. The fourth system also has a treble and bass staff, ending with a double bar line and the text 'Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.'.

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Deerhurst. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

J. LANGRAN.



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124

The first fruits of them that slept.—1 CORINTHIANS XV. 20.

1.

HALLELUJAH ! hallelujah !
 Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
 Sing to God a hymn of praise ;
 He Who, on the cross a victim,
 For the world's salvation bled,
 Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
 Now is risen from the dead.

2.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
 Of the holy harvest-field,
 Which will all its full abundance
 At His second coming yield ;
 Then the golden ears of harvest
 Will their heads before Him wave,
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine
 From the furrows of the grave.

HIS RESURRECTION.

3.

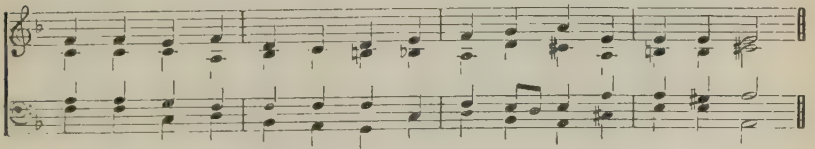
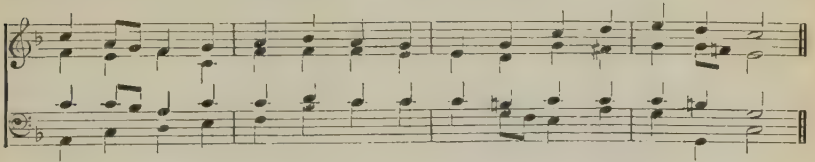
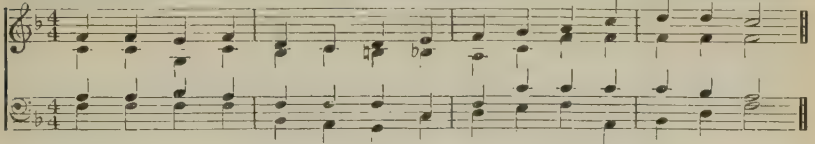
Christ is risen, we are risen ;
 Shed upon us heavenly grace,
 Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
 From the brightness of Thy face ;
 That we, with our hearts in heaven,
 Here on earth may fruitful be,
 And by angel hands be gathered,
 And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

4.

Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 Glory be to God on high ;
 Hallelujah to the Saviour,
 Who has gained the victory
 Hallelujah to the Spirit,
 Fount of love and sanctity ;
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 To the Triune Majesty !
C. Wordsworth.

Hallelujah. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7., eight lines.

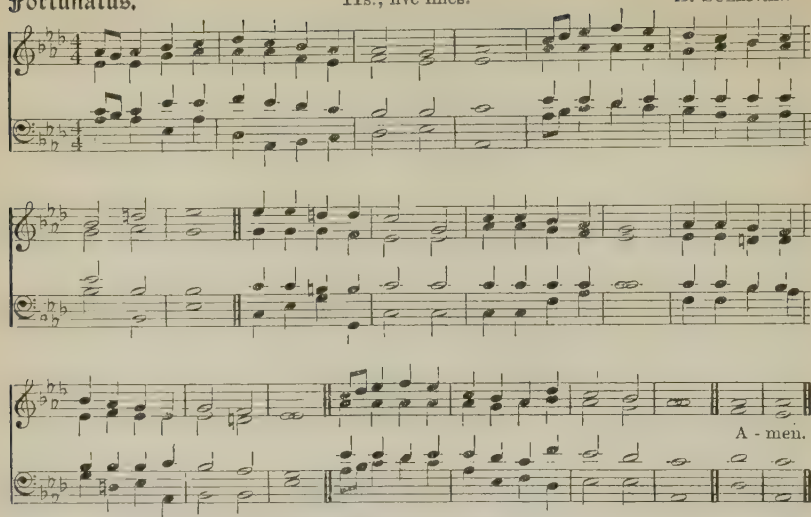
S. S. WESLEY.



Fortunatus,

11s., five lines.

A. SULLIVAN.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

125

Very early in the morning, the first day of the week.—MARK XVI. 2.

1 'WELCOME, happy morning ! ' age to age shall say ;
Hell to-day is vanquished ; Heaven is won to-day !
Lo ! the Dead is living, God for evermore !
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
' Welcome, happy morning ! ' age to age shall say.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts restored with her returning King :
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished ; Heaven is won to-day

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight ;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
' Welcome, happy morning ! ' age to age shall say.

3 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished ; Heaven is won to-day !

5 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show :
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word :
'Tis Thine own third morning ! Rise, O buried Lord !
' Welcome, happy morning ! ' age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain ;
All that now is fallen raise to life again,
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see ;
Bring again our daylight : day returns with Thee !
Hell to-day is vanquished ; Heaven is won to-day !

Venantiis Fortunatus, tr. J. Ellerton.

Morgenlied.

8.7., twelve lines.

F. C. MAKER.

UNISON. HARMONY. UNISON. HARMONY.

A - men.

Copyright.

126

He is not here, for He is risen, as He said.—MATT. xxviii. 6.

1 CHRIST is risen ! hallelujah !

Risen our victorious Head ;

Sing His praises ; hallelujah !

Christ is risen from the dead.

Gratefully our hearts adore Him,

As His light once more appears ;

Bowing down in joy before Him,

Rising up from griefs and tears.

Christ is risen ! hallelujah !

Risen our victorious Head ;

Sing His praises ; hallelujah !

Christ is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen ! all the sadness

Of His earthly life is o'er ;

Through the open gates of gladness

He returns to life once more ;

Death and hell before Him bending,

He doth rise the Victor now,

Angels on His steps attending,

Glory round His wounded brow.

Christ is risen ! hallelujah !

Risen our victorious Head ;

Sing His praises ; hallelujah !

Christ is risen from the dead.

3 Christ is risen ! henceforth never

Death nor hell shall us enthrall ;

We are Christ's, in Him for ever

We have triumphed over all ;

All the doubting and dejection

Of our trembling hearts have ceased,

'Tis His day of resurrection ;

Let us rise and keep the feast.

Christ is risen ! hallelujah !

Risen our victorious Head ;

Sing His praises ; hallelujah !

Christ is risen from the dead.

J. S. B. Monsell.

GOD THE SON.

Holy Trinity. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. BARNBY.

127 *And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God.*—JOHN XX. 28.

- 1 **O** THOU Who didst, with love untold,
Thy doubting servant chide,
And bad'st the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded hands and side ;
- 2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from his hour of darkness draw
A fuller faith's reward.
- 3 And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
O let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear ;
- 4 And pray that we may never dare
Thy Spirit so to grieve ;
But at the last their blessing share
Who see not, yet believe.

Mrs. Emma L. Toke.

Initia. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

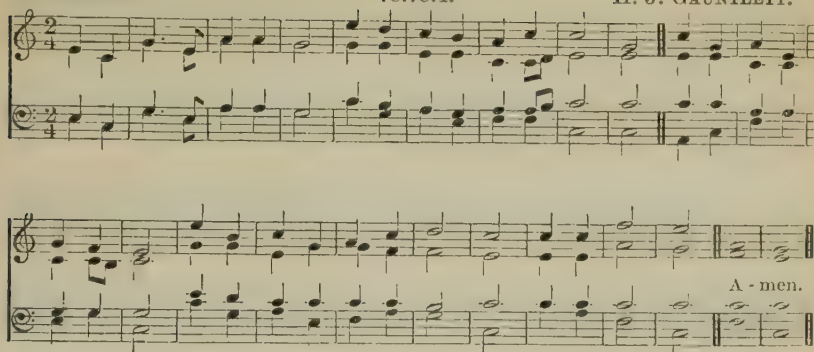
KENNETH G. FINLAY.

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St. Albinus.

78.78.4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



128

Behold, I am alive for evermore.—REV. i. 18.

1 JESUS lives ! thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives ! by this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Hallelujah !

2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah !

3 Jesus lives ! for us He died ;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Hallelujah !

4 Jesus lives ! our hearts know well,
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Hallelujah !

5 Jesus lives ! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given :
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Hallelujah !

Christian F. Gellert, tr. F. E. Cox.

GOD THE SON.

Victory.

8.8.8., with Hallelujah.

From PALESTRINA.
Adapted by W. H. MONK.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Org. *p*

A - men.

129

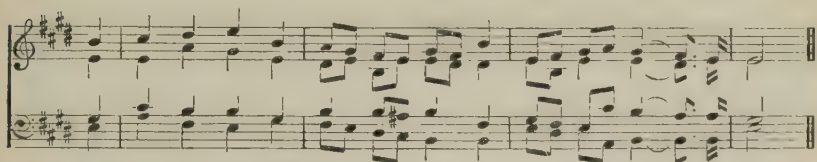
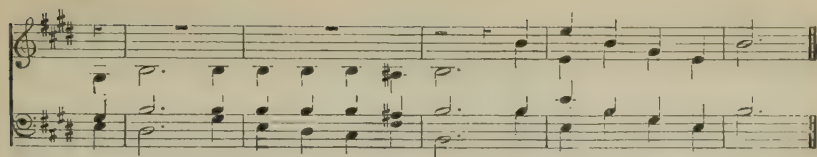
And they sing a new song.—REV. v. 9 (R.V.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;
The victory of life is won ;
The song of triumph has begun,
Hallelujah !</p> <p>2 The powers of death have done their
worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed ;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,
Hallelujah !</p> | <p>3 The three sad days have quickly sped ;
He rises glorious from the dead ;
All glory to our risen Head !
Hallelujah !</p> <p>4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell ;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell,
Hallelujah !</p> <p>5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee,
Hallelujah !</p> |
|---|--|

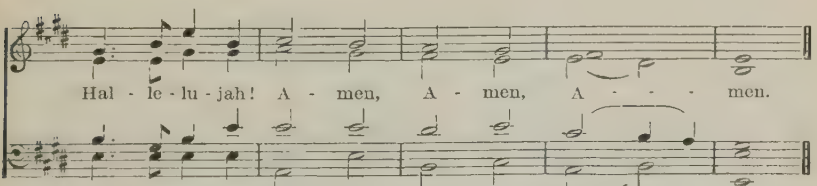
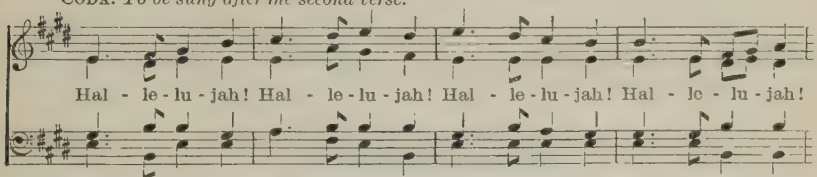
Latin, prob. 12th cent. ; tr. F. Pott.

St. George's, Edinburgh. C.M.D. and Coda.

A. M. THOMSON.



CODA. To be sung after the second verse.



(See also Tunes OLD 44TH, No. 289, and PETERSHAM, No. 104.)

130

PSALM xxiv. 7-10.

1 YE gates, lift up your heads on high ;
 Ye doors that last for aye,
 Be lifted up, that so the King
 Of glory enter may !
 But who of glory is the King ?
 The mighty Lord is this,
 E'en that same Lord that great in might
 And strong in battle is.

2 Ye gates, lift up your heads ; ye doors.
 Doors that do last for aye,
 Be lifted up, that so the King
 Of glory enter may !
 But who is He that is the King
 Of glory ? who is this ?
 The Lord of hosts, and none but He.
 The King of glory is.

Scottish Psalter.

GOD THE SON.

St. Bernard. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

From "Tochter Sion," 1741.
Adapted by W. RICHARDSON.



(6) HIS ASCENSION AND EXALTATION.

131

I go to prepare a place for you.—JOHN xiv. 2.

1 **T**HE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds ;
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven ;

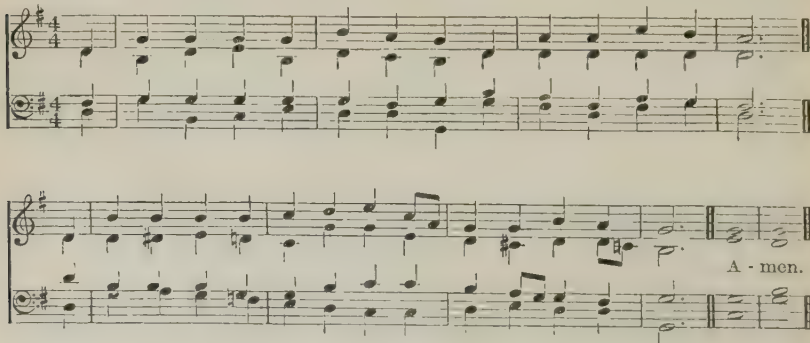
5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love, may be :
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Emmanuel. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

From BEETHOVEN.

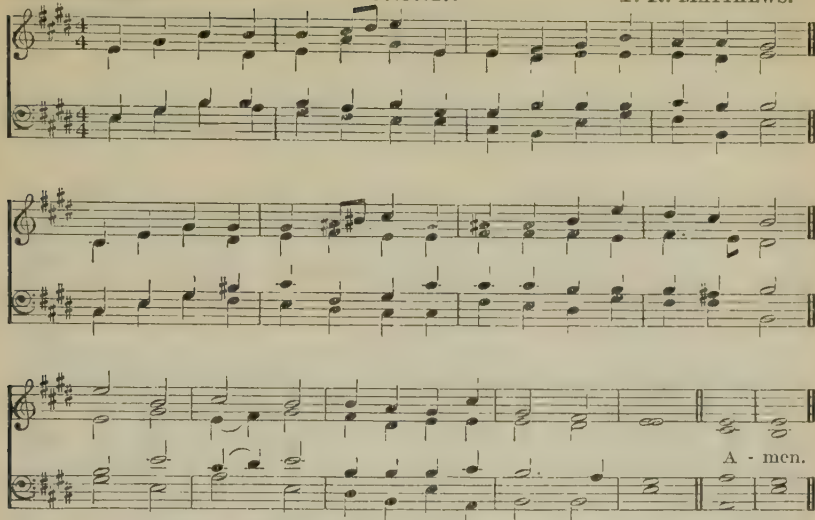


HIS ASCENSION AND EXALTATION.

Corfe Mullen.

87.87.47.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

(See also TUNE TRIUMPH, No. 796.)

132

We see Jesus . . . crowned with glory.—HEB. ii. 9.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious!
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings!
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!
- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

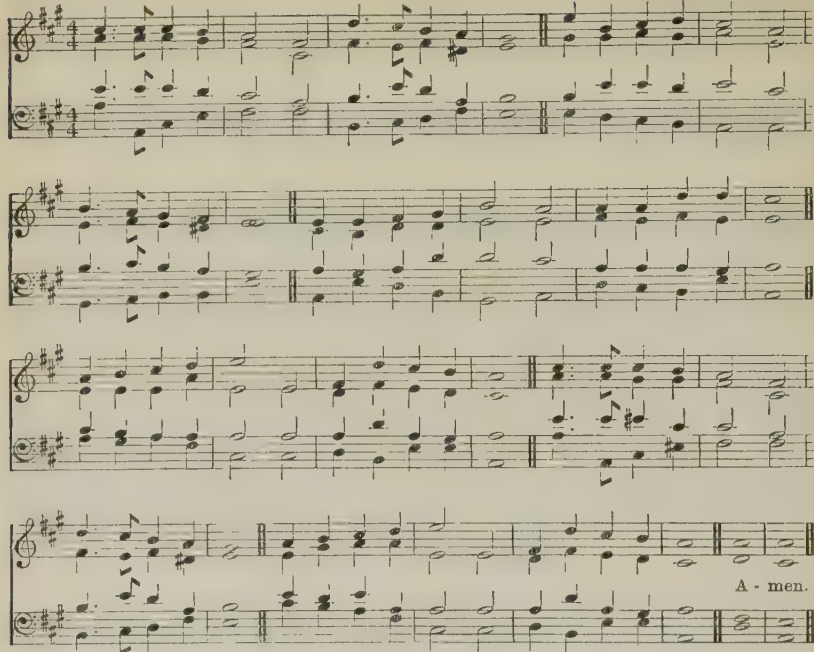
T. Kelly.

GOD THE SON.

Themas.

6.5., twelve lines.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.



133

God is gone up with a shout.—PSALM xlvii. 5.

1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high!

All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

3 Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

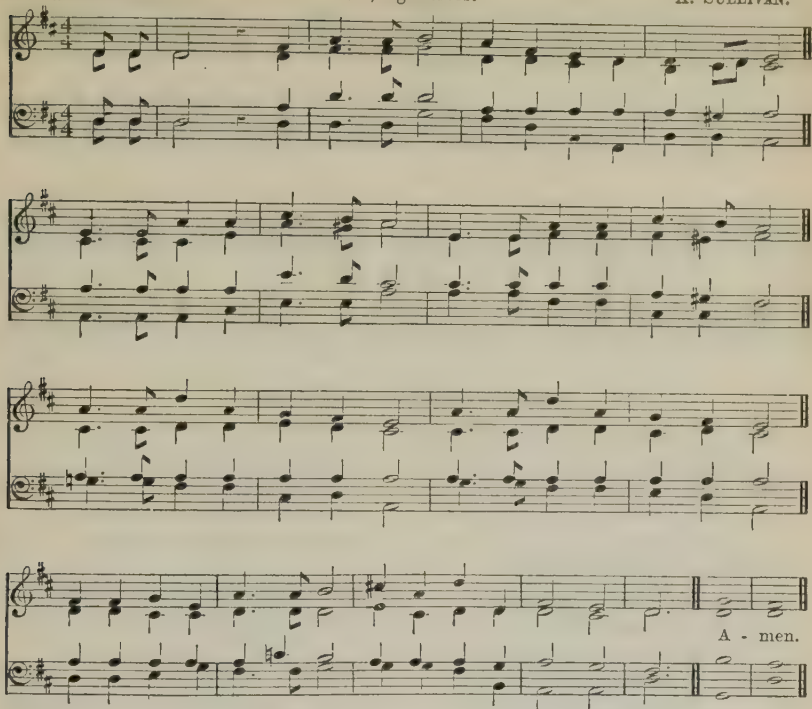
Frances R. Havergal

HIS ASCENSION AND EXALTATION.

St. Patrick.

7s., eight lines.

A. SULLIVAN.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

(See also Tune ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR, No. 670.)

134 *This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner.—ACTS i. 11.*

1 **C**HRISt is gone—A cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight,
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone—Toward their goal
World and Church must onward roll :
Far behind we leave the past ;
Forward are our glances cast ;
Still His words before us range
Through the ages as they change :
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone—But we once more
Shall behold Him as before ;
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us He will prepare :
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone—But not in vain,
Wait until He comes again :
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere :
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find :
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

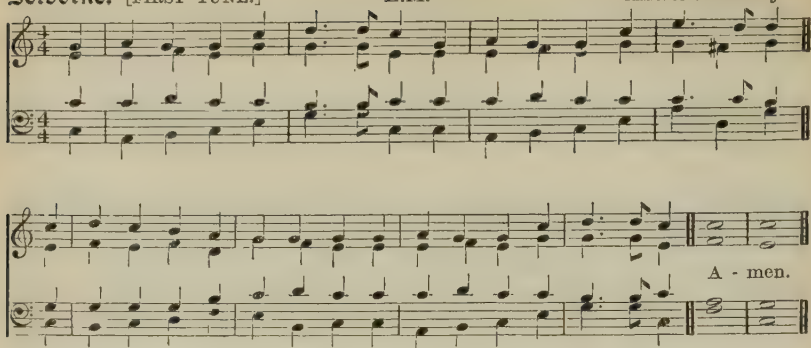
A. P. Stanley (v. 1 altd.).

GOD THE SON.

Selborne. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

Ancient Melody.



His Priesthood and Intercession.

135

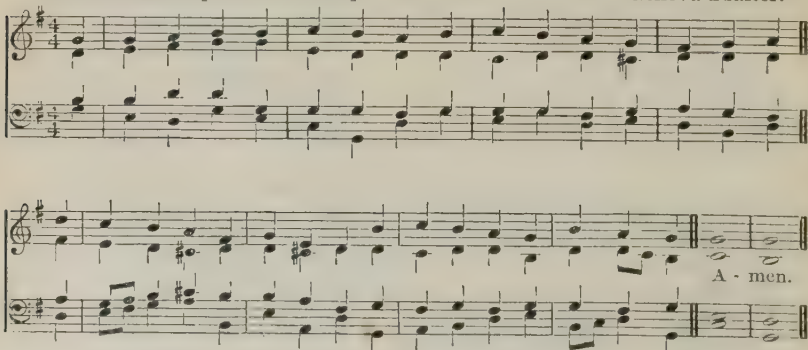
Having an high priest over the house of God.—HEB. x. 21.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.</p> <p>2 He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.</p> <p>3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.</p> | <p>4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.</p> <p>5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.</p> <p>6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.</p> |
|--|---|

Michael Bruce.

Commandments. [SECOND TUNE.] L.M.

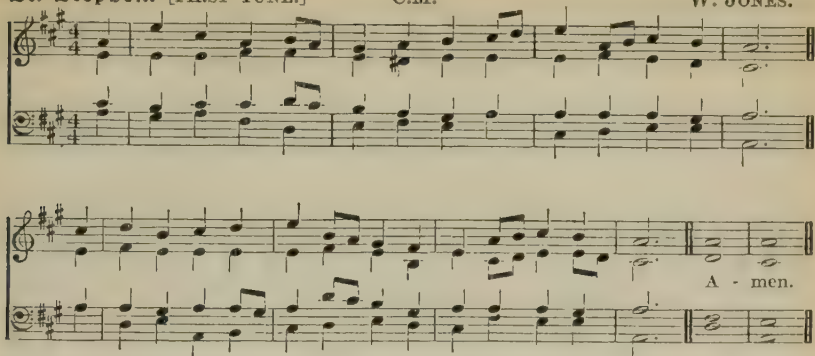
Geneva Psalter.



St. Stephen. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

W. JONES.



136

A bruised reed shall He not break.—MATT. xii. 20.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
It overflows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

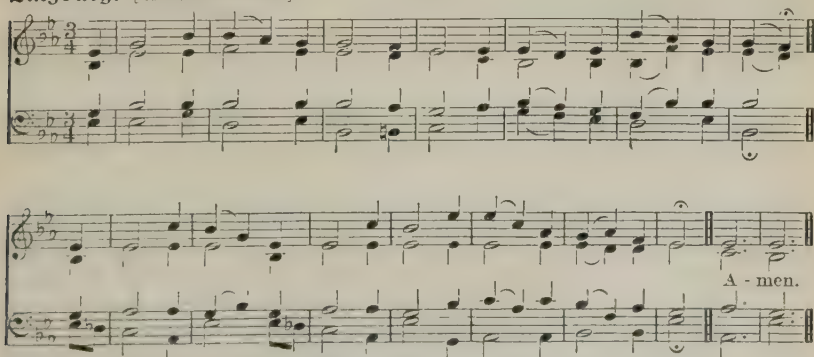
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears
And, in His measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power :
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

I. Watts.

Salzburg. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

From J. M. HAYDN.



(See also Tune MANCHESTER, No. 278.)

GOD THE SON.

Elmburst. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.6.

E. DREWETT.

137

To appear in the presence of God for us.—HEB. ix. 24.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lovest to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.</p> <p>2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.</p> <p>3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.</p> | <p>4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.</p> <p>5 And when my dying hours draw near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.</p> <p>6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, Thou hast washed them all away;
Dear Saviour, plead for me.</p> |
|---|---|

Charlotte Elliott.

From the 'English Hymnal,' by permission of the Oxford University Press.

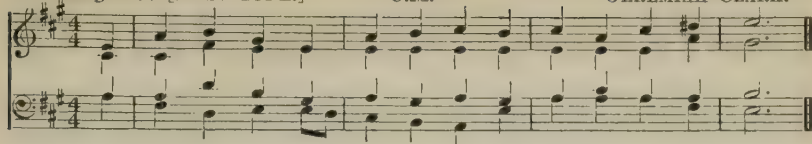
Saffron Walden. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.6.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

St. Magnus. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.



Jesus the King.

(See also Section VIII. (5), 'The Kingdom of Christ on Earth.')

138 *If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.—2 TIM. ii. 12.*

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now :
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right :
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in perfect light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below :
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given :
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below ;
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly.

139 *I will dwell in them, and walk with them.—2 COR. vi. 16.*

1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine ;
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire :

4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

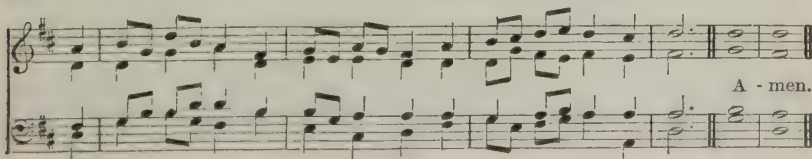
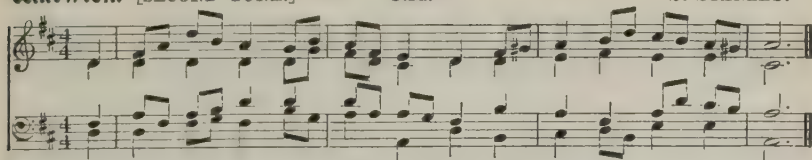
6 Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss ;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall.

Warwick. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

S. STANLEY.

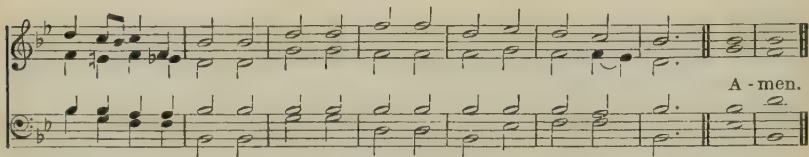
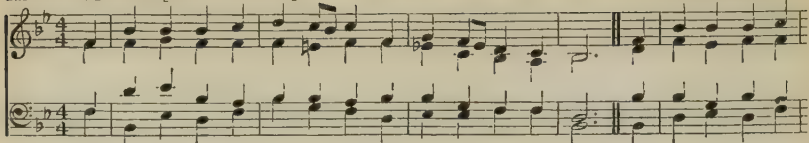


GOD THE SON.

Miles' Lane. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

W. SHRUBSOLE.



140

He is Lord of lords, and King of kings.—REV. xvii. 14.

1 **L**et all hail the power of Jesus' Name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

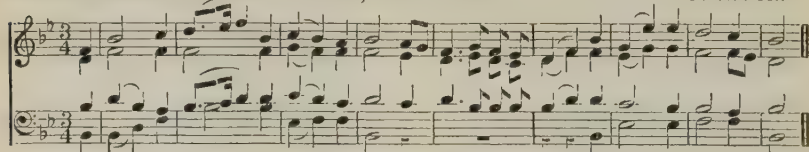
6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

E. Perronet.

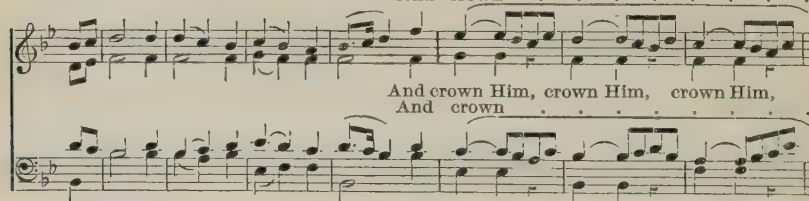
Diadem. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M., with refrain.

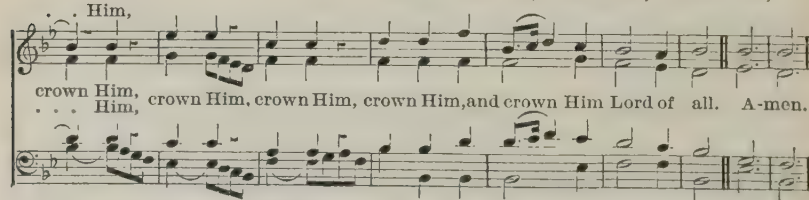
J. ELLOR.



And crown



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,



crown Him,

St. Godric. [FIRST TUNE.]

66.66.88.

J. B. DYKES.

141

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. cxlix. 2.

1 **R**EJOICE! the Lord is King :
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail :
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.

4 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy ;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice :
Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope :
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !
C. Wesley.

Gopsal. [SECOND TUNE.]

66.66.88.

HANDEL.

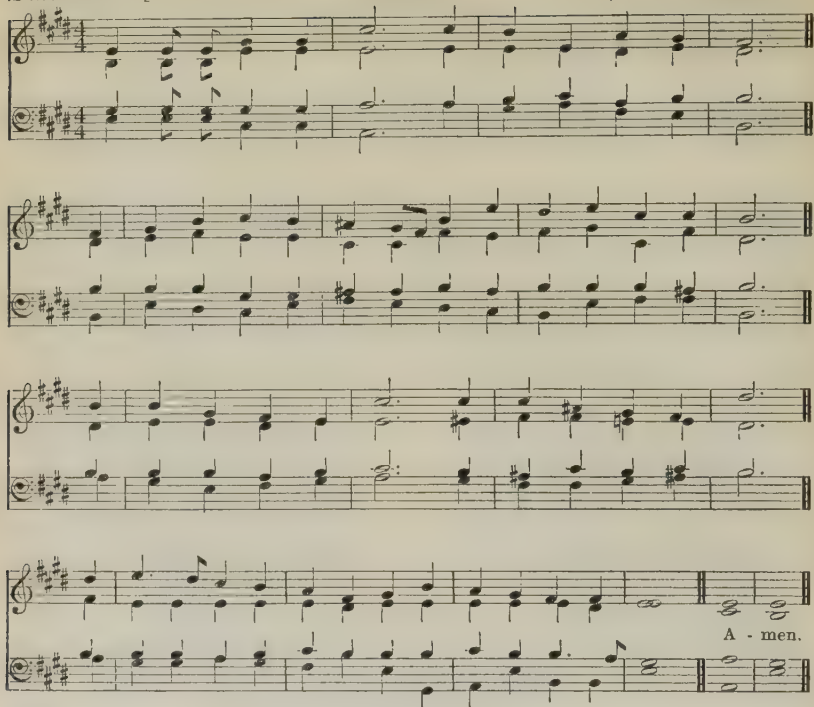
(See also Tune DARWALL, No. 656.)

GOD THE SON.

Diademata. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M. D.

G. J. ELVEY.



142

On His head were many crowns.—REV. xix. 12.

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy chosen King
Through all eternity.

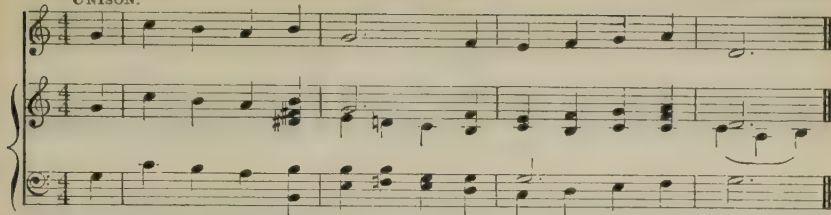
2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began ;
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes, and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

St. Isbmael. [SECOND TUNE.]

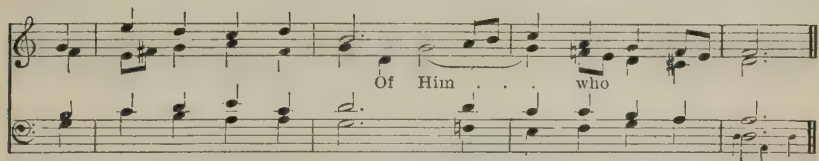
S.M. D.

CHARLES VINCENT.

UNISON.



HARMONY.



- 3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
 Who triumphed o'er the grave,
 And rose victorious in the strife,
 For those He came to save :
 His glories now we sing,
 Who died and rose on high,
 Who died, eternal life to bring,
 And lives that death may die.
- 4 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
 Enthroned in worlds above ;
 Crown Him the King to Whom is given
 The wondrous name of Love :
 All hail, Redeemer, hail !
 For Thou hast died for me ;
 Thy praise shall never, never fail
 Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges and Godfrey Thring.

GOD THE SON.

Hyfrydol.

8.7., eight lines. Melody by R. H. PRITCHARD.

Harmony Copyright.

143

Hail, King of the Jews !—MARK XV. 18.

1 **H**AIL, Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring :
Hail, Thou agonising Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame ;
By Thy merits we find favour ;
Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid ;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Man is reconciled to God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side :
There for sinners Thou art pleading ;
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

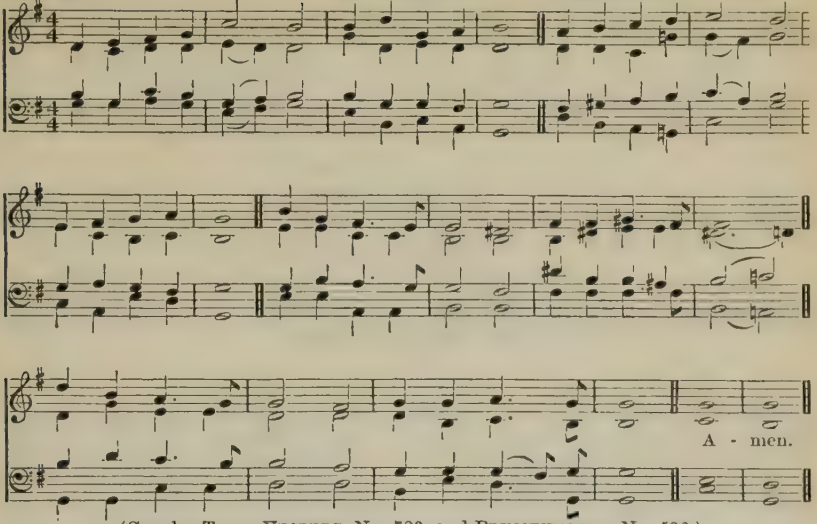
4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise !

J. Bakewell.

Edina.

6.5., eight lines.

HERBERT S. OAKELEY.



(See also Tunes VESPERS, No. 723, and PRINCETHORPE, No. 536.)

144 *That the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in Him.—2 THESS. i. 12.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King:
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.
- 2 Farther, ever farther,
From Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wandered,
Wandered far and wide;
Till Thou cam'st in mercy,
Seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.
- 3 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.
- 4 Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast:

- Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigned,
Love that never dies.
- 5 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.
- 6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.
- 7 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

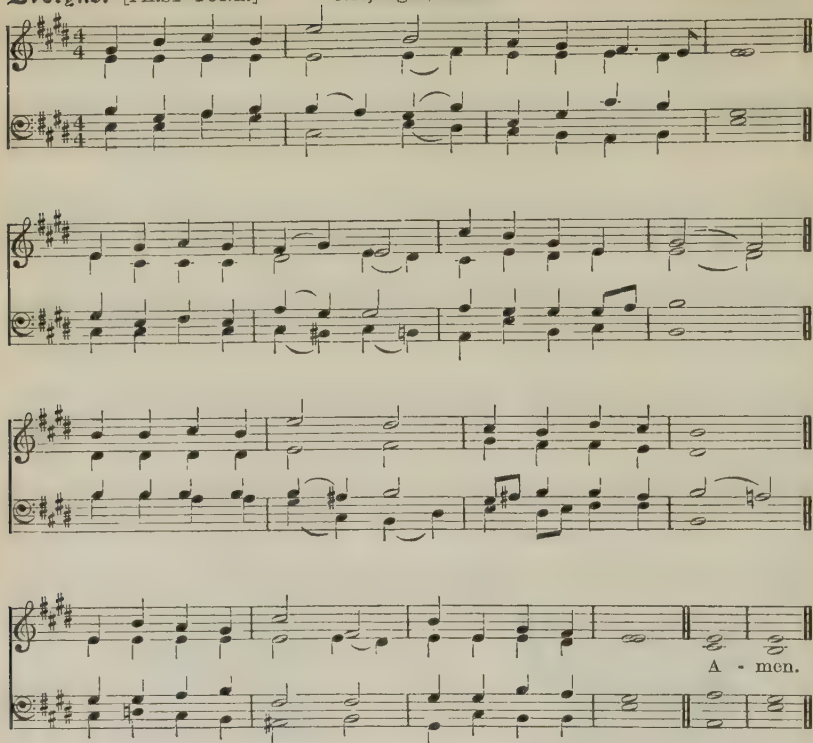
Godfrey Thring.

GOD THE SON.

Evelyns. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5., eight lines.

W. H. MONK.



The Name of Jesus.

145

That in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow.—PHIL. ii. 10.

1 **I**N the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of Glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word :

[2 **M**ighty and mysterious
In the highest height,
God from everlasting,
Very Light of Light.
In the Father's bosom,
With the Spirit blest,
Love, in Love eternal,
Rest, in perfect rest.

3 **A**t His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light ;
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.]

4 **H**umbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed ;

THE NAME OF JESUS.

5 Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height ;
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

6 In your hearts enthrone Him ;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true :
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour,
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

7 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel-train ;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

Caroline M. Noel.

Asbury. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5., eight lines.

G. C. MARTIN.

Ped.

Organ.

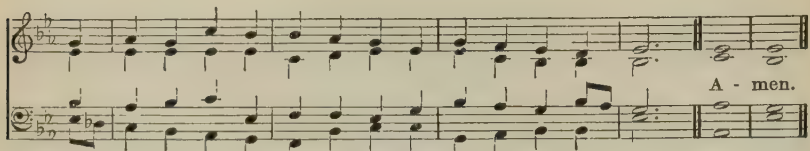
A - men.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

St. Peter. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



(See also Tune FARRANT, No. 281.)

146

Thou shalt call his name, Jesus.—MATTHEW i. 21.

1 **H**OW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

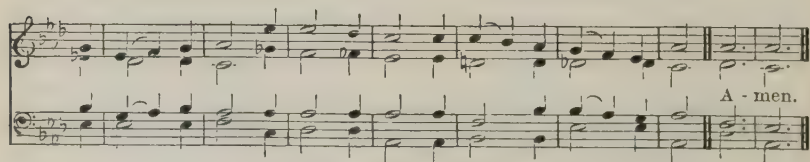
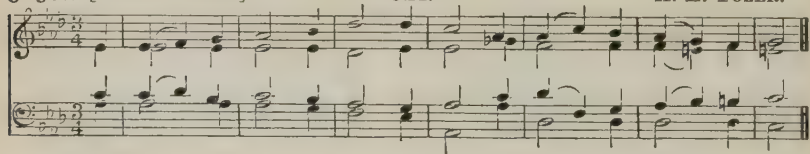
6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

J. Newton.

Fazer. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

A. E. TOZER.

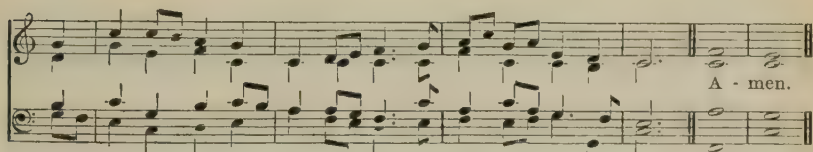
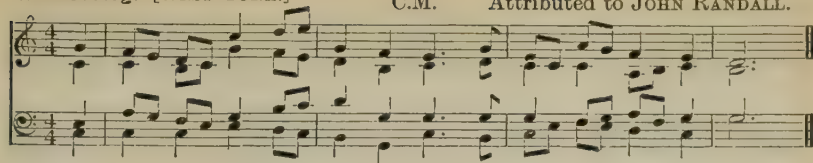


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University. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

Attributed to JOHN RANDALL.



(See also Tune LYDIA, No. 794.)

147 *A Name which is above every name.*
—PHIL. ii. 9.

1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy Name.

3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

C. Wesley.

148 *Ye are complete in Him.*—
COL. ii. 10.

1 **I**'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine,
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And, as my wondrous sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

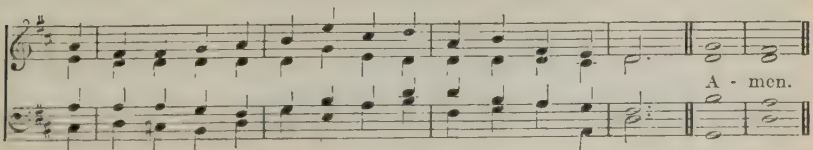
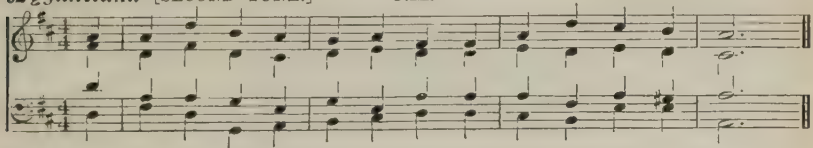
5 Christ Jesus is my All-in-all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below; and He shall be
My glory-crown above.

John Mason.

Byzantium. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

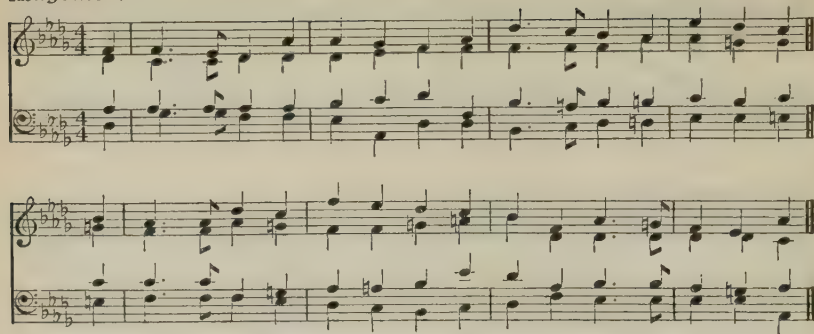
THOMAS JACKSON.



Magdalen.

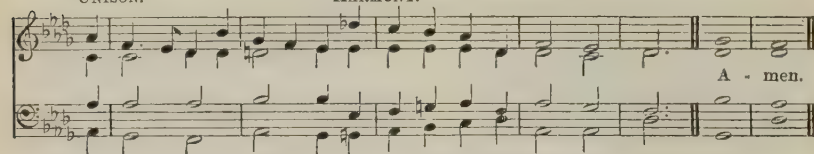
8s., six lines.

J. STAINER.



UNISON.

HARMONY.



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149

That the life of Jesus might be manifested in our mortal flesh.—2 Cor. iv. 11.

1 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine;
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am if Thou art mine;
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy Name.

2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above;
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love,
 To me, with Thy dear Name, are given
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all-in-all Thou art—
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
 The medicine of my broken heart,
 In war my peace, in loss my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown;

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;
 My light in Satan's darkest hour;
 My help and stay whene'er I call;
 My life in death, my heaven, my all.

C. Wesley.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Ach Gott und Herr. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.7. **Neu Leipziger Gesangbuch, 1682.**
Arr. by J. S. BACH.



150 *One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind now I see.*—JOHN ix. 25.

I AM not skilled to understand
What God hath willed, what God
hath planned;
I only know at His right hand
Stands One Who is my Saviour.

I take God at His word and deed:
'Christ died to save me,' this I read;
And in my heart I find a need
Of Him to be my Saviour.

3 And was there then no other way
For God to take?—I cannot say;
I only bless Him, day by day,
Who saved me through my Saviour.

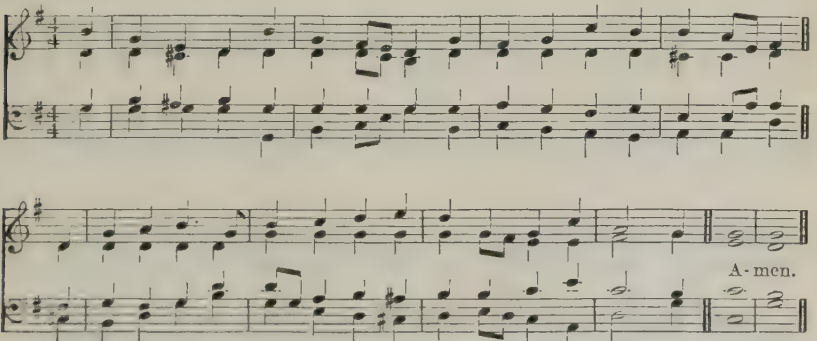
4 That He should leave His place on high
And come for sinful man to die,
You count it strange?—so do not I,
Since I have known my Saviour.

5 And O that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

6 Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace, from this spring,
That He Who lives to be my King
Once died to be my Saviour.

Dora Greenwell.

Greenwell. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.7. **ERNEST B. LESLIE.**



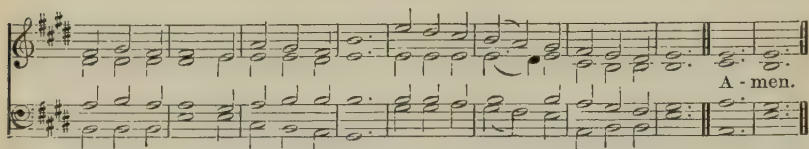
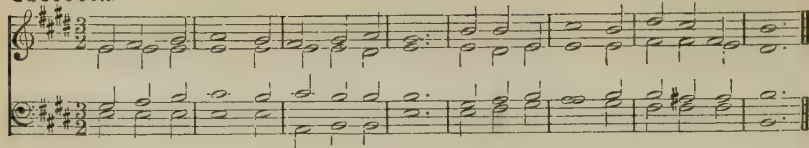
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GOD THE SON.

Theodora.

9.9.9.9.

ALFRED LEGGE.



Titles and Emblems.

151

Our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.—2 COR. i. 5.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 REST of the weary, Joy of the sad ;
 Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad ;
 Home of the stranger, Strength to the
 Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.</p> <p>2 Pillow where, lying, love rests its head ;
 Peace of the dying, Life of the dead ;
 Path of the lowly, Prize at the end ;
 Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.</p> | <p>3 When my feet stumble, I to Thee cry,
 Crown of the humble, Cross of the high ;
 When my steps wander, over me bend,
 Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.</p> <p>4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
 Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise :
 All my endeavour, world without end,
 Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.</p> |
|--|---|

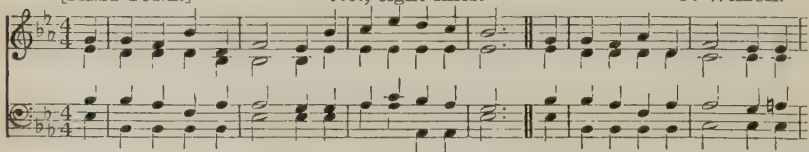
J. S. B. Monsell.

St. George's, Bolton.

[FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

J. WALCH.



152

A friend loveth at all times.—PROV. xvii. 17.

1 O JESUS, Friend unfailing,
How dear Thou art to me !
Are cares or fears assailing ?
I find my strength in Thee.
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way ?
Rough though the path, and dreary,
It ends in perfect day.

2 What fills my soul with gladness ?
'Tis Thine abounding grace ;
Where can I look in sadness,
But, Jesus, on Thy face ?
My all is Thy providing ;
Thy love can ne'er grow cold ;
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,
No good wilt Thou withhold.

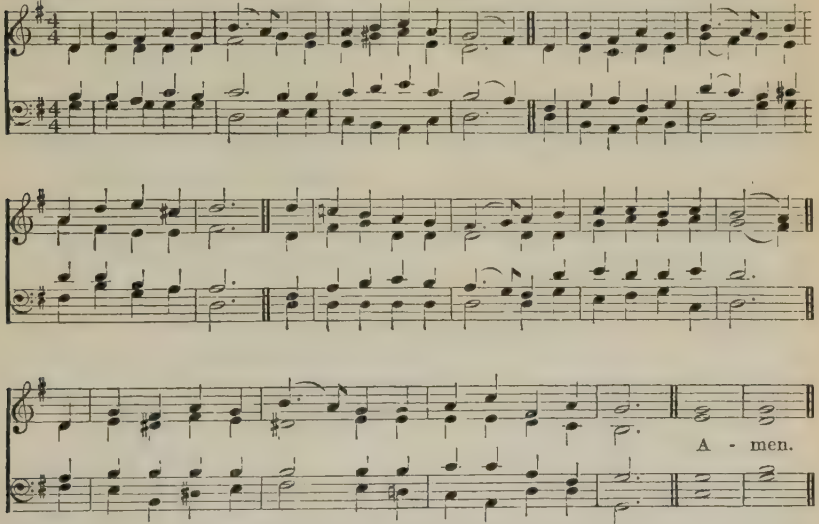
3 Why should I droop in sorrow ?
Thou'rt ever by my side :
Why trembling dread the morrow ?
What ill can e'er betide ?
If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee ;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Naught severs Thee from me.

4 For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing,
I triumph, Lord, in Thee ;
O Jesus, Friend, unfailing,
How dear art Thou to me !
S. Küster, tr. Miss H. K. Burlingham.

Bradford. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

From HAYDN.



153

Even to old age, I am he.—ISAIAH xli. 4.

1 O JESUS, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very Name is music
To ear and heart and mind :
It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above ;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of my way :

How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in.

3 O Shepherd good, I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead ;
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed :
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold ;
O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal fold !

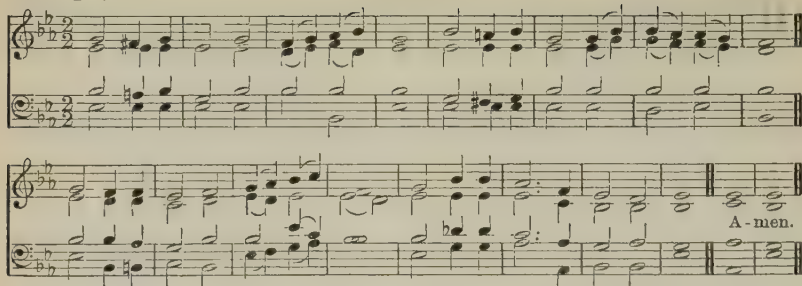
L. Tulliett.

GOD THE SON.

Holley. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

GEORGE HEWS.



154 *He that cometh to Me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.—JOHN vi. 35.*

1 JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men ;

From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all !

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. Ray Palmer.

155 *There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—PROV. xviii. 24.*

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend Who all thy misery bore :
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget Him not.

2 Jesus for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt ;
And canst thou e'er such love forget ?

3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief ;
Nor Him forget Who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.

4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine :
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget ?

5 Ah ! no ; till life itself depart,
His Name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

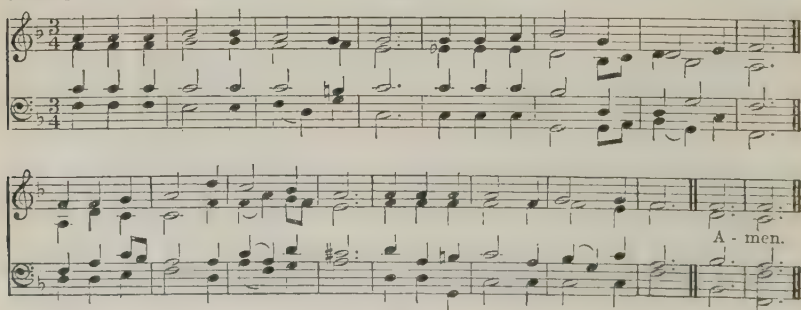
6 Ah ! no ; when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This Name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

Krishnu Pal, tr. J. Marshman.

Jikley. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

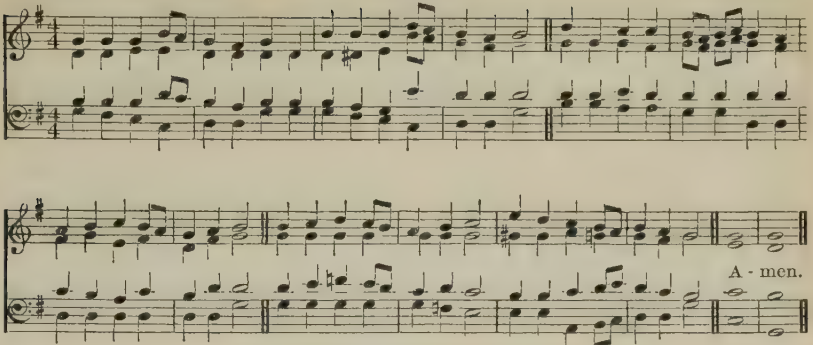
J. B. DYKES.



Gounod. [FIRST TUNE]

87.87.77.

C. GOUNOD.



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156

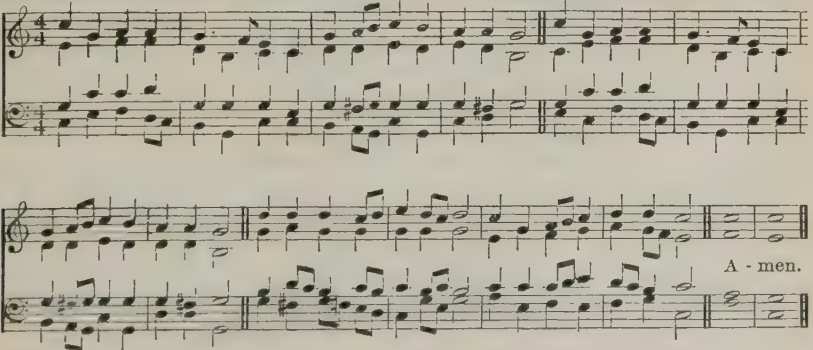
I have called you friends.—JOHN xv. 15.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend :
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.</p> | <p>3 When He lived on earth abased,
' Friend of sinners ' was His name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.</p> |
| <p>2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood ?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a Friend in need.</p> | <p>4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us ?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus ;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.</p> |
- 5 O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love :
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above :
But, when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.
John Newton.

All Saints. [SECOND TUNE.]

87.87.77.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.

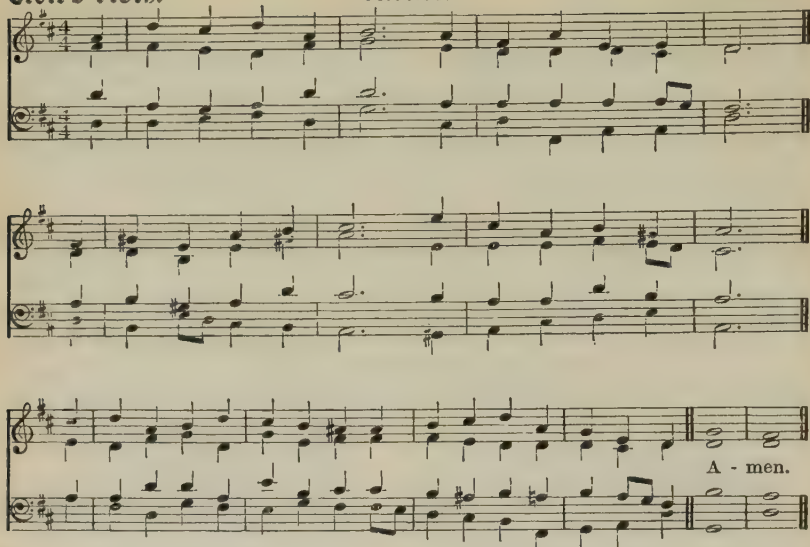


GOD THE SON.

Croft's 148th.

66.66.88.

W. CROFT.



157 *In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.—COL. ii. 3.*

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy Name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 My Saviour and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing :
Thine is the power : behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

I. Watts.

Constance.

8.7., eight lines (iambic).

A. SULLIVAN.

158

Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.—JOHN xiii. 1.

1 I'VE found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 He loved me ere I knew Him ;
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus He bound me to Him :
 And round my heart still closely twine
 Those ties which nought can sever,
 For I am His, and He is mine,
 For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 He bled, He died to save me ;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me :
 Nought that I have my own I call,
 I hold it for the Giver ;
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
 All power to Him is given,
 To guard me on my onward course,
 And bring me safe to heaven :
 The eternal glories gleam afar,
 To nerve my faint endeavour ;
 So now to watch, to work, to war ;
 And then to rest for ever !

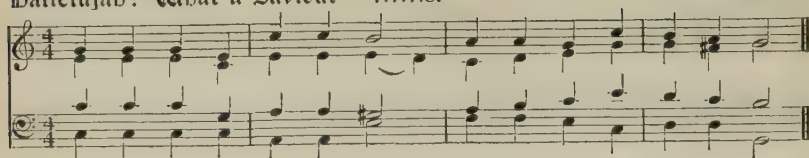
4 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend,
 So kind, and true, and tender !
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender !
 From Him Who loves me now so well
 What power my soul can sever ?
 Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell ?
 No ! I am His for ever.

J. G. Small.

GOD THE SON.

Hallelujah! What a Saviour 7.7.7.8.

P. P. BLISS.



159

Looking for the glorious appearance of our Saviour.—TITUS ii. 13.

1.

'MAN of Sorrows,' wondrous name
For the Son of God, Who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

2.

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemn'd He stood;
Seal'd my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3.

Guilty, vile, and helpless, we:
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
'Full atonement!'—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4.

'Lifted up' was He to die,
'It is finished!' was His cry:
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5.

When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

P. P. Bliss.

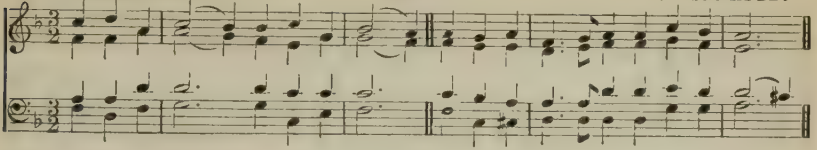
In Te, Domine, speravi.

By permission of the S.P.C.K.

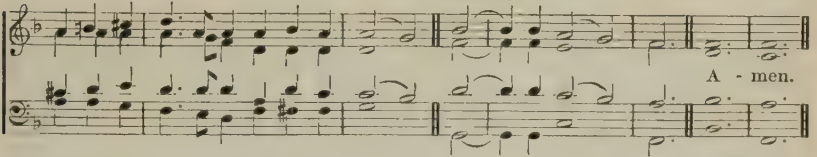
[FIRST TUNE.]

8.10.10.4.

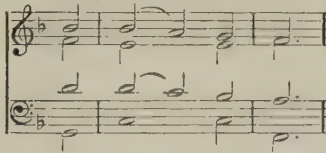
C. H. LLOYD.



Verse 1.



Line 4, vv. 2 and 3.



160

There is none other.—ACTS iv. 12.

1 NONE other Lamb, none other Name,
None other hope in heaven or earth
or sea, [shame,
None other hiding-place from guilt and
None beside Thee !

2 My faith burns low, my hope burns low ;
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

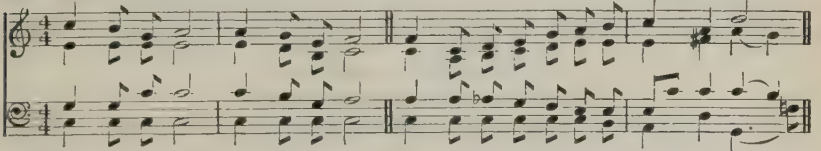
3 Lord, Thou art life, though I be dead ;
Love's fire Thou art, however cold I be :
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee.

Christina G. Rossetti.

By permission of the S.P.C.K.

All Hailows. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.10.10.4.

F. L. WISEMAN.



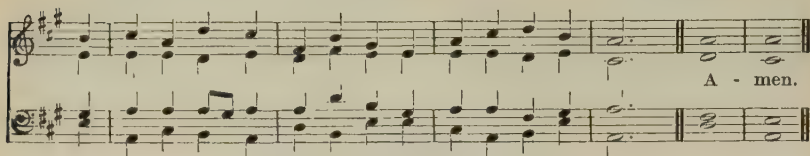
Copyright, 1904, by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

GOD THE SON.

St. James.

C.M.

R. COURTEVILLE.



(See also TUNE LONDON, No. 58.)

161

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—JOHN xiv. 6.

1.

THOU art the Way : to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee :
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.

2.

Thou art the Truth : Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3.

Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4.

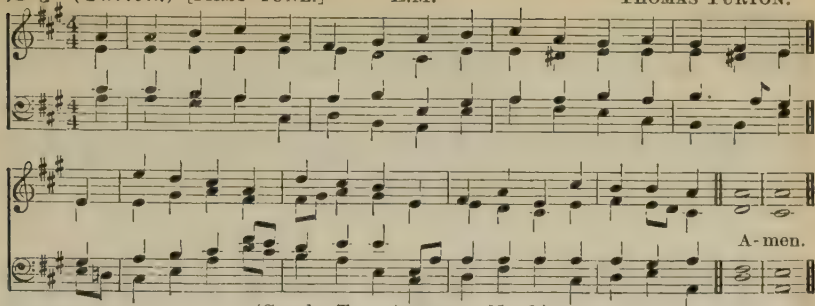
Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;—
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

George W. Doane.

ELY. (TURTON.) [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

THOMAS TURTON.



(See also TUNE ANTWERP, No. 6.)

Ascriptions of Praise.

162

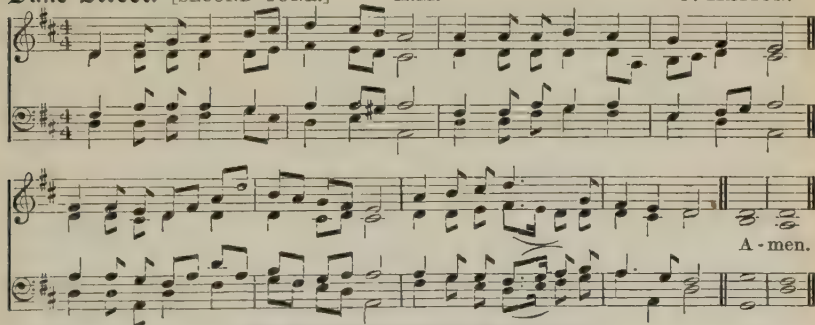
The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—2 CORINTHIANS iv. 6.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 NOW to the Lord a noble song !
 Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue !
 Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
 And all His boundless love proclaim.</p> <p>2 See where it shines in Jesus' face;
 The brightest image of His grace;
 God, in the person of His Son,
 Has all His mightiest works outdone.</p> <p>3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
 Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;
 And Thy rich glories from afar
 Sparkle in every rolling star.</p> | <p>4 But in His looks a glory stands,
 The noblest labour of Thy hands ;
 The radiant lustre of His eyes
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.</p> <p>5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' Name ;
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound !
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !</p> <p>6 O may I live to reach the place
 Where He unveils His lovely face ;
 There all His beauties to behold,
 And sing His Name to harps of gold !
 <i>I. Watts.</i></p> |
|--|--|

DUKE STREET. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. HATTON.



(For this Tune in Key E, see No. 518.)

(See also TUNE EDWINSTON, No. 787.)

163

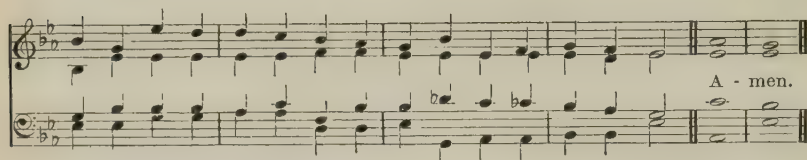
I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord.—ISAIAH lxiii. 7.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me ;
 His loving-kindness, O how free !</p> <p>2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
 He saved me from my lost estate ;
 His loving-kindness, O how great !</p> <p>3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along ;
 His loving-kindness, O how strong !</p> <p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,</p> | <p>He near my soul has always stood ;
 His loving-kindness, O how good !</p> <p>5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
 But, though I have Him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.</p> <p>6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.</p> <p>7 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.
 <i>S. Medley.</i></p> |
|--|--|

Sefton. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

H. A. CROSBIE.



164

The brightness of His glory . . . upholding all things.—HEB. i. 3.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 1 | <p>MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
 May a mortal sing Thy Name ?
 Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme</p> | } |
| 2 | <p>Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be Thy just and lawful praise.</p> | } |
| 3 | <p>For the grandeur of Thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought :</p> | } |
| 4 | <p>For Thy providence, that governs
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;
 Blessed be Thy gentle reign.</p> | } |
| 5 | <p>But Thy rich, Thy free redemption
 Dark through brightness all along
 Thought is poor, and poor expression ;
 Who dare sing that awful song ?</p> | } |
| 6 | <p>Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie ?
 Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence ;
 Sing the Lord Who came to die :</p> | } |

7 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe ;
All to ransom guilty captives ;—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

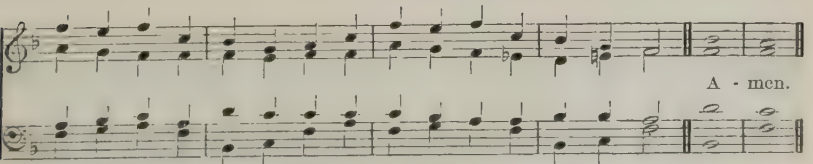
8 Go, return, immortal Saviour ,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne ;
Thence return, and reign for ever :
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

Robert Robinson.

Vesper. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

Russian Folk-Song.

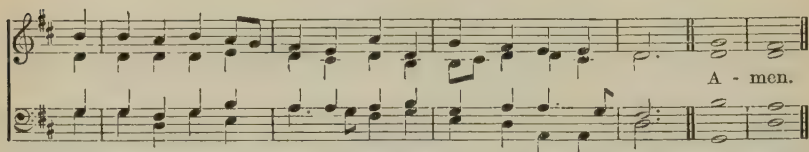
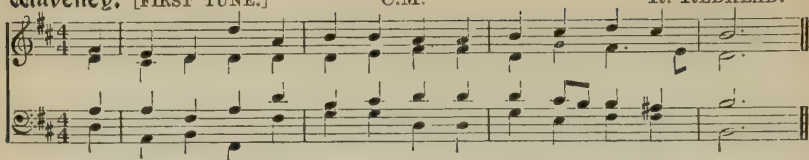


GOD THE SON.

Waveney. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

R. REDHEAD.



A - men.

165

Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.—1 PETER ii. 7.

1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

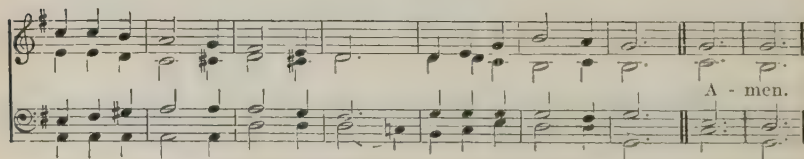
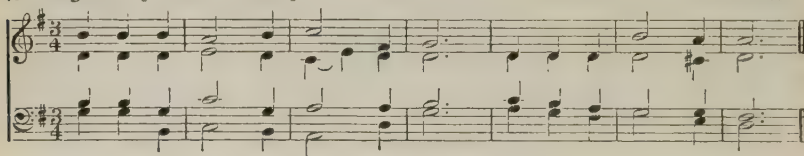
5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall.

St. Agnes. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. B. DYKES.



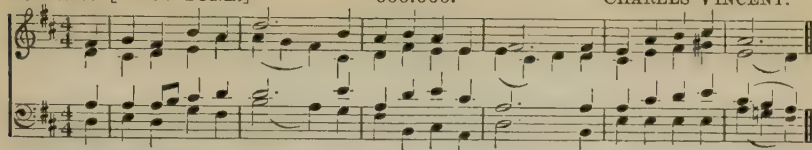
A - men.

(For this Tune in Key A, see No. 347.)

Matins. [FIRST TUNE.]

666.666.

CHARLES VINCENT.



166

Daily shall He be praised.—PSALM lxxii. 15.

PART I.

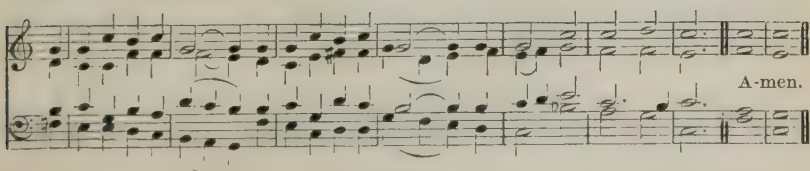
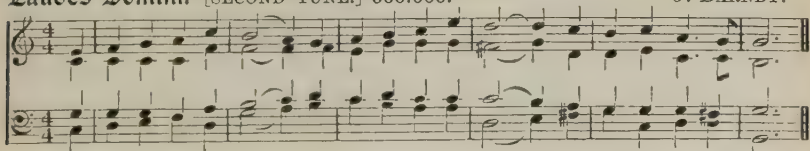
- 1 **W**HEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 2 To Thee, my God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 3 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 4 The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear!
May Jesus Christ be praised.
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

PART II.

- 5 When'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
As joyously it rings,
O hark, to what it sings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 6 To God the Word on high,
The hosts of angels cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 7 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Let air, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Be this th' eternal song
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
E. Caswall, from the German.

Laudes Domini. [SECOND TUNE.] 666.666.

J. BARNBY.

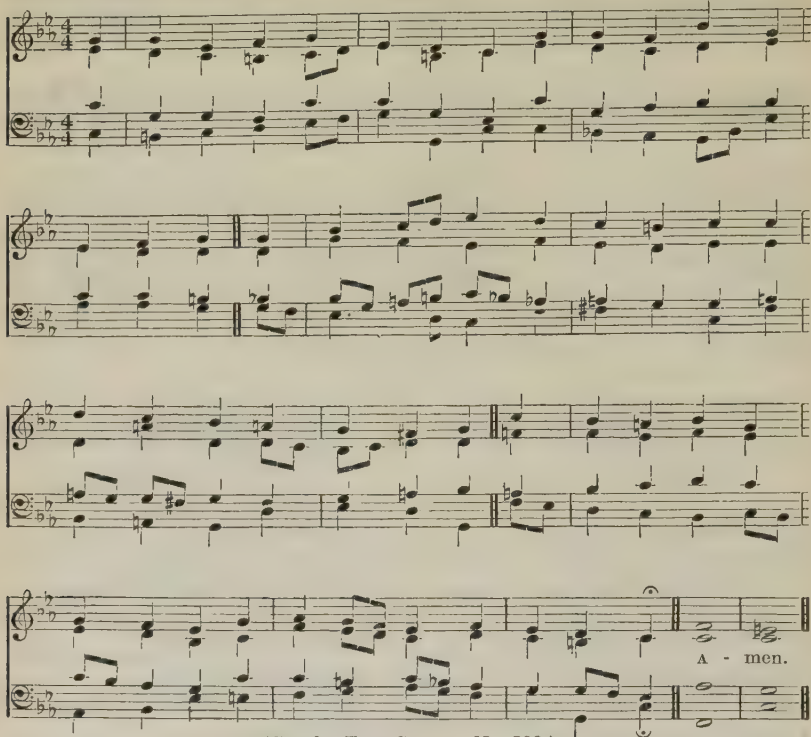


GOD THE SON.

Water Unser. [FIRST TUNE.]

8's., six lines.

Geistliche Lieder, 1539.



(See also Tune SAGINA, No. 793.)

(7) HIS COMING AGAIN.

167 Behold, I come quickly ; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be.—REV. xxii. 12.

1.

O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all ;
 For, awful though Thine advent be,
 All shadows from the truth will fall,
 And falsehood die, in sight of Thee :
 O quickly come ; for doubt and fear
 Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

2.

O quickly come, great King of all :
 Reign all around us, and within ;
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin :
 O quickly come ; for Thou alone
 Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3.

O quickly come, true Life of all :
 For death is mighty all around :
 On every home his shadows fall,
 On every heart his mark is found :
 O quickly comè ; for grief and pain
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4.

O quickly come, sure Light of all :
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way,
 And weakly souls begin to fall
 With weary watching for the day :
 O quickly come ; for round Thy throne
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

L. Tutti.

Veni Cito. [SECOND TUNE.]

8's., six lines.

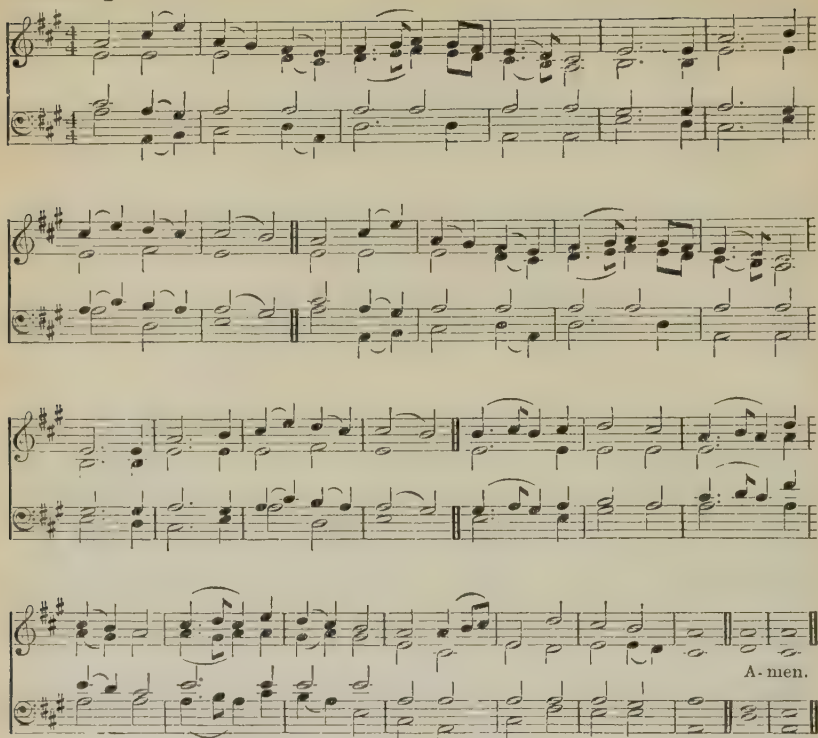
J. B. DYKES.

A - men.

GOD THE SON.

Belmsley.

87.87.47.



(See also TUNE REGENT SQUARE, No. 526.)

168

Behold, He cometh with clouds!—REV. i. 7.

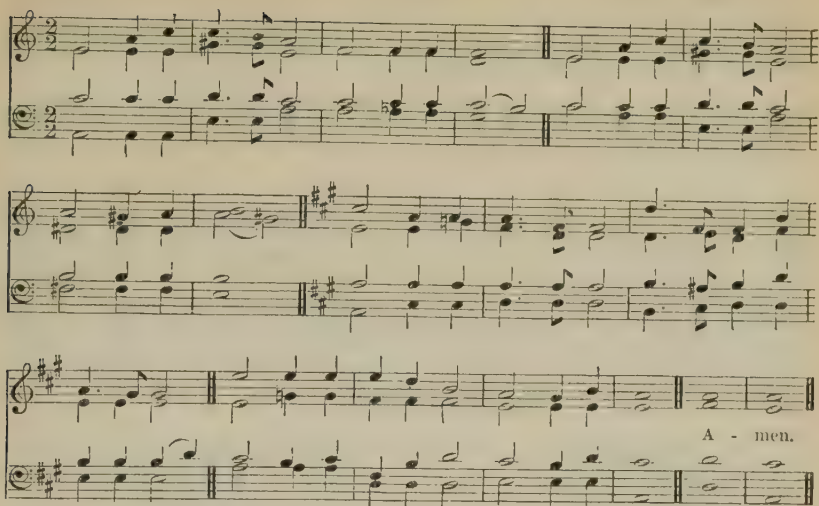
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain :
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train :
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus now shall ever reign.</p> | <p>3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away ;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away !</p> |
| <p>2 Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.</p> | <p>4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear :
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air :
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !</p> |
| <p>5 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne :
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the Kingdom for Thine own :
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !</p> | |

J. Cennick and C. Wesley.

Vigil.

64.64.67.64.

ARTHUR PATTON.



(See also Tune HAPPY LAND, Appendix No. 797.)

169

The voice of Thy watchmen.—ISAIAH lii. 8 (R.V.).

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
 'Wake, brethren, wake!'
 Jesus our Lord is nigh;
 Wake, brethren, wake!
 Sleep is for sons of night,
 Ye are children of the light,
 Yours is the glory bright;
 Wake, brethren, wake!</p> | <p>3 Heed we the steward's call,
 'Work, brethren, work!'
 There's room enough for all,
 Work, brethren, work!
 This vineyard of the Lord
 Constant labour will afford,
 Yours is a sure reward;
 Work, brethren, work!</p> |
| <p>2 Call to each waking band,
 'Watch, brethren, watch!'
 Clear is our Lord's command,
 Watch, brethren, watch!
 Be ye as men that wait
 Always at the Master's gate,
 E'en though He tarry late,
 Watch, brethren, watch!</p> | <p>4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
 'Pray, brethren, pray!'
 Would ye His heart rejoice?
 Pray, brethren, pray!
 Sin calls for constant fear,
 Weakness needs the Strong One near,
 Long as ye struggle here;
 Pray, brethren, pray!</p> |
- 5 Now sound the final chord,
'Praise, brethren, praise!'
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to join the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise!

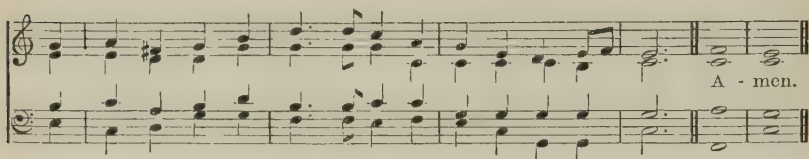
'Revival' Magazine, 1859.

GOD THE SON.

St. George. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



170

Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching.—LUKE xii. 37.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And, while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found ;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

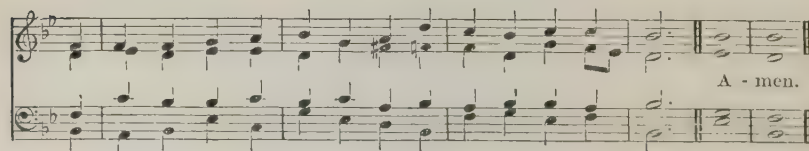
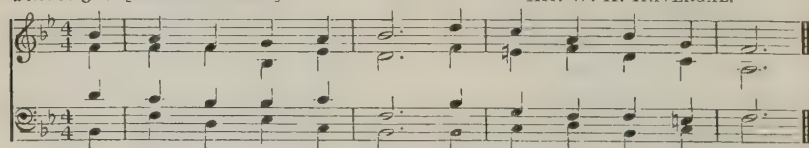
5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand ;
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

P. Doddridge.

Marenza. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

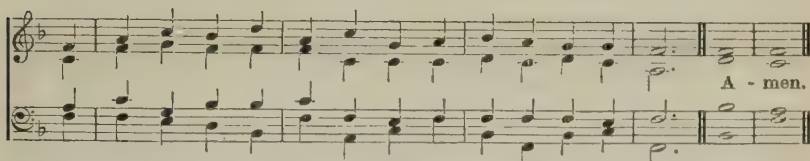
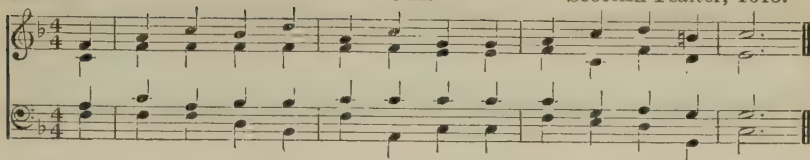
Kirchen Gesäng, Cologne, 1619.
Arr. W. H. HAVERGAL.



York.

C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



(See also Tune ST. FLAVIAN, No. 53.)

171

Righteousness shall look down from heaven.—PSALM lxxxv. 11.

1.

THE Lord will come and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err ;
 Before Him righteousness shall go,
 His royal harbinger.

2.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom then ;
 And justice, from her heavenly bower,
 Look down on mortal men.

3.

Rise, God, judge Thou the earth in might,
 This wicked earth redress ;
 For Thou art He Who shalt by right
 The nations all possess.

4.

The nations all whom Thou hast made
 Shall come, and all shall frame
 To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
 And glorify Thy Name.

5.

For great Thou art, and wonders great
 By Thy strong hand are done :
 Thou in Thy everlasting seat
 Remainest God alone.

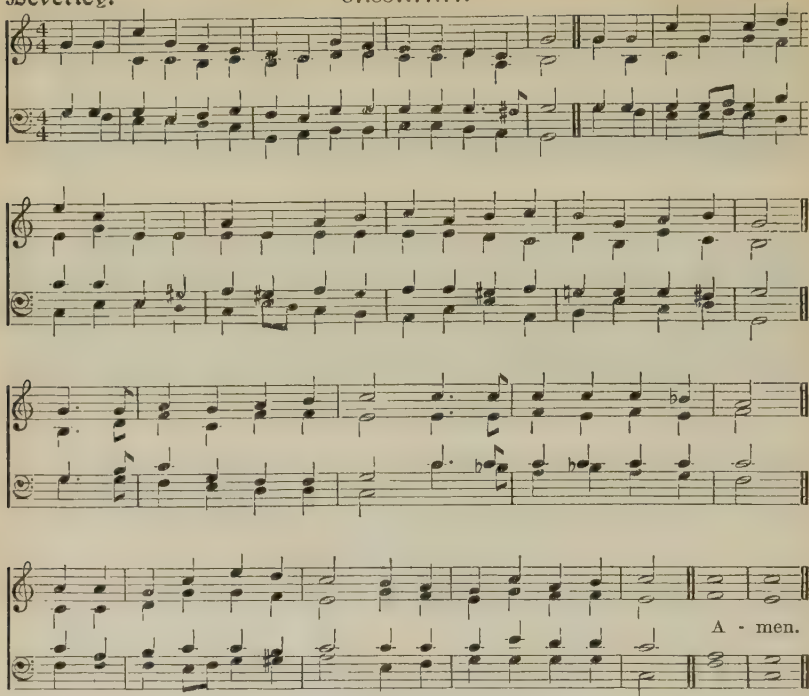
J. Milton.

GOD THE SON.

Beverley.

87.887.77.77.

W. H. MONK.



172

"I come quickly!" Amen, Come, Lord Jesus.—REV. xxii. 20.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
 Thou art coming, O my King,
 In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
 In Thy glory all-transcendent;
 Well may we rejoice and sing.
 Coming! in the opening east
 Herald brightness slowly swells;
 Coming! O my glorious Priest,
 Hear we not Thy golden bells?</p> | <p>3 Thou art coming; we are waiting
 With a hope that cannot fail,
 Asking not the day or hour
 Resting on Thy word of power,
 Anchor'd safe within the veil.
 Time appointed may be long,
 But the vision must be sure;
 Certainty shall make us strong
 Joyful patience can endure.</p> |
| <p>2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
 All our hearts could never say.
 What an anthem that will be,
 Ringing out our love to Thee,
 Pouring out our rapture sweet
 At Thine own all-glorious feet!</p> | <p>4 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee, my own beloved Lord!
 Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
 Worship, honour, glory, blessing
 Brought to Thee with glad accord,—
 Thee, my Master and my Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned,
 Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and owned.</p> |

Frances Ridley Havergal.

Section 5.

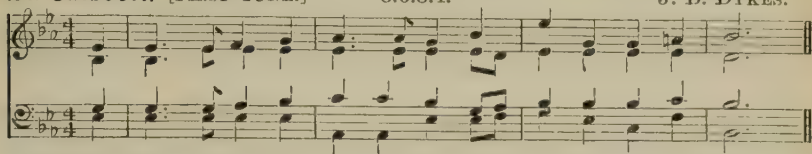
THE HOLY SPIRIT: HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

(See also Hymns in Section VI. on "The Sacred Scriptures"; in Section VII. on "The Christian Life"; and in Section VIII. (5) on "The Kingdom of Christ.")

St. Cutbert. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.6.8.4.

J. B. DYKES.



173

If I depart, I will send Him unto you.—JOHN xvi. 7.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest
Where He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

6 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

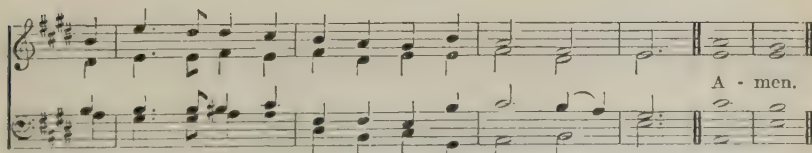
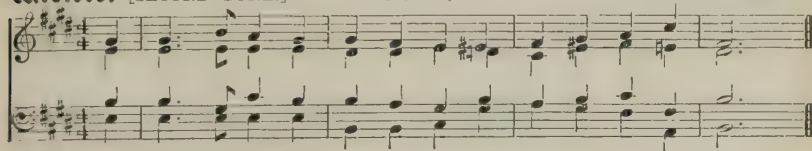
7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber.

Wrexford. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.6.8.4.

E. S. CARTER.



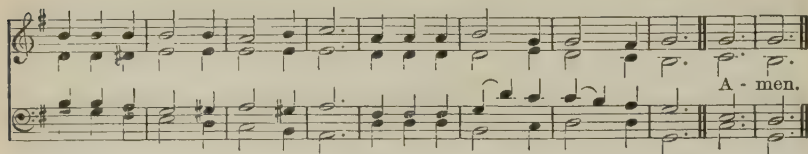
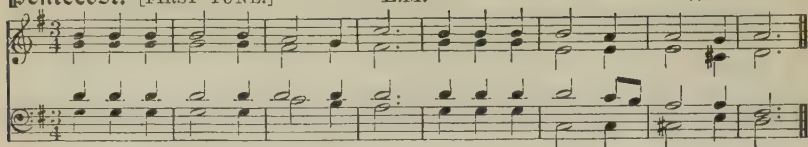
(See also TUNE LINTON, No. 248.)

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Pentecost. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

W. BOYD.



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174 *As many as are led by the Spirit of God.*—ROM. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above :
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray ;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there ;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest.

Simon Browne (alt.).

175 *The Comforter, the Holy Ghost . . .*
He shall teach you.—JOHN xiv. 26.

1 SPIRIT of Truth, indwelling Light,
For ever in our souls abide ;
Open our eyes to see aright,
Into all truth our footsteps guide.

2 Spirit of Comfort and of Love,
Come to our hearts with soothing spell ;
Our troubled thoughts, our fears remove,
With us for ever deign to dwell.

3 Sent from the Father by the Son,
Come forth, our Guide to Them to be,
For Thou, we know, with Them art One,
And we have Them in having Thee.

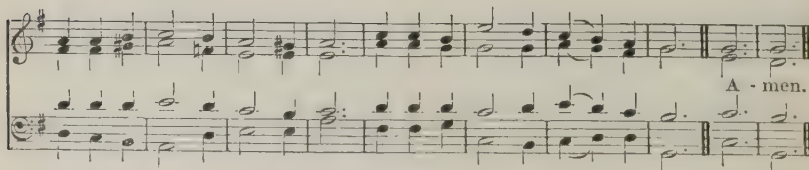
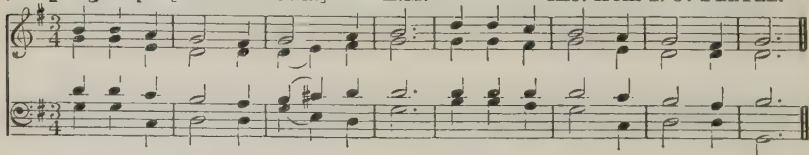
4 Peace that the world has not to give
Is theirs, who do the Saviour's will ;
Help Thou us more to Him to live,
And with His peace our spirits fill.

J. E. Bode.

St. Polycarp. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

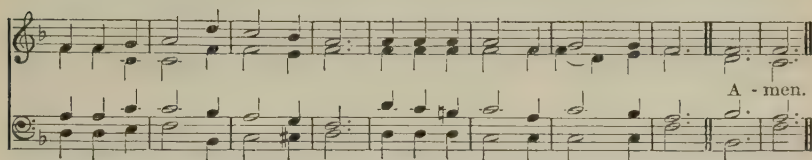
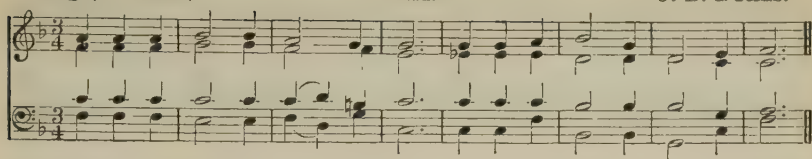
Arr. from I. J. PLEYEL.



Stikley (or Calm).

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



176

He shall give you another Comforter.—JOHN xiv. 16.

1.

O BREATH of God, breathe on us now,
And move within us while we pray
The spring of our new life art Thou,
The very light of our new day.

2.

O strangely art Thou with us, Lord,
Neither in height nor depth to seek;
In nearness shall Thy voice be heard;
Spirit to spirit Thou dost speak.

3.

Christ is our Advocate on high:
Thou art our Advocate within;
O plead the truth and make reply
To every argument of sin.

4.

But ah, this faithless heart of mine!
The way I know, I know my Guide:
Forgive me, O my Friend divine
That I so often turn aside.

5.

Be with me when no other friend
The mystery of my heart can share;
And be Thou known, when fears transcend,
By Thy best name of Comforter.

A. H. Vine.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Attwood. [FIRST TUNE.]

8s., six lines.

T. ATTWOOD.

177

Ye have an unction from the Holy One.—1 JOHN ii. 20.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire.
- 2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
- 3 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

- 5 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
- 6 Keep far our foes ; give peace at home,
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come
- 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One ;
- 8 That through the ages all along
Thy praise may be our endless song.

9 To Father Son and Spirit, One,
Be everlasting praises done.

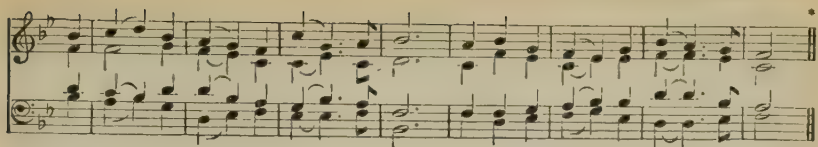
Veni Creator spiritus, tr. J. Cosin.

In above version, sing 3 verses through, repeating the last line. In the next setting,
2 verses at a time are taken, ending on the bar with *. Then verse 9 is sung.
When Hymn 178 is taken, then sing through each verse.

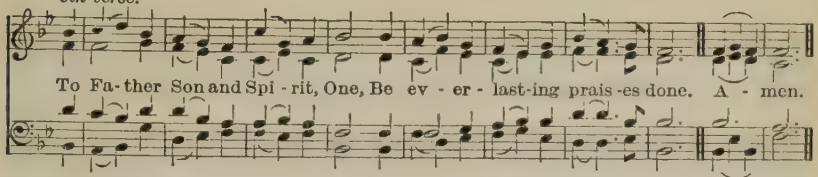
Veni Creator. [SECOND TUNE.]
UNISON.

8s., six lines.

Ancient Plain Song.

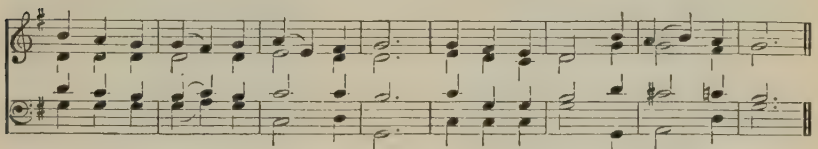
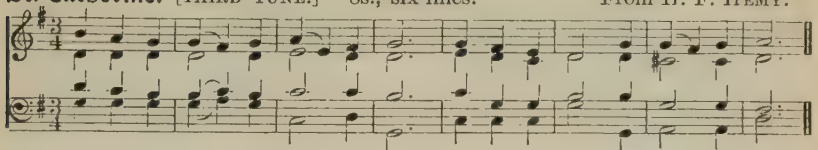


9th verse.



St. Catherine. [THIRD TUNE.] 8s., six lines.

From H. F. HEMY.



178

The promise of the Holy Ghost.—Acts ii. 33.

1 CREATOR Spirit, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were
laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy:
Thou Strength of His almighty hand
Whose power doth heaven and earth
command,
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

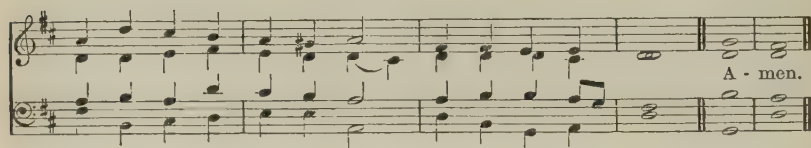
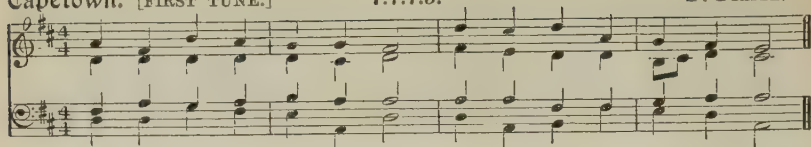
Latin Hymn, 7th century, tr. John Dryden.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Capetown. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

F. FILITZ.



179

The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.—ROM. viii. 26.

1 COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord ;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford ;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Orphan are our souls, and poor ;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast ;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groaning plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

7 In us 'Abba, Father,' cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

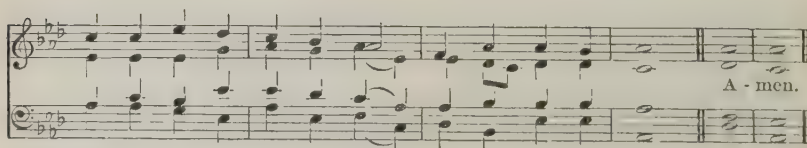
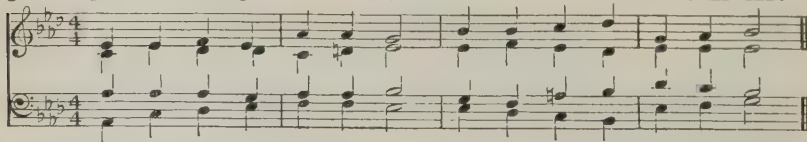
8 Search for us the depths of God ;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

G. Rawson.

Jrene. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

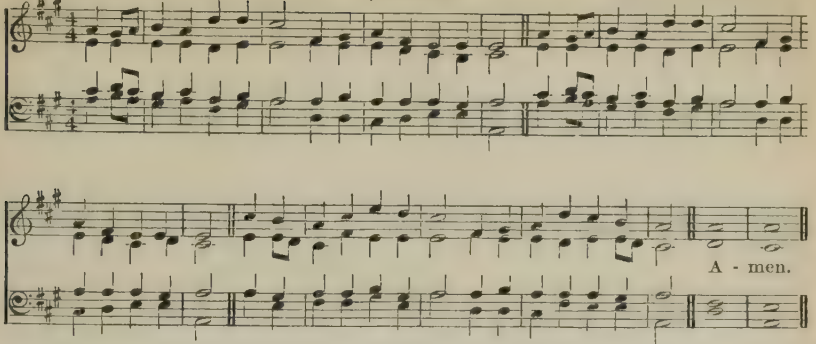
C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



Dir. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

CONRAD KOCHER.



180

He hath given us of His Spirit.—1 JOHN iv. 13.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would gracious be ;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal ;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would truthful be ;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made ;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail ;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

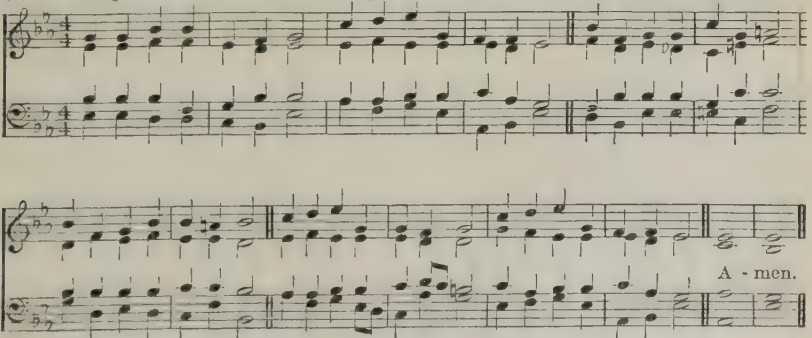
6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me :
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him Who gave me Thee.

T. T. Lynch.

Hassau. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

J. ROSENMÜLLER.

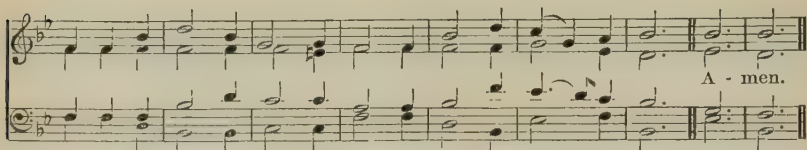
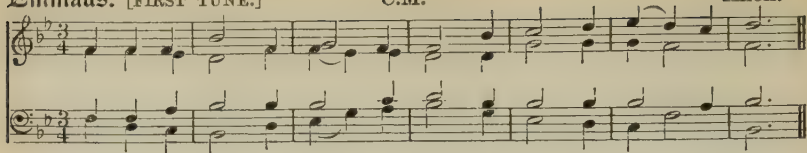


THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Emmaus. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

Anon.



A - men.

181

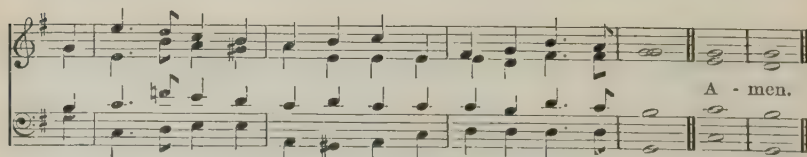
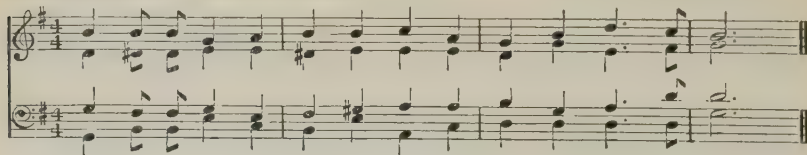
Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed?—ACTS xix. 2 (R.V.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.</p> <p>2 Come as the light ; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.</p> <p>3 Come as the fire ; and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.</p> | <p>4 Come as the dew ; and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.</p> <p>5 Come as the dove ; and spread Thy
The wings of peaceful love ; [wings,
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.</p> <p>6 Come as the wind ; with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace ;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.</p> |
|---|--|
- 7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

Andrew Reed.

For Procession. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



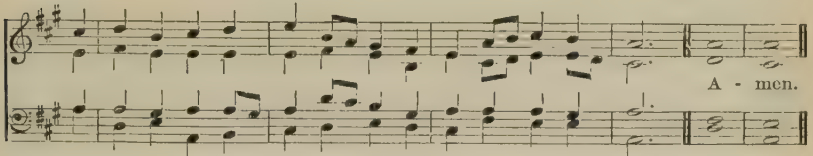
A - men.

(See also Tune BRECON, No. 589.)

St. Stephen.

C.M.

W. JONES.



A - men.

182

He will guide you into all the truth.—JOHN xvi. 13.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through Himself, we then shall
If Thou within us shine ; [know,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

C. Wesley.

Winchester Old.

C.M.

ESTE'S Psalter.



A - men.

183

I will pour out in those days of My Spirit.—ACTS ii. 18.

- 1 WHEN God of old came down from
heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.
- 2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love,
Soffer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.
- 3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

- 4 And as on Israel's awestruck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;
- 5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.
- 6 It fills the Church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

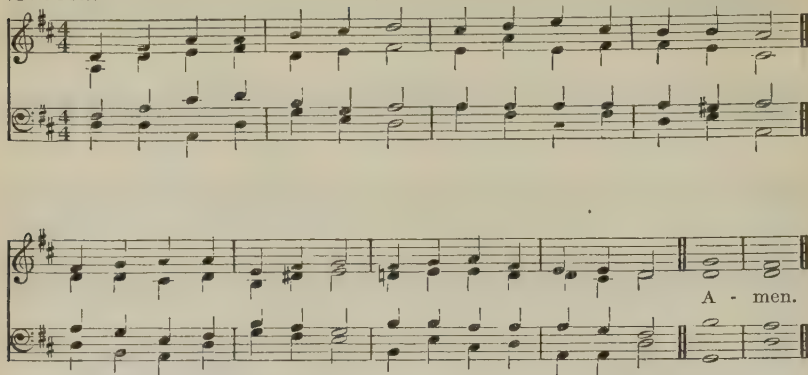
- 7 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

John Keble.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Lubeck.

7.7.7.7. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S Gesangbuch.



184 *Ye are sanctified by the Spirit of our God.*—1 CORINTHIANS vi. 11.

1.

HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2.

Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

3.

Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4.

Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

5.

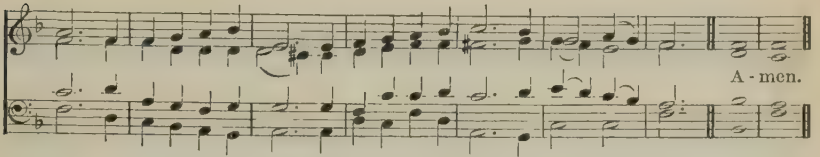
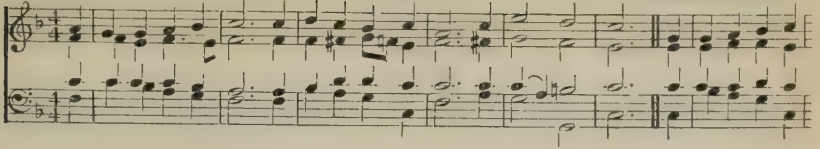
Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I'll sing,
Spring, O Well, for ever spring!

S. Longfellow.

Pentecost. [FIRST TUNE.]

664.6664.

GEORGE LOMAS.



185

The Spirit of Truth . . . He shall testify of me.—JOHN XV. 26.

1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray ;
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart :
O come to-day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power :
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill ;
Dwell in each breast :
We know no dawn but Thine ;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound ;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

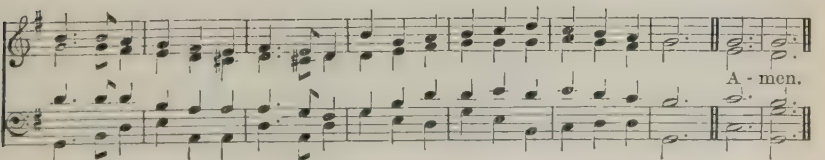
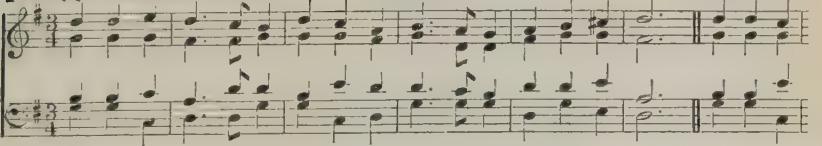
5 Come, all the faithful bless :
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ :
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord.
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

King Robert II. of France, tr. Ray Palmer.

Philippi. [SECOND TUNE.]

664.6664.

J. G. EBELING.

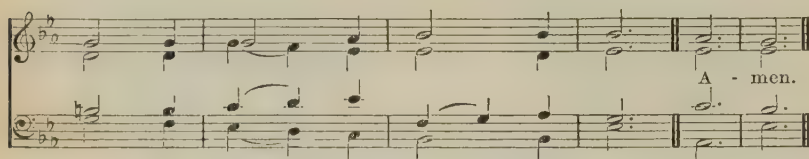
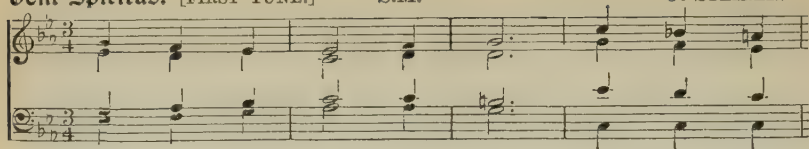


THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Veni Spiritus. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

J. STAINER.



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186

The breath of the Almighty hath given me life.—JOB xxxiii. 4.

1.

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

3.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glow with Thy fire divine.

4.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

E. Hatch.

Trentbam. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

R. JACKSON.

187

I will put My Spirit within you.—EZEKIEL xxxvi. 27.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let Thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.</p> <p>2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete ;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.</p> <p>3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.</p> | <p>4 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.</p> <p>5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.</p> <p>6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

Joseph Hart.

Boylston. [THIRD TUNE.]

S.M.

L. MASON.

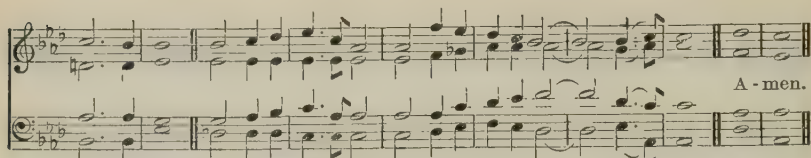
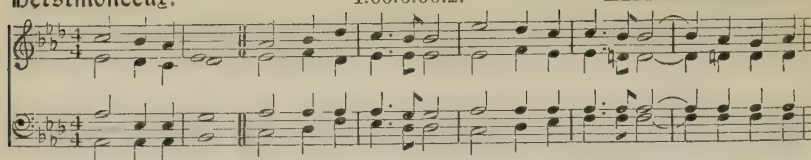
(See also Tune WOOLWICH. No. 268.)

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Herstmonceur.

4.66.6.66.2.

EBENEZER PROUT.



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188

A bruised reed shall He not break.—ISAIAH xlii. 3.

1 COME Thou, O come ;
Sweetest and kindest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul ;
In all anxiety,
With power from heaven on high
Console.

2 Come Thou, O come ;
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one ;
Orphans' and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

3 Come Thou, O come ;
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost ;
Harbour our souls to save
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

4 Come Thou, O come ;
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, blessed Spirit, come ;
Lead Thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with Thee
Our home.

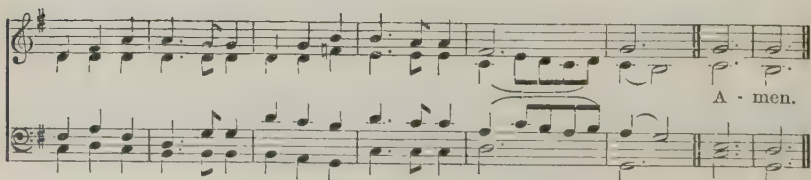
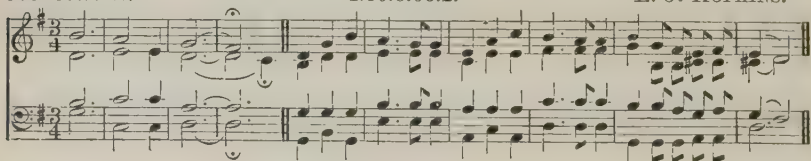
*Latin, prob. 9th cent. ;
trans. Gerard Moultrie, 1839-85.*

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on behalf of the exors. of the late Dr. E. J. Hopkins.

Beaconbill.

4.66.6.66.2.

E. J. HOPKINS.

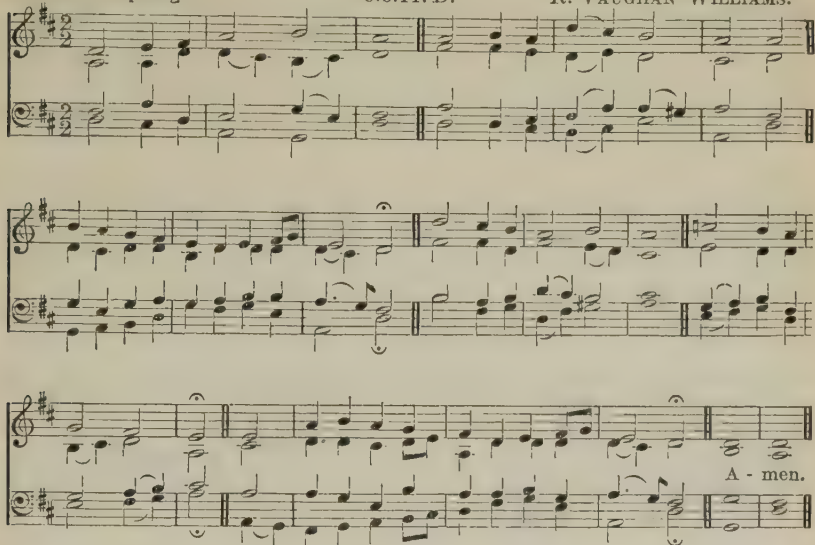


From the 'English Hymnal.' By permission of the Oxford University Press.

Down Ampney.

6.6.11. D.

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.



189

If so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you.—ROMANS viii. 9.

- 1 **C**OME down, O Love Divine,
 Seek Thou this soul of mine,
 And visit it with Thine own ardour glowing ;
 O Comforter, draw near,
 Within my heart appear,
 And kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing.
- 2 O let it freely burn,
 Till earthly passions turn
 To dust and ashes, in its heat consuming ;
 And let Thy glorious light
 Shine ever on my sight,
 And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.
- 3 Let holy charity
 Mine outward vesture be,
 And lowliness become mine inner clothing ;
 True lowliness of heart,
 Which takes the humbler part,
 And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.
- 4 And so the yearning strong,
 With which the soul will long,
 Shall far outpass the power of human telling ;
 For none can guess its grace,
 Till he become the place
 Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.

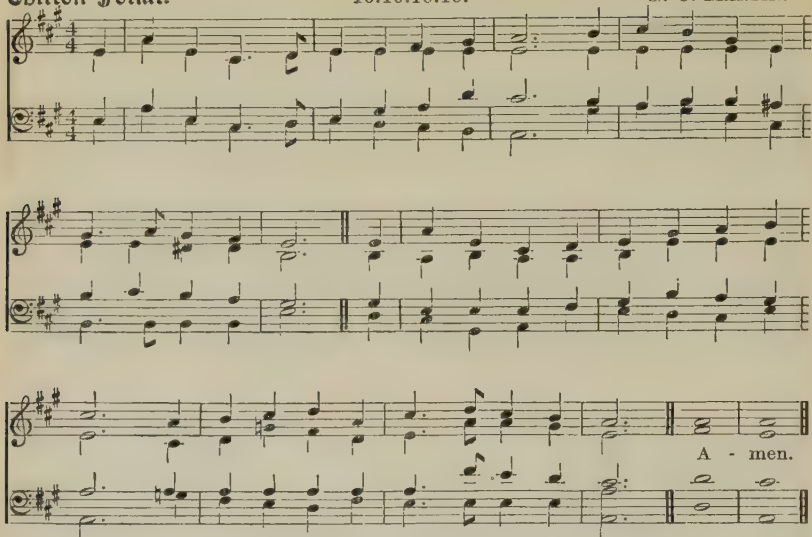
Bianco da Siena, tr. R. F. Littledale.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Chilton Foliat.

10.10.10.10.

G. C. MARTIN.



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(See also Tune TOULON, No. 493.)

190

The Lord make you increase and abound.—1 THESSALONIANS iii. 12.

- 1 **A**WAKE, O Lord, as in the time of old !
Come down, O Spirit, in Thy power and might !
For lack of Thee our hearts are strangely cold,
Our minds but blindly groping toward the light.
- 1 Doubts are abroad ; make Thou these doubts to cease !
Fears are within : set Thou these fears at rest !
Strife is among us : melt that strife to peace !
Change marches onward : may all change be blest !
- 3 It is not knowledge that we chiefly need,
Though knowledge sanctified by Thee is dear :
It is the will and power to love indeed ;
It is the constant thought that God is near.
- 4 Make us to be what we profess to be ;
Let prayer be prayer, and praise be heartfelt praise
From unreality, oh ! set us free,
And let our words be echoed by our ways.
- 5 Turn us, good Lord, and so shall we be turned :
Let every passion grieving Thee be stilled :
Then shall our race be won, our guerdons earned,
Our Master looked on, and our joy fulfilled.

Henry Twells.

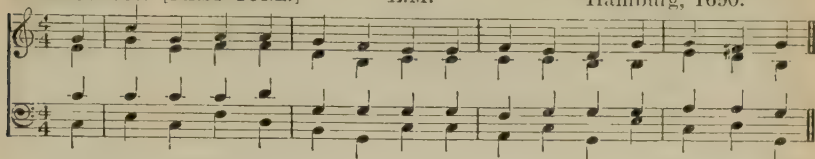
Section 6.

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Winchester. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

Musikalisches Handbuch,
Hamburg, 1690.



191

Is not God in the height of heaven.—JOB xxii. 12.

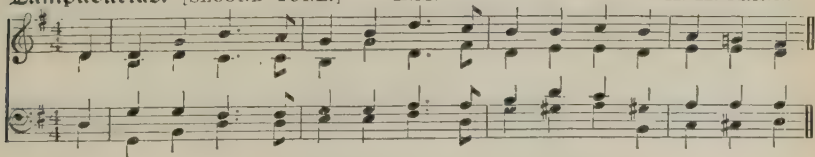
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord ;
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy Name in fairer lines.</p> <p>2 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never
stand ;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.</p> | <p>3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has
run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.</p> <p>4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly
light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments
right.</p> <p>5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, in sins forgiven :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.</p> |
|---|---|

I. Watts.

Lampadarius. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

A. H. MANN.



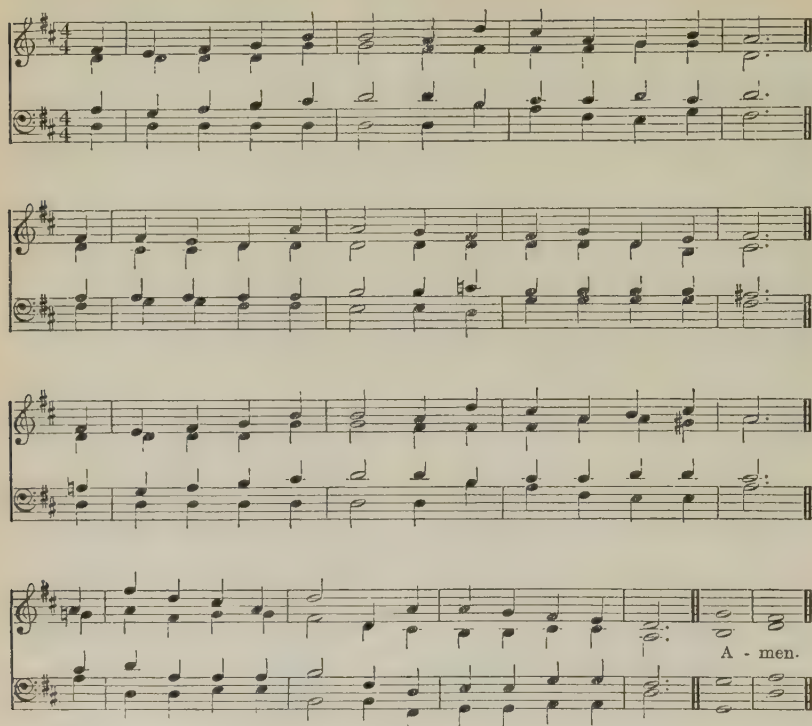
By permission.

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Bentley. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

JOHN HULLAH.



192 *Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.*—COL. iii. 16.

1 **O** WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky,
 We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine ;
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored ;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled ;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world :
 It is the chart and compass
 That, o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands
 Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old ;
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face !

W. W. How.

Greenland. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

Lausanne Psalter.

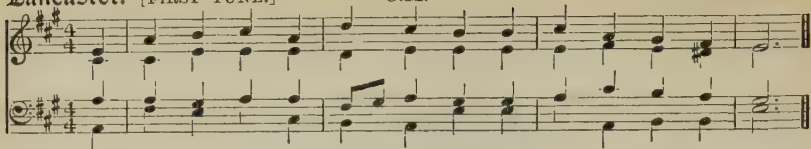
The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of eight lines of music. The first line is the beginning of the piece. The second line continues the melody. The third line continues the melody. The fourth line continues the melody. The fifth line continues the melody. The sixth line continues the melody. The seventh line continues the melody. The eighth line is the end of the piece, marked with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' below it.

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Lancaster. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

S. HOWARD.



193 *Better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.—Ps. cxix. 72.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light and food receive ;
Here shall the lowliest guest have room,
And taste and see and live.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsting souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near :
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

194 PROVERBS iii. 13-17.

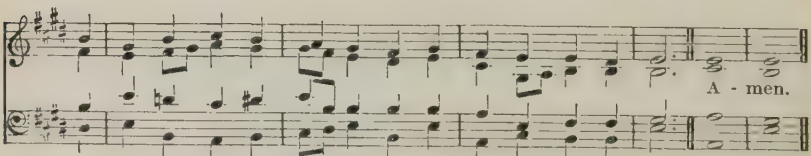
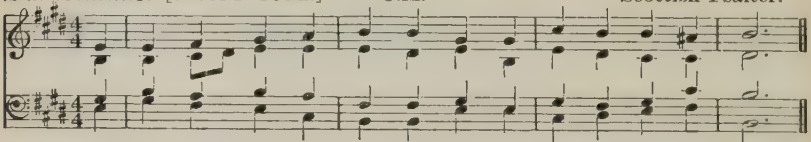
- 1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice !
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far,
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all the stores of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days ;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Are what her left displays.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase :
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

M. Bruce.

Dunfermline. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

Scottish Psalter.

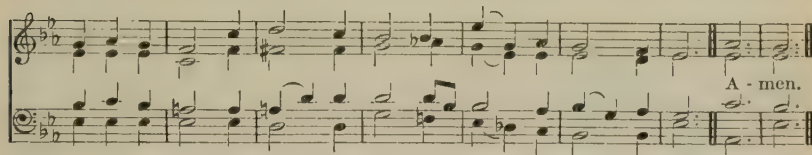
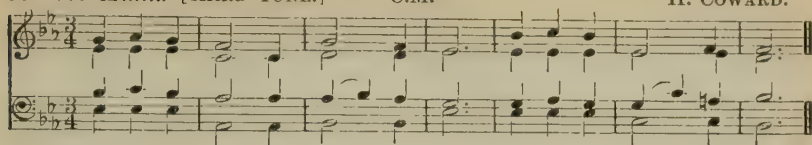


(See also Tune WINCHESTER OLD, No. 31.)

Brocco Bank. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

H. COWARD.



195 *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.*
P's. cxix. 105.

1 **L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray ;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way :

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky :

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day ;
When waves would whelm our tossing
bark,
Our anchor and our stay :

4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son ;
Without Thee how could earth be trod ?
Or heaven itself be won ?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton.

196 *The commandment is a lamp ; and
the law is light.*—PROV. vi. 23.

1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun :
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
Its truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

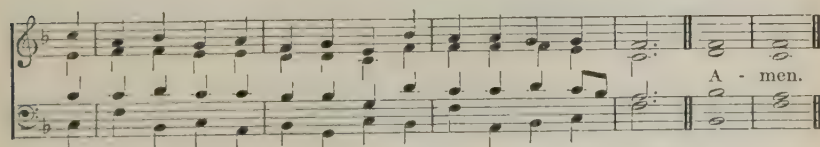
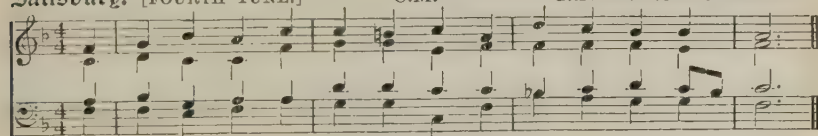
5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

W. Cowper.

Salisbury. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

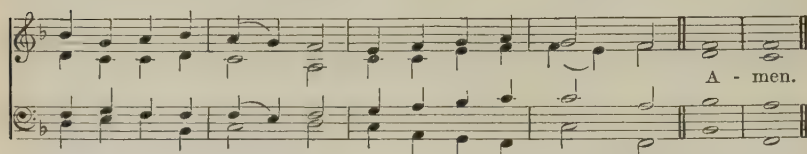
RAVENS-CROFT'S Psalter.



THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Ravensbaw.

6.6.6.6. (trochaic). WEISSE'S Gesangbuchlein.



197

I have given them Thy Word.—JOHN xviii. 14.

1 **L**ORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us.
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !

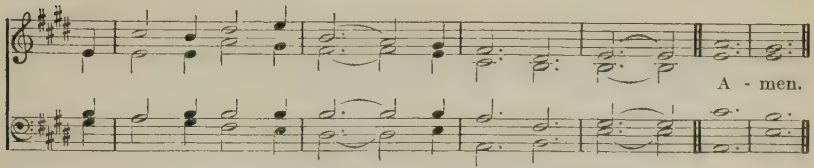
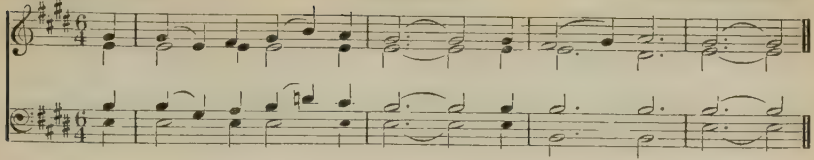
6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee !

H. W. Baker.

Gottlieb. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.4.6.4.

F. C. MAKER.



198

"Lord, evermore give us this bread."—JOHN vi. 34.

1 **B**REAK Thou the Bread of Life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea :
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord ;
My Spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word !

2 Thou art the Bread of Life,
O Lord, to me,
Thy Holy Word the truth
That saveth me ;
Give me to eat and live
With Thee above ;
Teach me to love Thy Truth,
For Thou art Love.

3 Oh, send Thy Spirit, Lord,
Now unto me,
That He may touch my eyes,
And make me see :
Show me the truth concealed
Within Thy Word,
And in Thy Book revealed
I see the Lord.

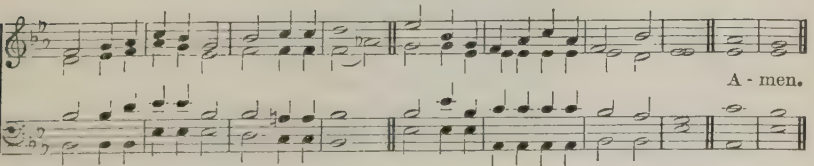
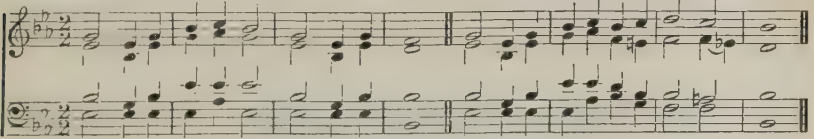
4 Bless Thou the Truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee :
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace,
My All in All ! Amen.

M. A. Lathbury (vv. 1 and 4).

Lathbury. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.4.6.4. D.

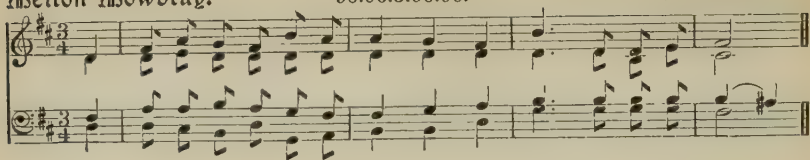
WM. F. SHERWIN.



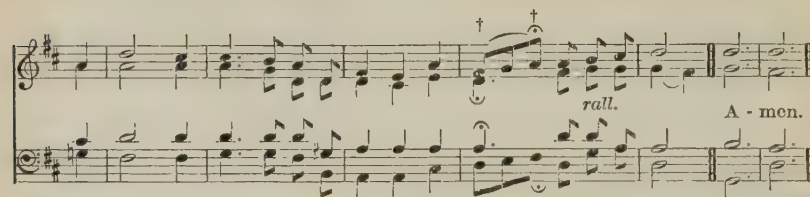
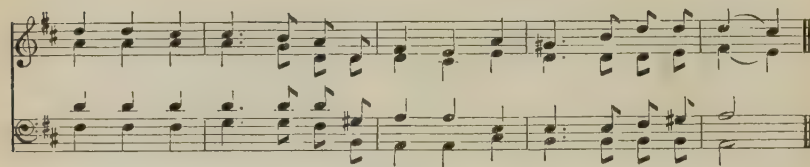
Melton Mowbray.

96.96.3.96.96.

W. H. MONK.



SOPRANO & TENOR.



* Small notes on Org. without Octaves. † No pause in vv. 2 and 3.

199

The entrance of Thy words giveth light.—PSALM cxix. 130.

1.

THE Voice of God's Creation found me
Perplexed 'midst hope and fear ;
For though His sunshine flashed around me,
His storms at times drew near :
And I said—

O that I knew where He abideth !
For doubts beset our lot,
And lo ! His glorious face He hideth,
And men perceive it not.

190

2.

The Voice of God's Protection told me
He loveth all He made ;
I seemed to feel His arms enfold me,
And yet was half afraid :
And I said—
O that I knew where I might find Him !
His eye would guide me right :
He leaveth countless tracks behind Him
Yet passeth out of sight.

3.

The Voice of Conscience sounded nearer,
It stirred my inmost breast :
But though its tones were firmer, clearer,
'Twas not the voice of rest :
And I said—
O that I knew if He forgiveth !
My soul is faint within,
Because in grievous fear it liveth
Of wages due to sin.

4.

It was the Voice of Revelation
That met my utmost need ;
The wondrous message of salvation
Was joy and peace indeed :
And I said—
O how I love the sacred pages
From whence such tidings flow,
As monarchs, patriarchs, poets, sages
Have longed in vain to know !

5.

For now is life a lucid story,
And death a rest in Him,
And all is bathed in light and glory
That once was dark or dim :
And I said—
O Thou Who dost my soul deliver,
And all its hopes uplift ;
Give me a tongue to praise the Giver,
A heart to prize the gift !

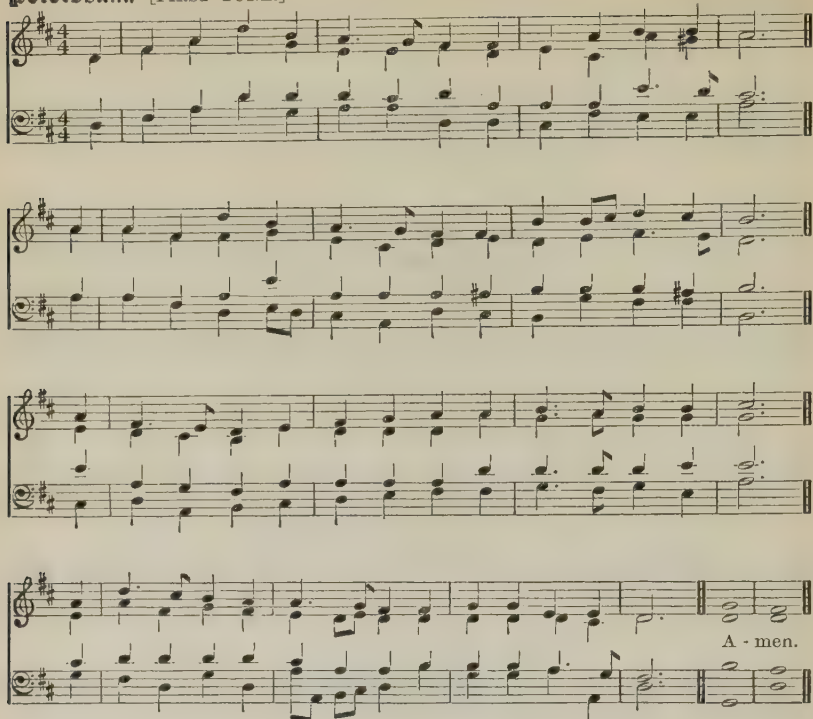
H. Twells.

THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Petersham. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M. D.

C. W. POOLE.



200 *Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.—*
PSALM cxix. 18.

1 **W**E limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined ;
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred :
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

2 Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given ?
That universe, how much unknown !
That ocean unexplored !
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

3 Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way ;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall ; our glorious Sun
More fervid rays afford :
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

4 The valley's passed ; ascending still
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upward we press—the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard :
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

5 O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
Us increase from above ;
Enlarge, expand all Christian souls
To comprehend Thy love :
And make us to go on to know,
With nobler powers conferred,
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

G. Rawson.

Leyden. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M. D.

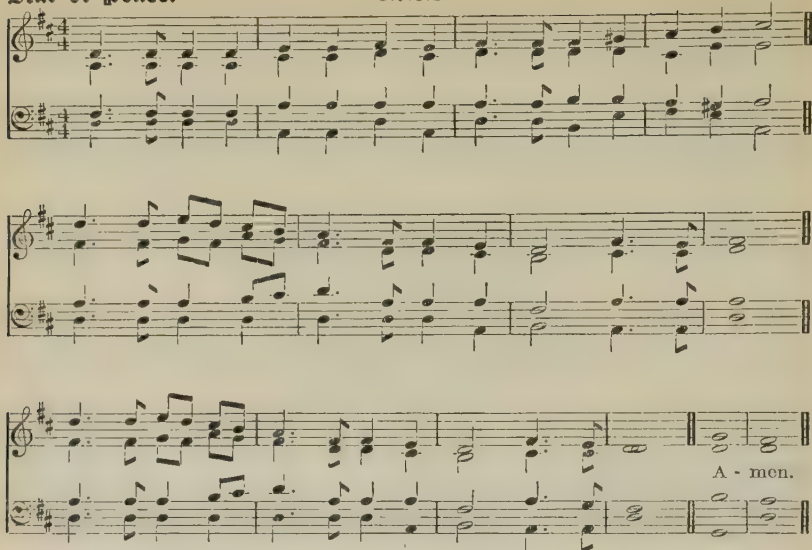
J. W. WILMS.

A - men.

Star of Peace.

8.7.8.4.

L. MASON.



201

The word of God is quick and powerful.—HEBREWS iv. 12.

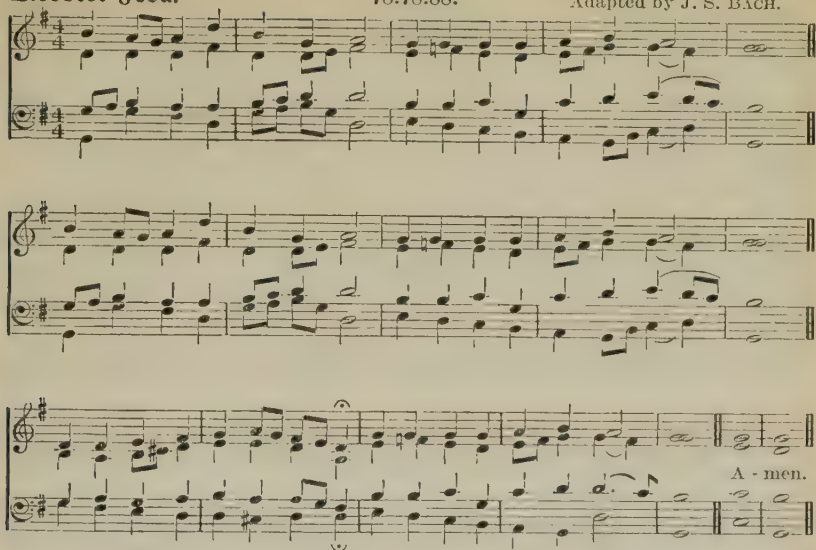
- 1 **B**OOK of grace and book of glory,
Gift of God to age and youth,
Wondrous is thy sacred story,
Bright, bright with truth !
- 2 Book of love ! in accents tender
Speaking unto such as we ;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to Thee.
- 3 Book of hope ! the spirit sighing,
Sweetest comfort finds in thee,
As it hears the Saviour crying,
' Come, come to Me.'
- 4 Book of peace ! when nights of sorrow
Fall upon us dearly,
Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,
Full, full of thee.
- 5 Book of life ! when we, reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

Thomas MacKellar.

Liebster Jesu.

78.78.88.

Melody by J. R. AHLE.
Adapted by J. S. BACH.



202 *God hath at the end of these days spoken to us in His Son.*—HEBREWS i. 2 (R.V.)

1 **B**OOK of books, our people's strength,
Statesman's, teacher's, hero's treasure,
Bringing freedom, spreading truth,
Shedding light that none can measure !
Wisdom comes to those who know thee.
All the best we have we owe thee.

2 Thank we those who toiled in thought,
Many diverse scrolls completing,
Poets, prophets, scholars, saints,
Each his word from God repeating ;
Till they came, who told the story
Of the Word, and showed His glory.

3 Praise we God, Who hath inspired
Those whose wisdom still directs us,
Praise Him for the Word made flesh,
For the Spirit which protects us.
Light of Knowledge, ever burning,
Shed on us thy deathless learning.

P. Dearmer.

From the 'Enlarged Songs of Praise.' By permission of the Oxford University Press.

Section 7.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Come unto Me.

7.6., eight lines.

J. B. DYKES.

Org.

UNISON.

(1) THE GOSPEL CALL.

203

All things are ready : come.—MATT. xxii. 4.

1 'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed !
It tells of benediction.
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
Our hearts were filled with sadness.
And we had lost our way ;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt ;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless.
To come, dear Lord, to Thee !

W. C. Dir.

St. Catherine.

7.6., eight lines.

REGINALD F. DALE.

A - men.

204 *If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.—REV. iii. 20.*

- 1 **O** JESUS, Thou art standing
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er ;
 Shame on us, Christian brothers,
 His sacred Name who bear ;
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there.
- 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
 And lo ! that hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred ;
 O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait !
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate !
- 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading,
 In accents meek and low,
 ' I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat Me so ? '
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door ;
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter
 And leave us nevermore.

W. W. How.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Galilee. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

W. H. JUDE.

A - men.

205

He saith unto them, Follow Me.—MATT. iv. 19.

1 JESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, ' Christian, follow Me.'

2 As of old Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake :

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, ' Christian, love Me more.'

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

5 Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

St. Andrew. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

E. H. THORNE.

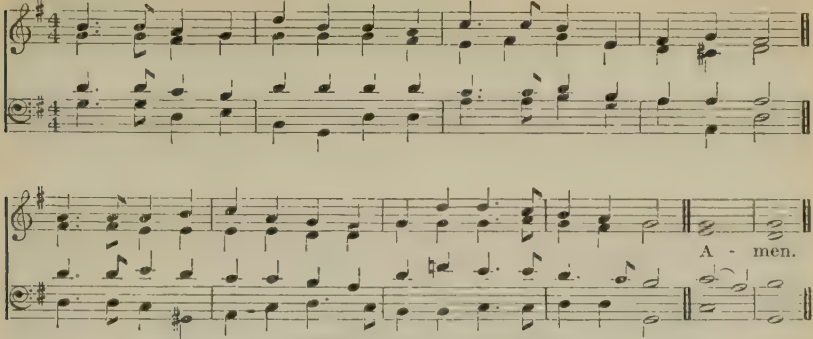
A - men.

(See also Tune LUCERNE, No. 47.)

St. Mabyn. [THIRD TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

A. H. BROWN.



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

206 They . . . were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.—MATT. ix. 36.

1 SOULS of men ! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep ?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour Who would have us
Come and gather round His feet !

3 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

5 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

6 But we make His love too narrow,
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

7 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

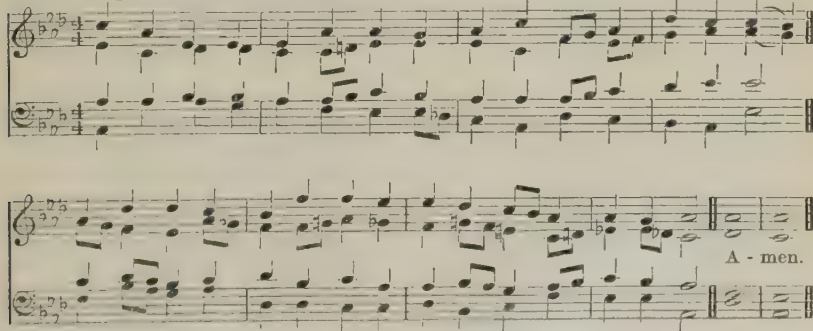
8 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

(For an eight-lined Hymn see TUNE CHAMOUNI, No. 788.)

Cross of Jesus. [FOURTH TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER.



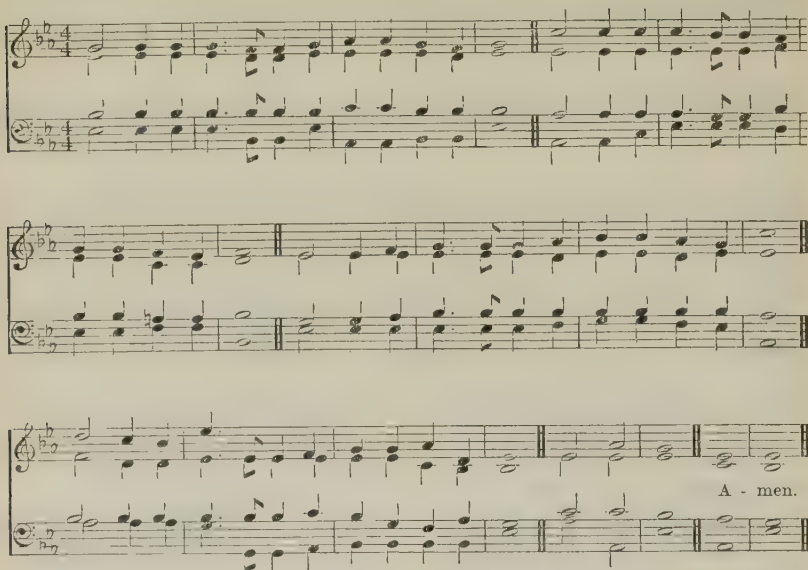
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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Invitation.

6s., eight lines (with refrain).

F. C. MAKER.



207

He is able . . . to save them . . . that come.—HEBREWS vii. 25.

1.

COME to the Saviour now,
He gently calleth thee;
In true repentance bow,
Before Him bend the knee:
He waiteth to bestow
Salvation, peace, and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above.
Come, come, come!

2.

Come to the Saviour now,
He suffered all for thee,
And in His merits thou
Hast an unfailing plea:
No vain excuses frame;
For feelings do not stay;
None who to Jesus came
Were ever sent away.
Come, come, come.

3.

Come to the Saviour now,
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are:
Come like poor wandering sheep
Returning to His fold,
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.
Come, come, come!

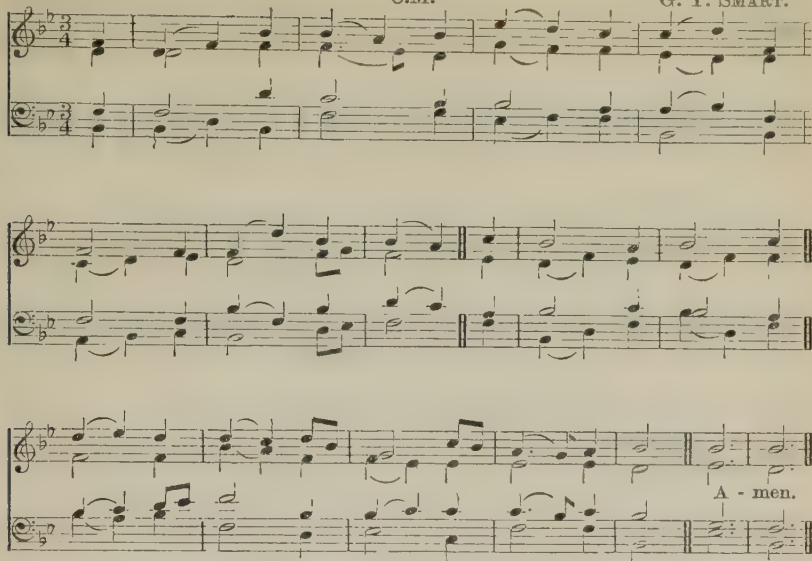
4.

Come to the Saviour all,
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call—
'Cast all your care on Me.'
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.
Come, come, come!
J. M. Wigner.

Wiltshire.

C.M.

G. T. SMART.



208

If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.—JOHN vii. 37.

1.

THE Saviour calls; let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.

2.

For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow;
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.

3.

Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay?

4.

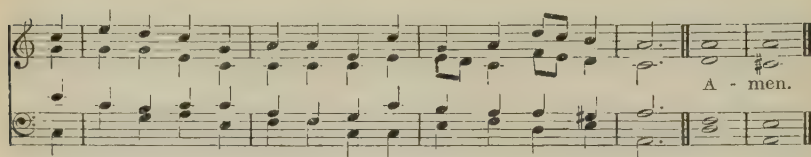
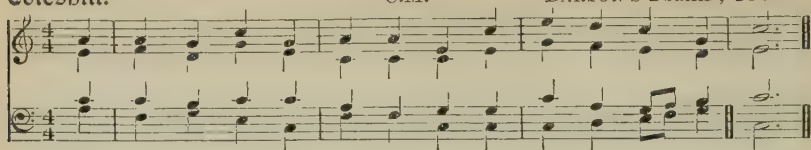
Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
 To Thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

Anne Steele.

Colesbill.

C.M.

BARTON'S Psalms, 1644.



209

His mercy is everlasting.—PSALM c. 5.

1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou dost with sinners bear ;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

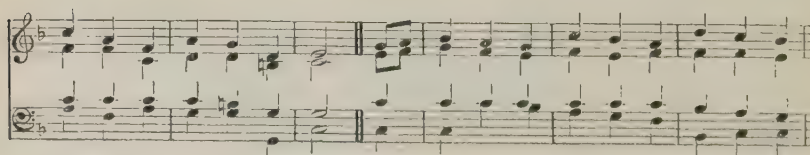
6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains,
Thy goodness must endure.

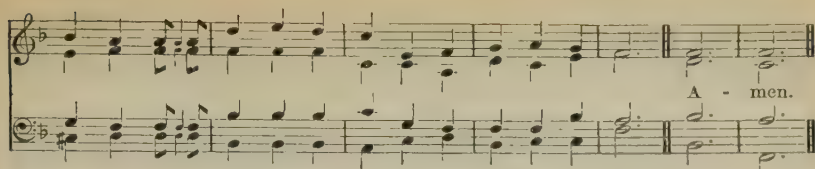
C. Wesley.

Whitcomb. [FIRST TUNE.]

12.11.12.11.

E. W. BULLINGER.





210

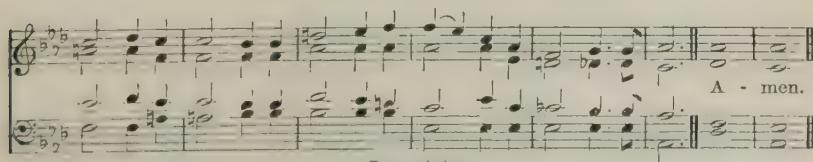
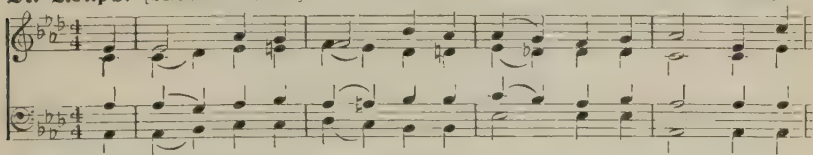
*I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin
no more.—JER. xxxi. 34.*

- 1 **O** COME to the merciful Saviour Who calls you,
O come to the Lord Who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.
- 2 O come then to Jesus, Whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.
- 3 Yes, come to the Saviour, Whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
And fear not! 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the home and the glory above.
- 4 O come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
And vow at His feet you will keep in His grace;
For a tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.
- 5 Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.

F. W. Faber.

St. Asaph. [SECOND TUNE.] 12.11.12.11.

A. H. MANN.



By permission.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Stephanos. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

H. W. BAKER.

211

Have mercy also on me, and answer me.—PSALM xxvii. 7.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 'ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and, coming,
Be at rest.'</p> <p>2 'Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?'
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.</p> <p>3 'Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?'
Yea, a crown in very surety;
But of thorns.</p> | <p>4 'If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?'
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.</p> <p>5 'If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?'
Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.</p> <p>6 'If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?'
Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.</p> |
|--|---|

7 'Finding, following, keeping, struggling,

Is He sure to bless?'

Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,

Answer, 'Yes!'

Stephen the Sabaites, 8th cent.; tr. J. M. Neale.

Bullinger. [SECOND TUNE.]

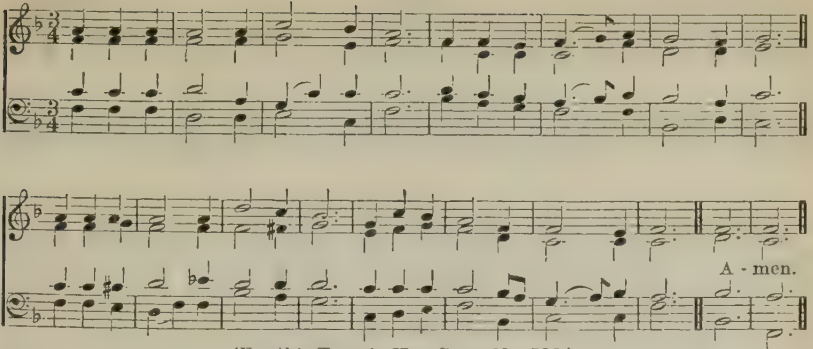
8.5.8.3.

E. W. BULLINGER.

Arizona.

L.M.

R. H. EARNSHAW.



(For this Tune in Key G, see No. 725.)

212 *When He cometh, and knocketh, they may straightway open.*—LUKE xii. 36 (R.V.).

1 **B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still :
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed ?
He will—the very Friend you need ;
The man of Nazareth, 'tis He.
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands ;
O matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

4 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.

5 Admit Him ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart and ne'er return ;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

6 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—
To reign, and with no partial sway ;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

7 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
O may Thy gentle reign increase :
Throw wide the door, each willing mind ;
And be His empire all mankind.

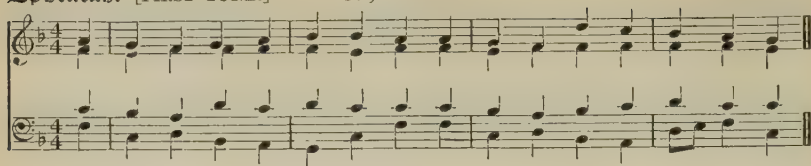
Joseph Grigg.

(See also TUNES RIVAUUX, No. 36, and ILKLEY, No. 155.)

Epbratab. [FIRST TUNE.]

8s., six lines.

S. MART.



213

*Lift up your heads, O ye gates . . . and the King of Glory shall
come in.—PSALM xxiv. 9.*

1.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates ;
Behold the King of Glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here ;
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing.

2.

The Lord is just, a helper tried ;
Mercy is ever at His side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress ;
The end of all our woe He brings,
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings.

3.

O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed
O happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this King in triumph comes !
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.

4.

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy ;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

4.

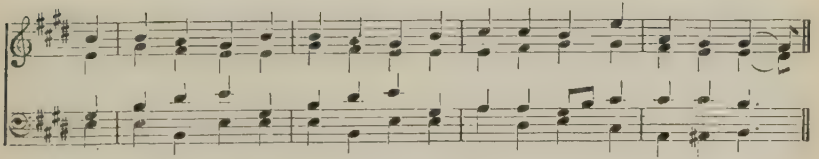
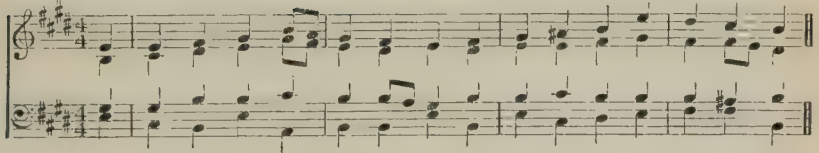
Redeemer, come ! I open wide
My heart to Thee ; here, Lord, abide !
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal ;
Thy Holy Spirit guide me on,
Until the glorious crown be won !

George Weissel, tr. C. Winkworth.

Eaton. [SECOND TUNE.]

Ss., six lines.

Z. WYVILL.



(See also Tunes MELITA, No. 684, and MAGDALEN, No. 149.)

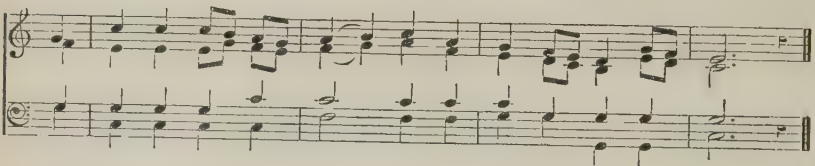
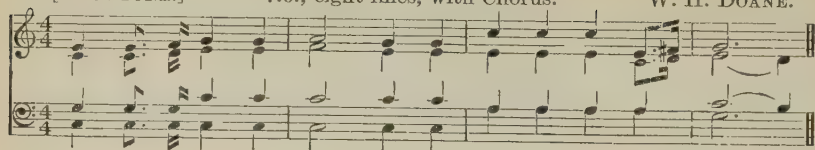
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Tell me the Old, Old Story.

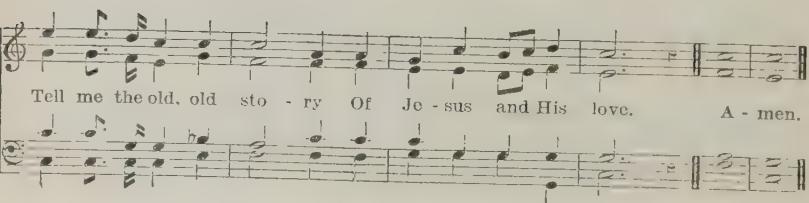
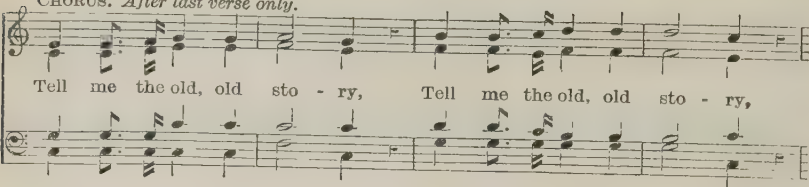
[FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines, with Chorus.

W. H. DOANE.



CHORUS. After last verse only.



1.

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory.
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

2.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon :
The 'early dew' of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave ;
Remember ! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story ;
'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'

Chorus—

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Kate Hankey.

(By omitting the Chorus, the Hymn may be taken as a 7.6.7.6., four lines to each verse.)

Remembrance. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6.76

JOSIAH BOOTH.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,

Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. A - men.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

10.6.10.6., with Chorus.

There is no Love like the Love of Jesus.

T. E. PERKINS.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system is the main melody, followed by two systems of accompaniment. The third system is the chorus, and the fourth system is the ending. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

215

There is none like unto Thee, O Lord.—JEREMIAH x. 6.

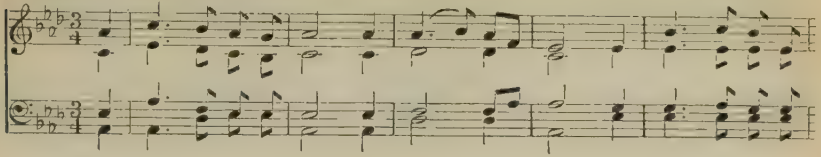
- 1 **T**HERE is no love like the love of Jesus,
 Never to fade or fall.
 Till into the fold of the peace of God
 He has gathered us all.
 Jesus' love, precious love,
 Boundless and pure and free ;
 Oh, turn to that love, weary wandering soul,
 Jesus pleadeth for thee.
- 2 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
 Filled with a tender love ;
 No throb nor throe that our hearts can know,
 But He feels it above.
- 3 Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus !
 Oh, may we never roam
 Till safe we rest on His loving breast,
 In the dear heavenly home.

W. E. Littlewood.

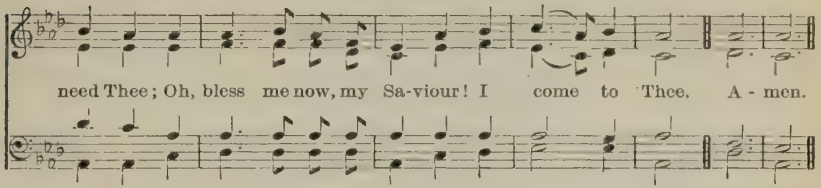
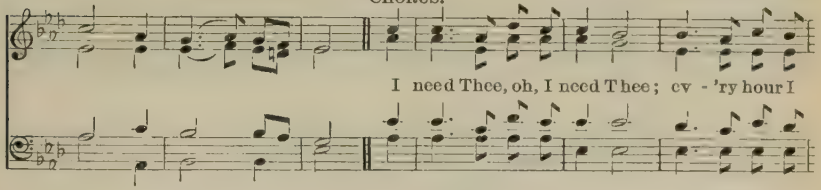
10.10., with Chorus.

I Need Thee every Hour.

R. LOWRY.



CHORUS.



216

For the sighing of the needy, now will I arise.—PSALM xii. 5.

1 **I** NEED Thee every hour, most gracious Lord:
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour: stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour: teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.

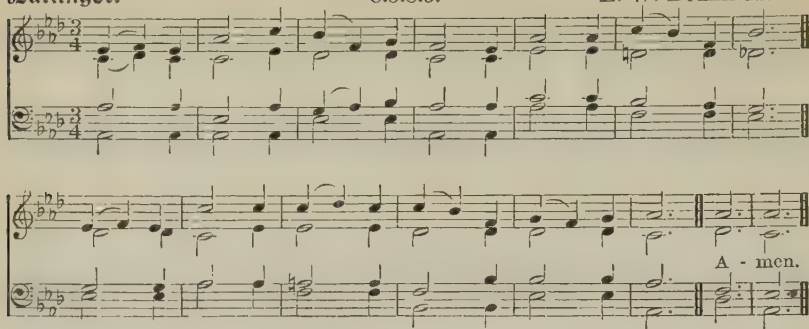
5 I need Thee every hour, most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.

Mrs. A. S. Hawks.

Bullinger.

8.5.8.3.

E. W. BULLINGER.



217

We trust that He will yet deliver us.—2 CORINTHIANS i. 10.

- 1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee,
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.
- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon :
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee to guide me :
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.
- 4 I am trusting Thee for power :
Thine can never fail ;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.
- 5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus ;
Never let me fail ;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

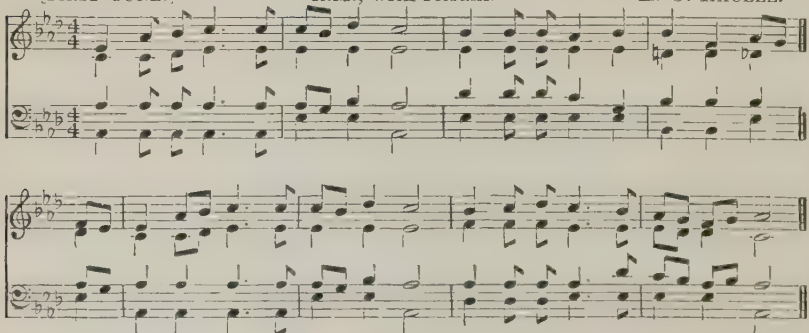
Frances Ridley Havergal.

God is Calling Yet !

[FIRST TUNE.]

L.M., with refrain.

E. O. EXCELL.



REFRAIN.

Call - ing yet, oh, hear Him! Call - ing yet, oh, hear Him! God is call - ing
God is call-ing yet! God is call-ing

yet: oh, hear Him call - ing, call - ing! Call - ing yet, oh, hear Him!
God is call - ing yet! God is call - ing yet!

Call - ing yet, oh, hear Him! God is calling yet; oh, hear Him calling yet! A-men.
God is calling God is calling

218

To-day Oh! that ye would hear His voice!—PSALM xciv. 7 (R.V.).

1 GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold
dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still: can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive;
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait: but He does not forsake:
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay,
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God has reached my heart.

*Gerhard Tersteegen.**(Translation based upon one by Mrs. Findlater.)*

Tallis' Canon. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

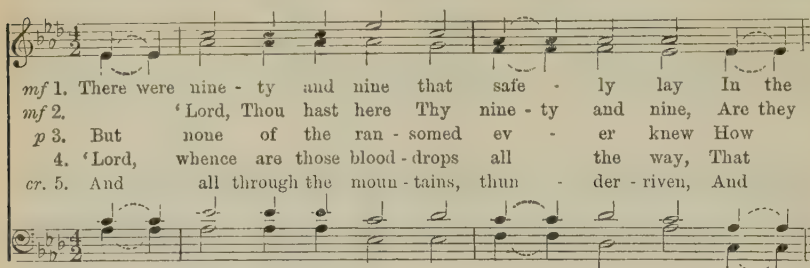
T. TALLIS.

A - men.

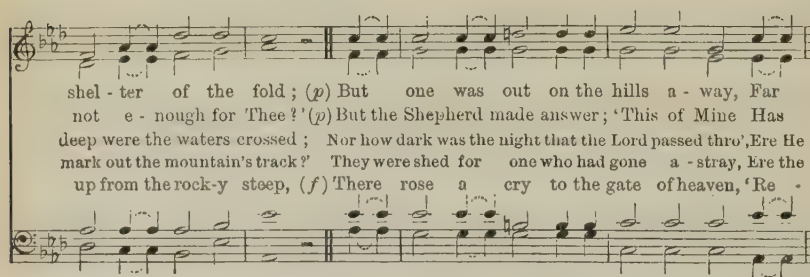
Compassion.

Irregular.

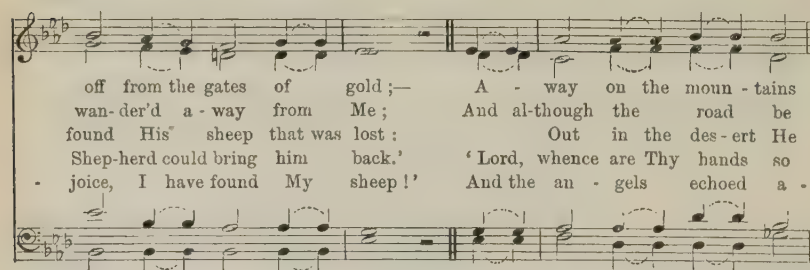
FOUNTAIN MEEN.



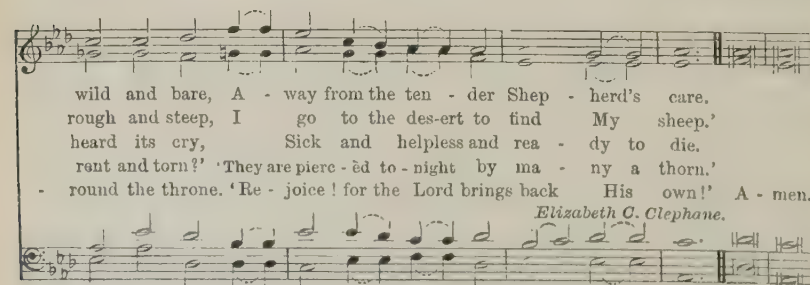
mf 1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the
mf 2. 'Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine, Are they
p 3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How
 4. 'Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way, That
cr. 5. And all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riven, And



shel - ter of the fold; (*p*) But one was out on the hills a - way, Far
 not e - nough for Thee? (*p*) But the Shepherd made answer; 'This of Mine Has
 deep were the waters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro', Ere He
 mark out the mountain's track? They were shed for one who had gone a - stray, Ere He
 up from the rock-y steep, (*f*) There rose a cry to the gate of heaven, 'Re -



off from the gates of gold;— A - way on the moun - tains
 wan - der'd a - way from Me; And al-though the road be
 found His' sheep that was lost: Out in the des - ert He
 Shep - herd could bring him back.' 'Lord, whence are Thy hands so
 - joyce, I have found My sheep!' And the an - gels echoed a -

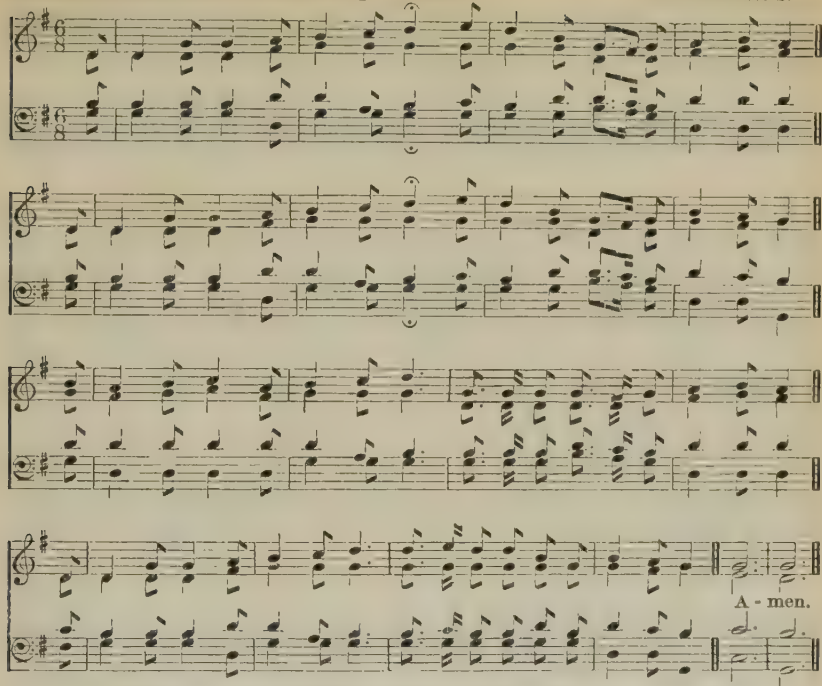


wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
 rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to find My sheep.'
 heard its cry, Sick and helpless and rea - dy to die,
 rent and torn? 'They are pier - c'd to - night by ma - ny a thorn.'
 - round the throne. 'Re - joyce! for the Lord brings back His own!' A - men.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by. L.M.D.

T. E. PERKINS.



(2) THE CALL ACCEPTED: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

220

Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me.—MARK x. 47.

1 **W**HAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gath'rings day by day,
What means this strange commotion,
pray ?

In accents hushed the throng reply.

'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

In accents, &c.

2 Who is this Jesus ? why should He
The city move so mightily ?

A passing stranger, has He skill !

To move the multitude at will ?

Again the stirring tones reply

'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

Again the, &c.

3 Jesus ! 'tis He Who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe ;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry, (lame :
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

The blind, &c.

4 Again He comes ! From place to place

His holy footprints we can trace :

He pauseth at our threshold —nay,

He enters—condescends to stay :

Shall we not gladly raise the cry ?—

'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

Shall we, &c.

5 Ho ! all ye heavy-laden, come !

Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home

Ye wanderers from a Father's face,

Return, accept His proffered grace :

Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh

'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

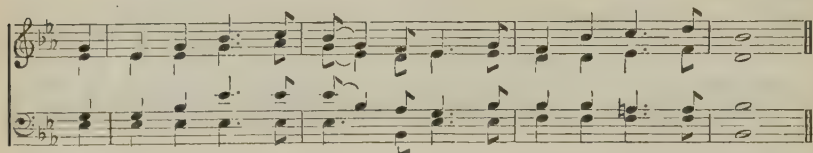
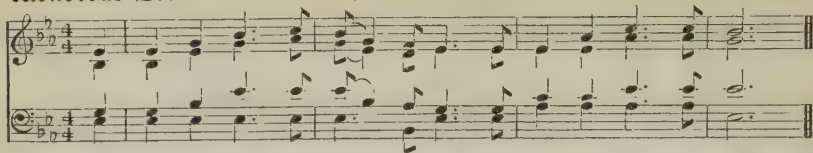
Ye tempted, &c.

Elia Campbell.

Wondrous Love.

C.M., with Chorus.

W. G. FISCHER.



CHORUS.



221 *God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.*—JOHN iii. 16.

1 **G**OD loved the world of sinners lost

And ruined by the fall ;

Salvation full, at highest cost,

He offers free to all.

Chorus

O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,

The love of God to me ;

It brought my Saviour from above,

To die on Calvary.

2 Even now by faith I claim Him mine,

The risen Son of God ;

Redemption by His death I find,

And cleansing through His blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in

And to His saints makes known

The blessed rest from inborn sin,

Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;

There shall to you be given

A glorious foretaste here below

Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power

Let all the ransomed sing,

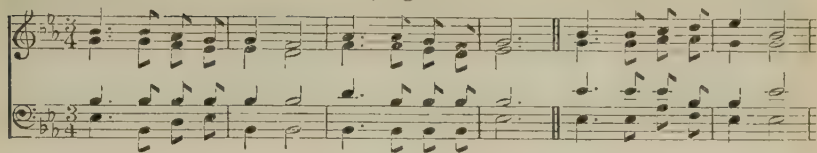
And triumph in the dying hour

Through Christ the Lord, our King.

M. M. Stockton.

Franconia.

6.5., eight lines. Attributed to T. HASTINGS.



(See also Tunes **LYNDHURST**, No. 779, and **VESPERS**, No. 723.)

222

He shall save them because they trust in Him.—PSALM xxxvii. 40.

1.

JESUS, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul,
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou canst make me whole :
There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee :
Thou hast died for sinners—
Therefore, Lord, for me.

2.

Jesus, I must trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days :
Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face :
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

3.

Jesus, I can trust Thee,
Trust Thy written Word,
Though Thy voice of pity
I have never heard :
When Thy Spirit teacheth,
To my taste how sweet !
Only may I hearken,
Sitting at Thy feet.

4.

Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt ;
Whosoever cometh,
Thou wilt not cast out :
Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood :
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God !

Mary J. Walker.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Enon. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

O. M. FEILDEN.

223

The Son of man must be lifted up.—JOHN xii. 34.

- 1 O my Saviour, lifted
From the earth for me,
Draw me, in Thy mercy,
Nearer unto Thee.
- 2 Lift my earth-bound longings,
Fix them, Lord, above :
Draw me with the magnet
Of Thy mighty love.

- 3 And I come, Lord Jesus .
Dare I turn away ?
No ! Thy love hath conquered,
And I come to-day ;
- 4 Bringing all my burdens,
Sorrow, sin and care :
At Thy feet I lay them,
And I leave them there.

W. W. How.

North Coates. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

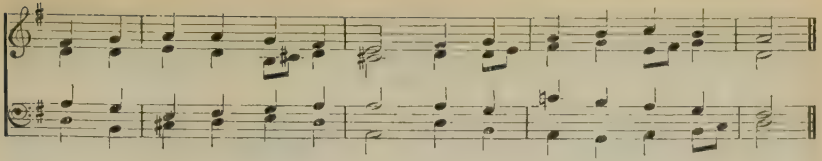
T. R. MATTHEWS.

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Cassel. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

THOMMEN'S Gesangbuch.



224

This man receiveth sinners.—LUKE xv. 2.

1 'JESUS sinners will receive':
Say this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall;
This can bring them back again,
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

2 Sick, and sorrowful, and blind,
I, with all my sins, draw nigh;
O my Saviour, Thou canst find
Help for sinners such as I;
Speak that word of love again,
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

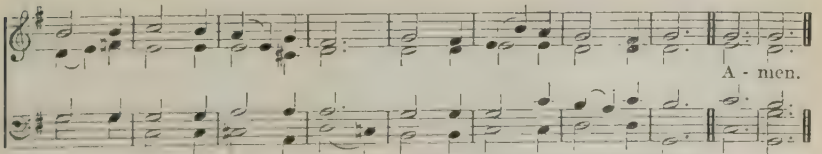
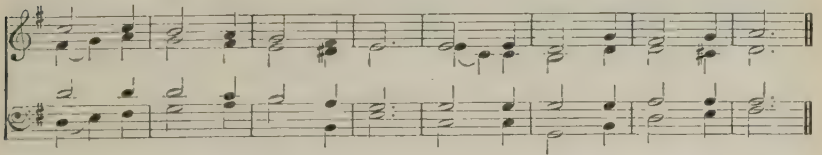
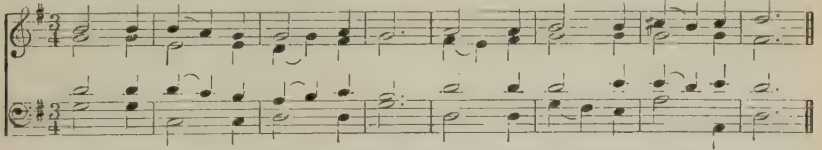
3 Yea, my soul is comforted;
For Thy blood hath washed away
All my sins, though crimson-red;
And I stand in white array,
Purged from every spot and stain;
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

4 'Christ receiveth sinful men':
Even me, with all my sin;
Openeth to me heaven again;
With Him I may enter in:
Death hath no more sting nor pain;
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

E. Neumeister, tr. Mrs. Bevan.

Woodside. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s., six lines.

J. THORNTON.

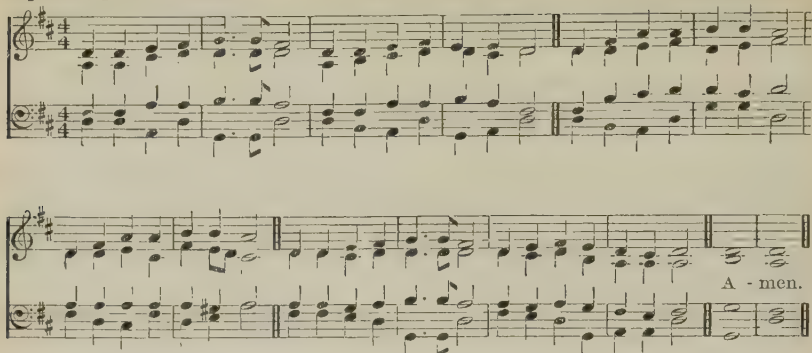


Copyright. Inserted by permission of Mr. J. Broadbent, from 'The Yorkshire Choralist.'

Ajalon. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

R. REDHEAD.



225

My God is the rock of my refuge.—PSALM xciv. 22.

1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

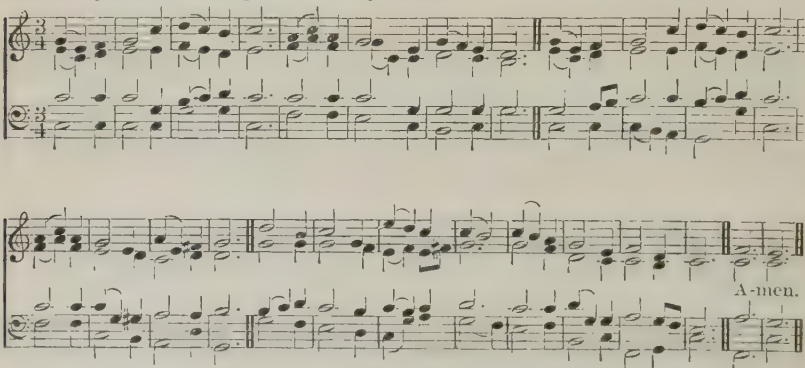
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady.

Wells. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

D. S. BORTNIANSKI.



Sarby. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

226 *God . . . hath quickened us together with Christ.*—Eph. ii. 4, 5.

- 1 **L**ORD, I was blind, I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace ;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.
- 2 Lord, I was deaf, I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice ;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And sweet are all Thy words, and dear.
- 3 Lord, I was dumb, I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy Name ;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.
- 4 Lord, I was dead, I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee ;
But now, since Thou hast quickened
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre. [me,
- 5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live ; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

W. T. Malson.

227 *They forsook their nets, and followed Him.*—MARK i. 18.

- 1 **L**ORD ! I repent, with grief and shame,
My aimless life, my selfish ways,
For I have heard Thee call my name,
Have seen the wonders of Thy grace.
- 2 Thy call to take the soldiers' way,
To leave behind the sinful past,
To watch by night and march by day,
Has reached my slumbering soul at last.
- 3 I see Thy standards lifted high ;
I hear the leaders' clarions call,
I can no more rest idly by ;
With them I'll fight, or with them fall.
- 4 Their foes be mine, and mine their road.
Theirs be my hope and my employ,
My duty theirs, and my abode ;
Mine be their conflict and their joy.

N. Barnaby.

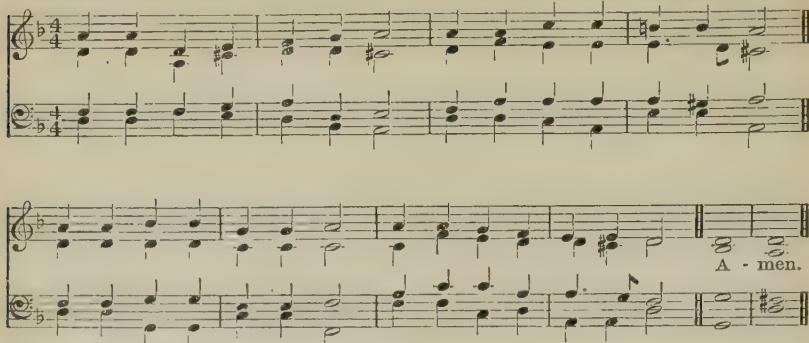
Cannons. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

G. F. HANDEL.

Heinlein. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7. Nürnbergisches Gesangbuch, 1676.



228

God be merciful to me, a sinner.—LUKE xviii. 13.

1 **S**INFUL, sighing to be blest ;
Bound, and longing to be free ;
Weary, waiting for my rest ;
' God be merciful to me ! '

2 Goodness I have none to plead ;
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need :
' God be merciful to me ! '

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs :
' God be merciful to me ! '

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee ;
I am not my own, but Thine :
' God be merciful to me ! '

5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone :
' God be merciful to me ! '

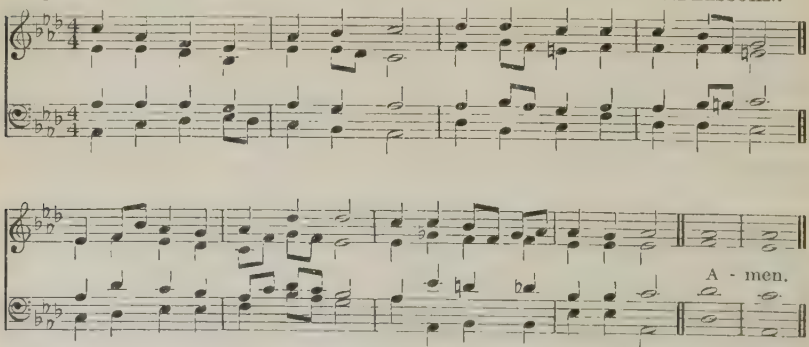
6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be ;
He's my all, and for His sake,
' God be merciful to me ! '

J. S. B. Monsell.

Elijah. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

From MENDELSSOHN.

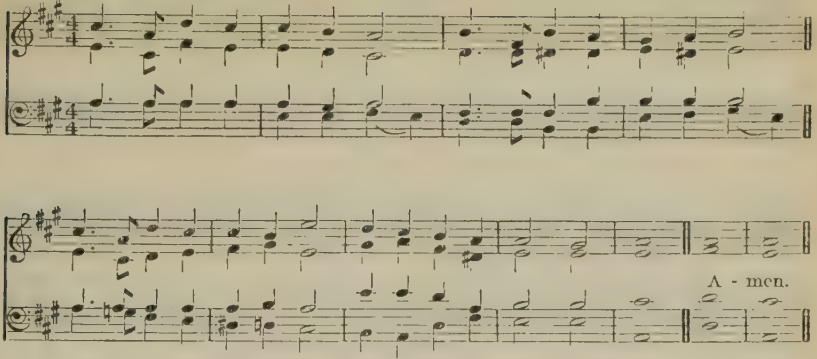


(See also TUNE CLARENCE, No. 674.)

Ellingham. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

S. N. GODFREY.



229

The Lord our God will we serve.—JOSHUA xxiv. 24.

1 **T**HINE for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

3 Thine for ever ! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

2 Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine for ever ! Shepherd, keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

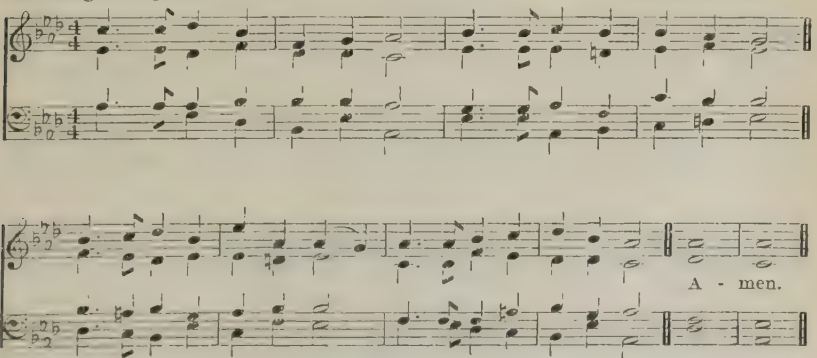
5 Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee, from earth to heaven !

Mrs. Mary F. Maude.

Newington. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

W. D. MACLAGAN.

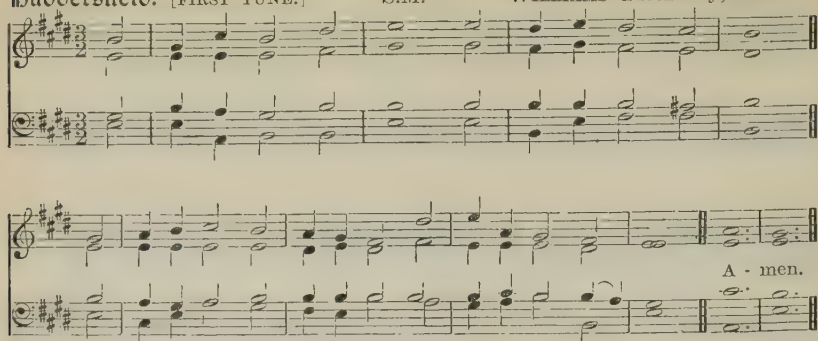


THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Thuddersfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

WILLIAMS' Psalmody, 1770.



230

Rejoice with them that do rejoice.—ROMANS xii. 15.

- 1 COME and rejoice with me !
For once my heart was poor,
And I have found a treasury
Of love, a boundless store.
- 2 Come and rejoice with me !
I, once so sick at heart,
Have met with One Who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.
- 3 Come and rejoice with me !
For I was wearied sore,
And I have found a mighty arm
Which holds me evermore.

- 4 Come and rejoice with me !
My feet so wide did roam,
And One has sought me from afar,
And beareth me safe home.
- 5 Come and rejoice with me !
For I have found a Friend
Who knows my heart's most secret
Yet loves me without end. [depths]
- 6 I knew not of His love :
And He had loved so long,
With love so faithful and so deep,
So tender and so strong.

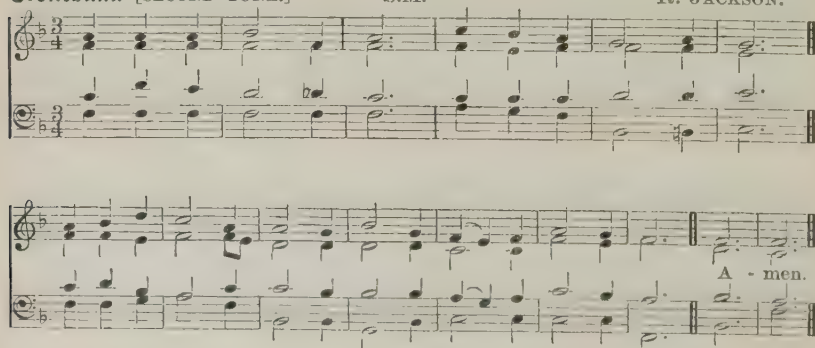
- 7 And now I know it all,
Have heard and known His voice,
And hear it still from day to day,—
Can I enough rejoice ?

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

Trentbam. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

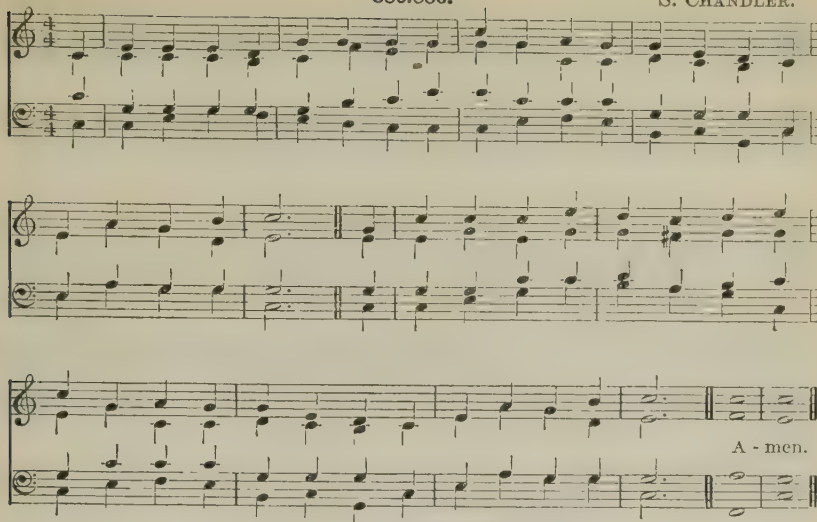
R. JACKSON.



Hull.

886.886.

S. CHANDLER.



231

They shall look on Him Whom they pierced.—JOHN xix. 37.

1 **O** THOU Who hast redeemed of old,
 And bidst me of Thy strength take hold,
 And be at peace with Thee ;
 Help me Thy benefits to own,
 And hear me tell what Thou hast done,
 O dying Lamb, for me.

2 Vouchsafe the eye of faith to see
 The Man transixed on Calvary,
 To know Thee Who Thou art,—
 The one eternal God and true !
 And let the sight affect, subdue,
 And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
 Reveal the charity divine
 That suffered in my stead ;
 That made Thy soul a sacrifice,
 And quenched in death those gracious eyes,
 And bowed that sacred head.

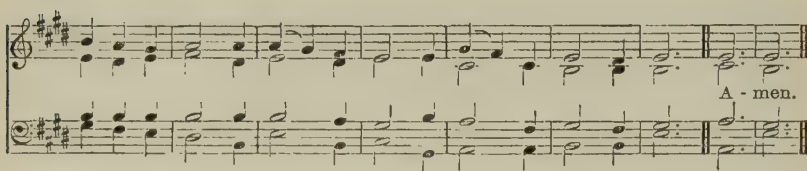
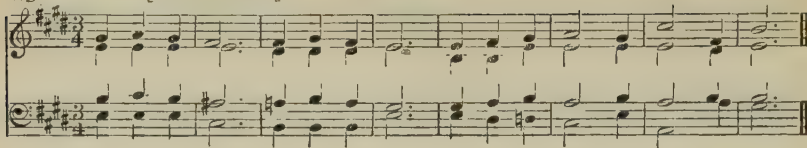
4 The veil of unbelief remove ;
 And by Thy manifested love,
 And by Thy sprinkled blood,
 Destroy the love of sin in me,
 And get Thyself the victory,
 And bring me back to God.

C. Wesley.

Agnus Dei. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.6.

W. Blow.



232

And he arose, and came to his father.—LUKE XV. 20.

1.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3.

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

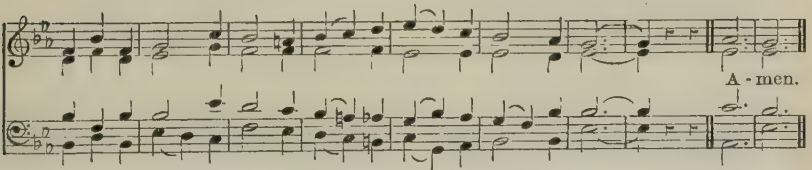
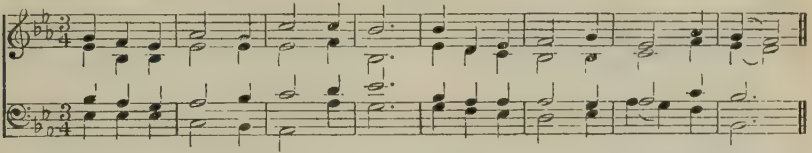
7.

Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

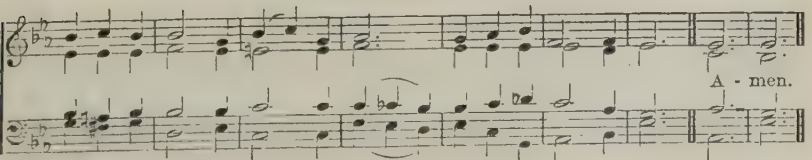
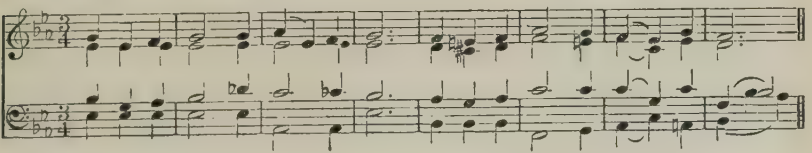
Miscricordia. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.6.

HENRY SMART.



Rawdon. [THIRD TUNE.] 8.8.8.6.

Anon. Har. by C. B.

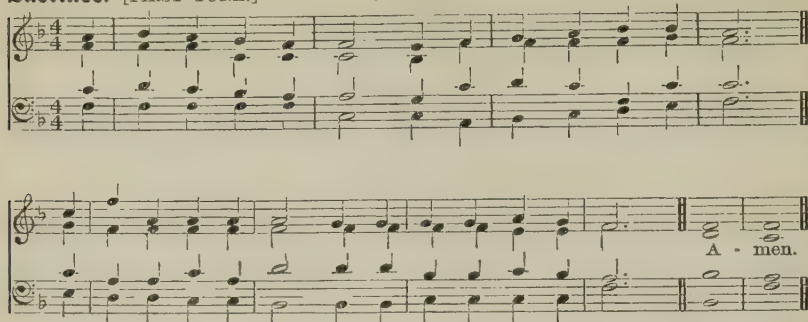


THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Sacrifice. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

H. LAHEE.



233

O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.—PSALM cxvi. 16.

1 **I**N full and glad surrender,
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only
And evermore to be.

2 O Son of God, Who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have, and am, Lord,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus,
O make my heart Thy throne
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

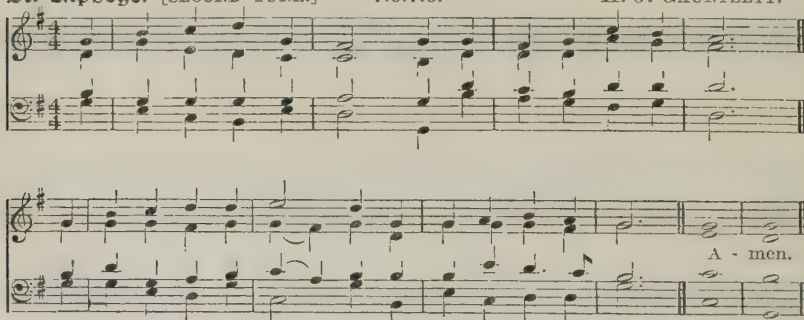
4 O come and reign, Lord Jesus,
Rule over everything;
And keep me always loyal
And true to Thee, my King.

Frances R. Havergal.

St. Alphege. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

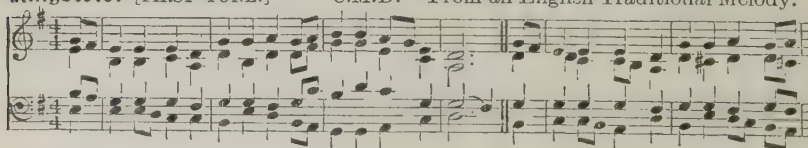


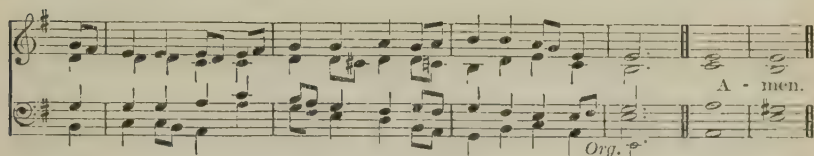
From 'The English Hymnal.' By permission of the Oxford University Press.

Kingsfold. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.D.

From an English Traditional Melody.





234

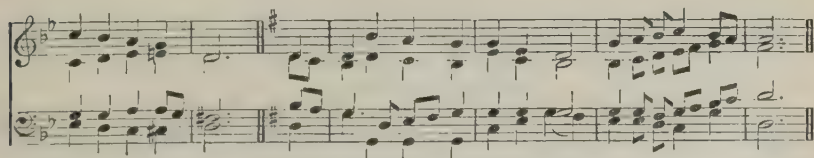
Call Thou, and I will answer.—JOB xlii. 22.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 'Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast':
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live':

I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

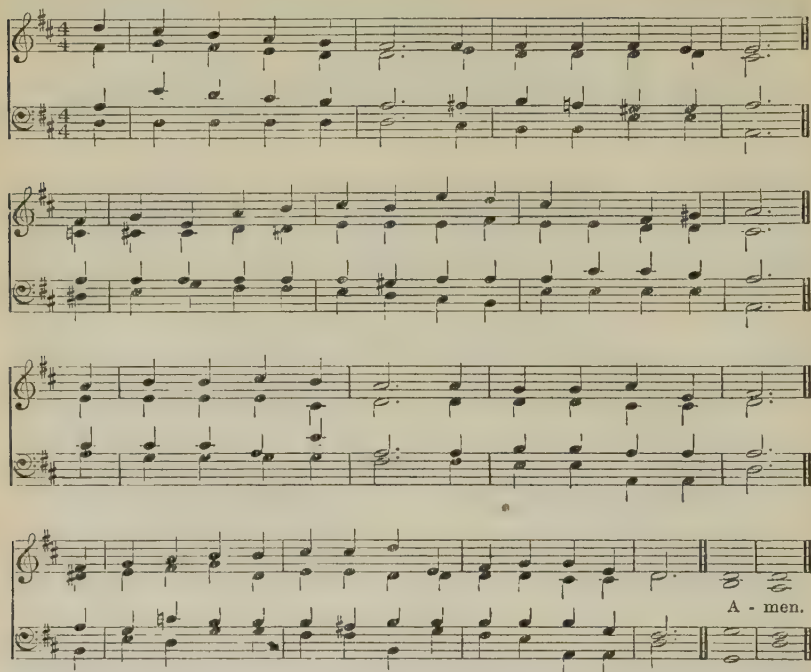
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright':
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him, my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

*H. Bonar.***Vox Dilecti.** [SECOND TUNE.]**C.M.D.****J. B. DYKES.**

(See also Tune BLENDEN, No. 105.)

Evening Shadows. [FIRST TUNE.] S.M.D.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.



235

Ye were as sheep going astray.—1 PETER ii. 25

1.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold :
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled :
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

2.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill.
 O'er deserts waste and wild :
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.

3.

Jesus my Shepherd is ;
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole ;
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep ;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

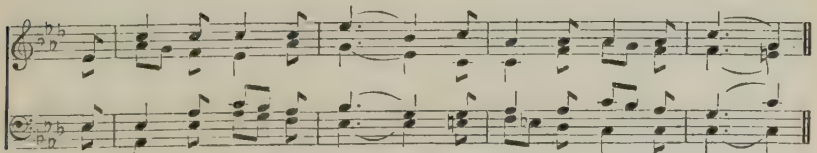
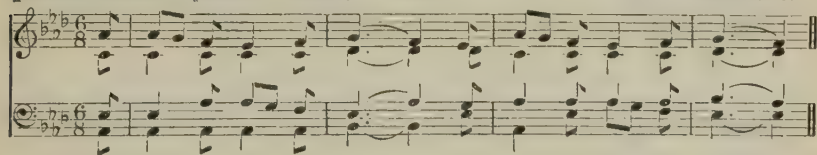
4.

I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled,
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold !
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam ;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home !

H. Bonar.

Pastor Bonus. [SECOND TUNE.] S.M.D.

A. J. CALDICOTT.

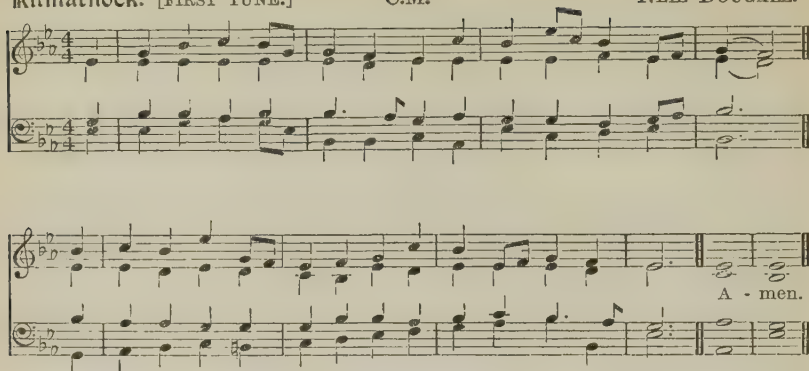


THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Kilmarnock. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

NEIL DOUGALL.



236

Return unto the Lord thy God.—HOSEA xiv. 1.

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And, though His arm be strong to smite
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground ;

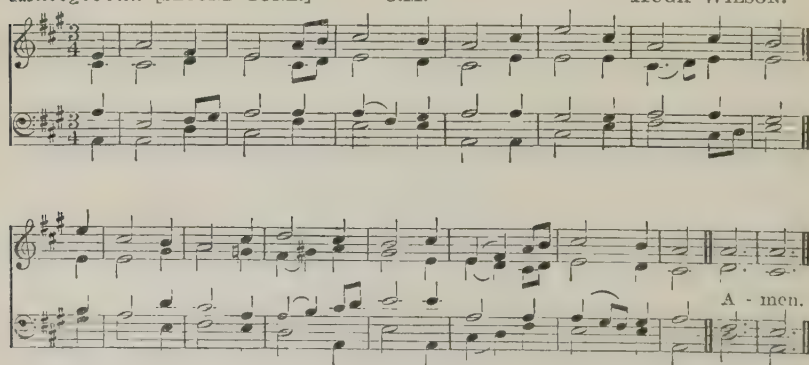
6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

John Morison.

Martyrdom. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

HUGH WILSON.

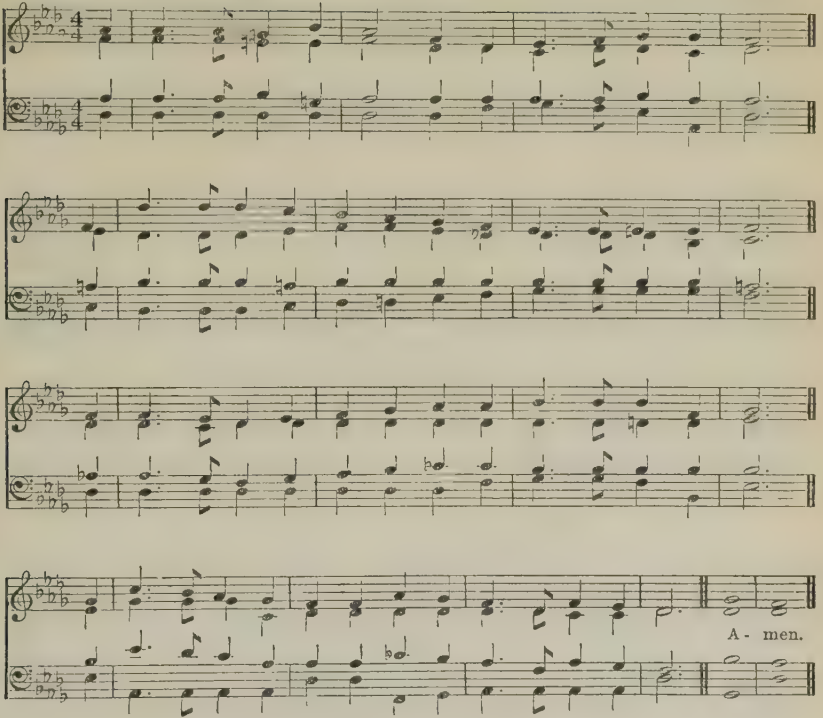


(For other version, see No. 469.)

St. Christopher.

76.86.86.86.

F. C. MAKER.



237

The shadow of a great rock, in a weary land.—ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

1 **B**ENEATH the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock,
Within a weary land :
A home within the wilderness.
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet !
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide ;
And there between us stands the cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon the cross of Jesus
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me ;
And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Trust.

8.8.8.6.

G. W. TORRANCE.

238

His great love wherewith He loved us.—EPHESIANS ii. 4.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
And Thy exceeding love.</p> | <p>2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er,
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

Jane Crewdson.

(See also Tune SILVERSTONE, No. 318.)

Batty.

8.7.8.7.

Gradauer Choralbuch, 1735.

239

Take with you words, and return unto the Lord.—HOSEA xiv. 2. (R.V.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 LORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall;
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy Name we humbly call.</p> | <p>3 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded;
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.</p> |
| <p>2 Sinful thoughts and words unlevelling
Rise against us one by one;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone;</p> | <p>4 Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.</p> |

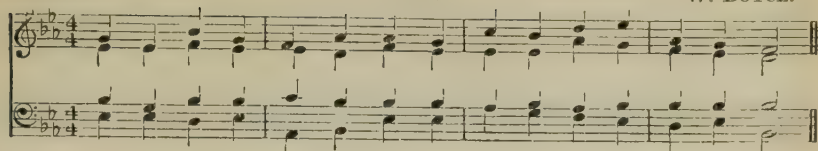
M. A. Sidebotham.

CRY FOR GRACE AND HELP.

Sbaron.

8.7.8.7.

W. BOYCE.



(See also Tune STUTTGART, No. 717.)

(3) THE CRY FOR GRACE AND HELP.

240 *They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. —ISAIAH xl. 31.*

1.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer :
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But by steep and rugged pathways
Would we strive to climb to Thee.

3.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our Guide ;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

5.

Let our path be bright or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be our share ;
May our souls, in hope unwearied,
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

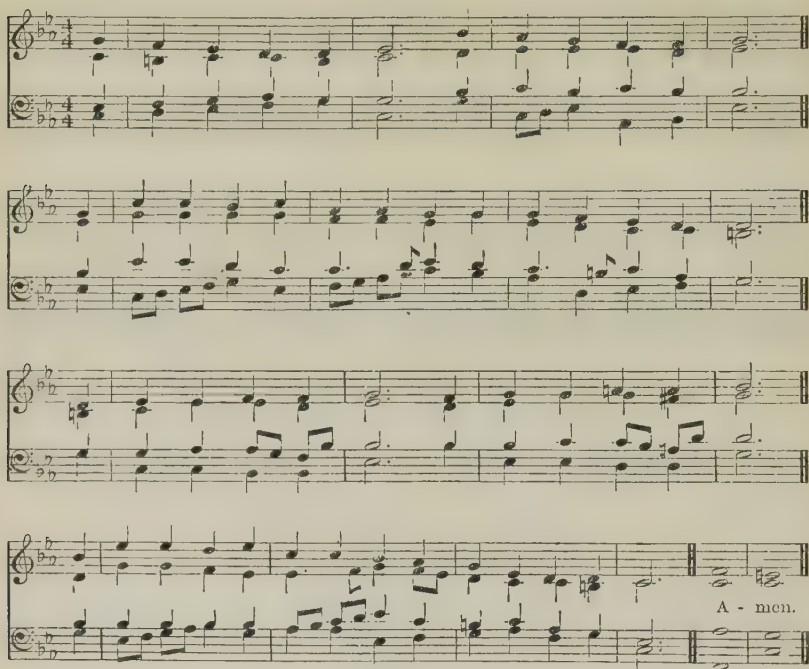
Mrs. L. M. Willis.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Camerton. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.D.

C. W. PEARCE.



241

I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me.—PHILIPPIANS iv. 13.

1.

JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name ;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

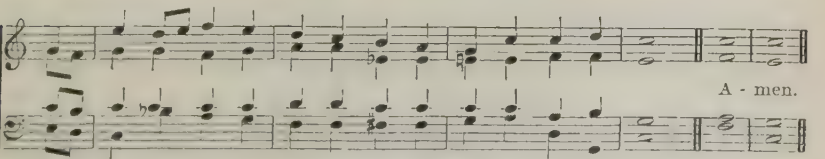
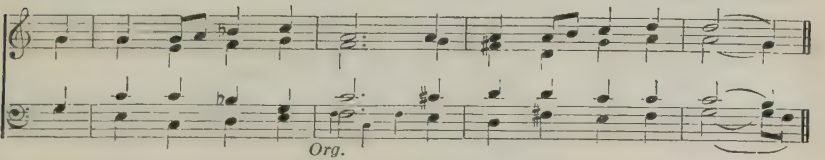
4 I rest upon Thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

C. Wesley.

Ansdell. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.D.

JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD.



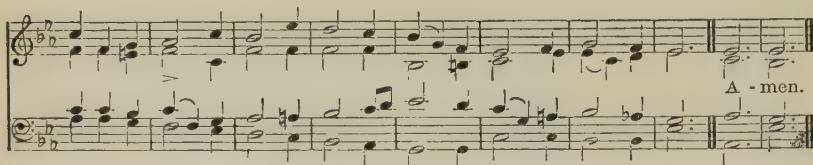
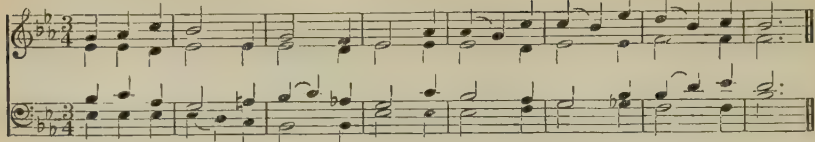
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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Dunelm. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

CHARLES VINCENT.



242

Christ shall give thee light.—EPHESIANS v. 14.

1 GRANT us Thy light, that we may
know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give ;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

2 Grant us Thy light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

3 Grant us Thy light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart ;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4 Grant us Thy light, in grief and pain
To lift our burdened hearts above ;
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

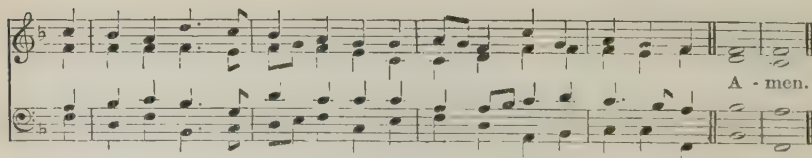
5 Grant us Thy light, that we may trace
A pledge of life in seeming death ;
And own the grave a resting place,
Nor dread at last to sleep beneath.

6 Grant us Thy light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

L. Tuttle.

Bishop (Hillsley.) [SECOND TUNE.] L.M.

J. BISHOP.

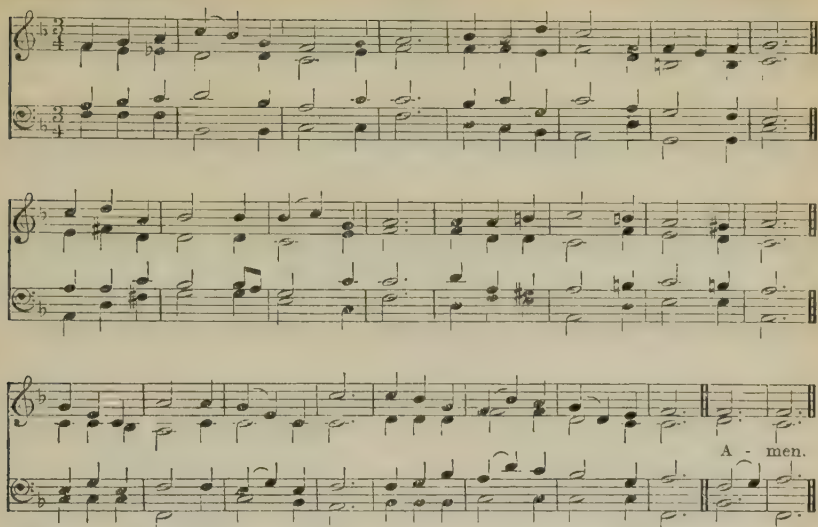


(For other version in Key G, see No. 41.)

Pater Omnium.

8s., six lines.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



243

*If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us
our sins.—1 JOHN i. 9.*

- 1 **W**E have not known Thee as we ought,
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power :
The things of earth have filled our thought,
And trifles of the passing hour :
Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,
And make us wise in knowing Thee.
- 2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed and word and thought
Remembering that God was nigh :
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.
- 3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee :
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see :
Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and know the Love Thou art.
- 4 We have not served Thee as we ought ;
Alas ! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervour wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won !
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.
- 5 When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve aright ?
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light ?
Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

T. B. Pollack.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Siloam.

C.M.D.

GIOVANNI GIORNIVICHI.

244

Jesus . . . took a child, and set him by Him.—LUKE ix. 47.

1 **A**s helpless as a child who clings
 Fast to his father's arm,
 And casts his weakness on the strength
 That keeps him safe from harm ;
 So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
 And thus I every hour
 Would link my earthly feebleness
 To Thine Almighty power.

2 As trustful as a child who looks
 Up in his mother's face,
 And all his little griefs and fears
 Forgets in her embrace ;
 So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
 And in Thy face divine
 Can read the love that will sustain
 As weak a faith as mine.

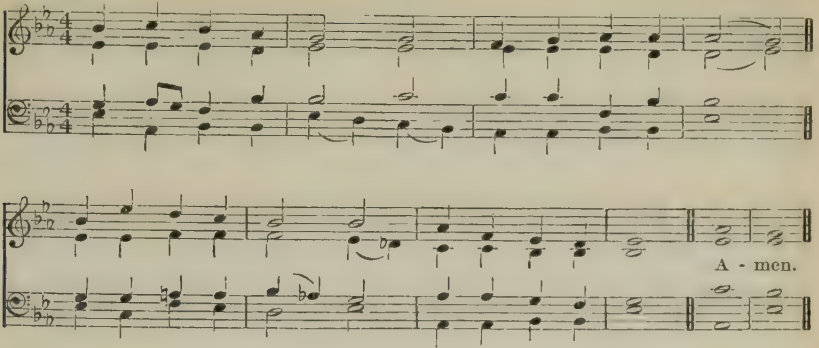
3 As loving as a child who sits
 Close by his parent's knee,
 And knows no want while he can have
 That sweet society ;
 So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
 Would all its love outpour,
 And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
 To love Thee more and more.

J. D. Burns.

Enon. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

O. M. FEILDEN.



245

Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.—LUKE xvii. 13.

1 JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

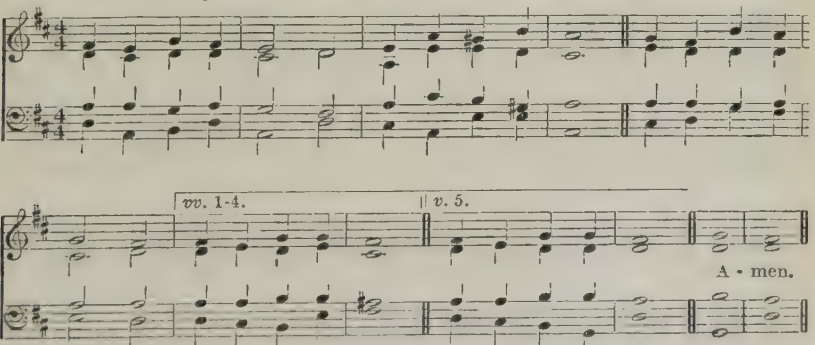
4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way,
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. Prynne.

St. Constantine. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5.6.5.

W. H. MONK.



(See also Tune BEMERTON, No. 338.)

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Eastnor. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

A. KING.

246

Whose I am, and whom I serve.—ACTS xxvii. 23.

1 DEAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see ;
My Conqueror, with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to Thee !

2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands—
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
And happy in Thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind :
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

5 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast ;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

6 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true ;
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through !

7 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train,
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
When Thou return'st to reign !

T. H. Gull.

Clifton. [SECOND TUNE.]

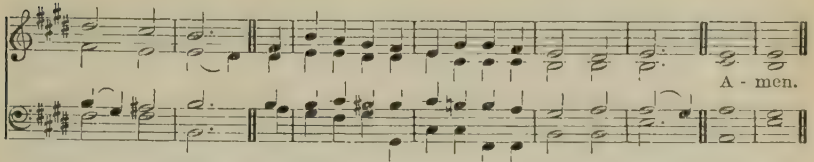
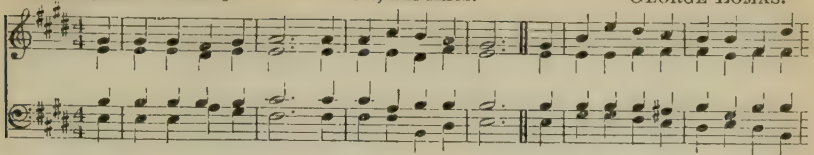
S.M.

J. BRABHAM.

Oasis. [FIRST TUNE.]

6s., six lines.

GEORGE LOMAS.



247

He shall make an atonement for the holy place.—LEV. xvi. 16.

1 NOT for our sins alone
 Thy mercy, Lord, we sue;
 Let fall Thy pitying glance
 On our devotions too,
 What we have done for Thee,
 And what we think to do.

2 The holiest hours we spend
 In prayer upon our knees,
 The times when most we deem
 Our songs of praise will please,
 Thou Teacher of all hearts,
 Forgiveness pour on these.

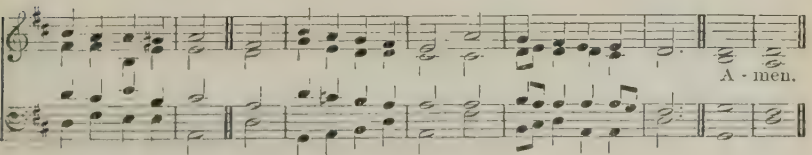
3 And all the gifts we bring,
 And all the vows we make,
 And all the acts of love
 We plan for Thy dear sake,
 Into Thy pardoning thought,
 O God of mercy, take.

4 Bow down Thine ear and hear,
 Open Thine eyes and see;
 Our very love is shame,
 And we must come to Thee,
 To make it of Thy grace
 What Thou wouldst have it be.
H. Twells.

Old 120th. [SECOND TUNE.]

6s., six lines.

ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Linton.

8.6.8.4.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

248

Make me to know my transgression and my sin.—JOB xiii. 23.

1 **S**HOW me myself, O holy Lord ;
Help me to look within ;
I will not turn me from the sight
Of all my sin.

2 Just as it is in Thy pure eyes
Would I behold my heart,—
Bring every hidden spot to light,
Nor shrink the smart.

3 Not mine, the purity of heart
That shall at last see God ;
Not mine, the following in the steps
The Saviour trod :

4 Not mine, the life I thought to live
When first I took His Name ;—
Mine but the right to weep and grieve
Over my shame.

5 Yet, Lord, I thank Thee for the sight
Thou hast vouchsafed to me ;
And, humbled to the dust, I shrink
Closer to Thee :

6 And if Thy love will not disown
So frail a heart as mine,
Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt,
But keep it Thine !

The Plymouth Hymnal.

Ambrose. [FIRST TUNE.]

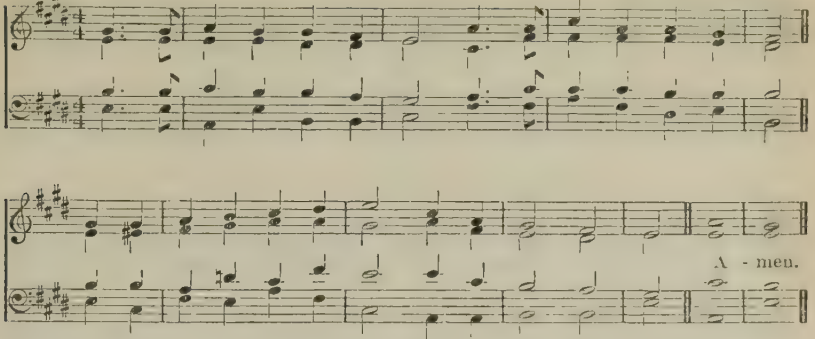
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H. J. GAUNTLETT.
Based on 8th Gregorian Tone.

Angelus. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

ROBERT JACKSON.

249 *He is able to succour them that are tempted.*—HEBREWS ii. 18.

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
Jesus, hear and save !

2 Great Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save !

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save !

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then ;
Jesus, hear and save !

R. Heber.

2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat :
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill :
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold :
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess :
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free :
Hear, forgive, and save.

Mrs. Eliza F. Morris.

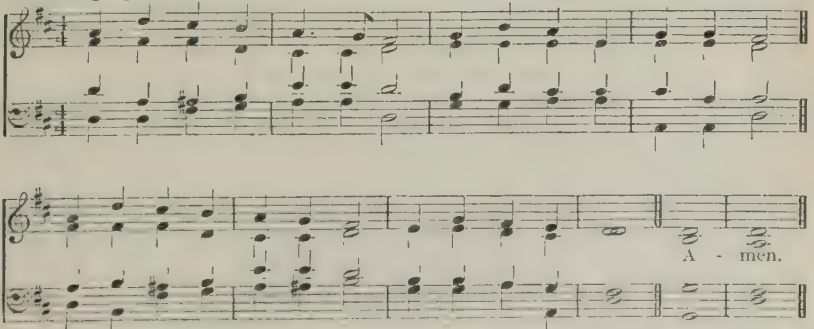
250 *Thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel, Seek ye Me, and ye shall live.*—AMOS v. 4.

1 GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place :
Hear, forgive, and save.

Ledbury. [THIRD TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

A. KING.

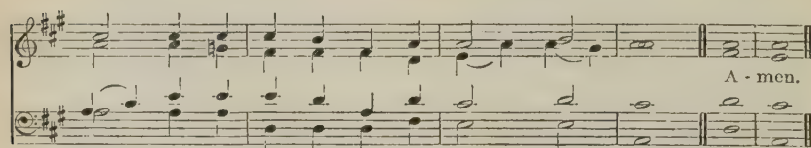
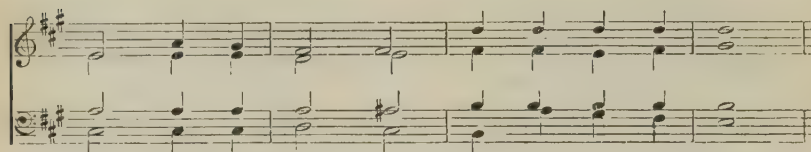
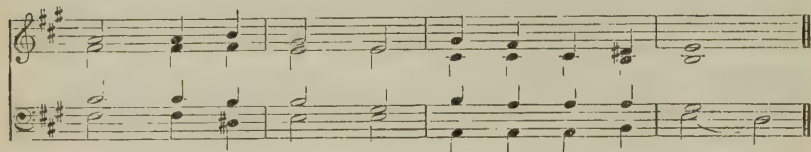


THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Rakestraw. [FIRST TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

CUTHBERT HOWARD.



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251

He that entereth in by the door, is the Shepherd of the sheep.—JOHN x. 2.

1.

COME in, O come ! the door stands open now ;
 I knew Thy voice ; Lord Jesus, it was Thou ;
 The sun has set long since : the storms begin ;
 'Tis time for Thee, my Saviour, O come in !

2.

I seek no more to alter things, or mend,
 Before the coming of so great a Friend ;
 All were at best unseemly ; and 'twere ill,
 Beyond all else, to keep Thee waiting still.

3.

Then, as Thou art, all holiness and bliss,
Come in, and see my chamber as it is ;
I bid Thee welcome boldly, in the name
Of Thy great glory and my want and shame.

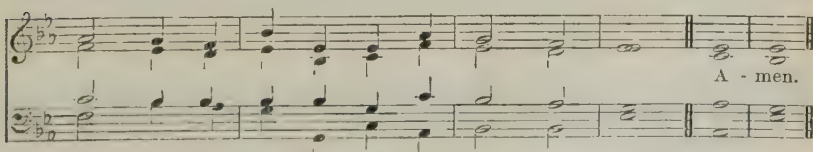
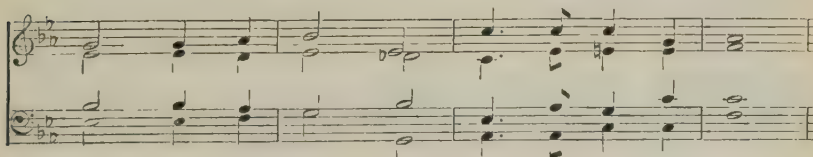
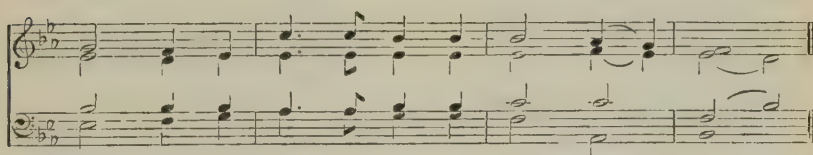
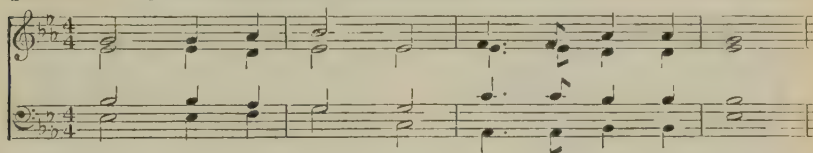
4.

Come, not to find, but make, this troubled heart
A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art ;
To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin,
Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in !

H. C. G. Moule.

Penitential. [SECOND TUNE.] 10.10.10.10.

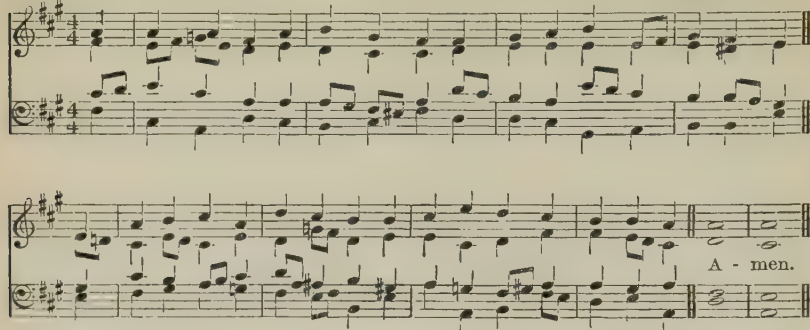
E. DEARLE.



(See also Tune MORECAMBE, No. 498.)

Breslau. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M. As Hymnodus Sacer, Leipsic, 1625.



(4) FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

(See also Section IX. (4) 'The Prayer Meeting.')

252 *With him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—ISA. lvii. 15.*

1 TWO temples doth Jehovah prize,
Nor will from either e'er depart;
One is above the starry skies,
The other is the lowly heart.

2 In that He dwelleth as a Sun,
Radiant with majesty divine;
In this His beams are felt, but none
May tell how He is in the shrine.

3 Enough, if He in very deed
His presence there in grace accord;
Enough, the lowly heart can read,
It is a temple of the Lord.

4 Such heart, O God, be ever mine!
Let lowliness so deep be there,
That hoping, trusting it is Thine,
Thy glory it may humbly bear.

T. Davis.

253 *That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.—Eph. iii. 17.*

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward
strength;
Make our enlargèd souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and
length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

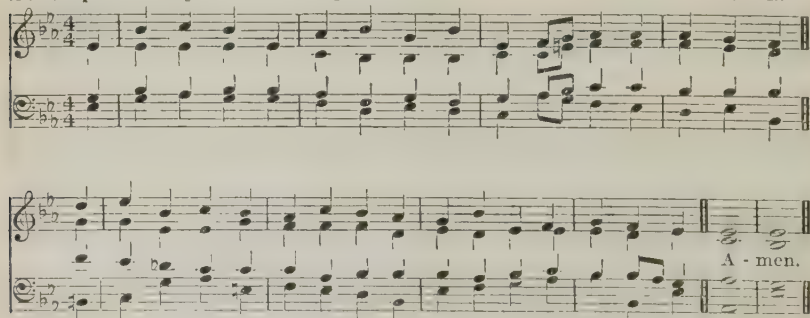
3 Now to the God Whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ His
Son.

I. Watts.

St. Sepulchre. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

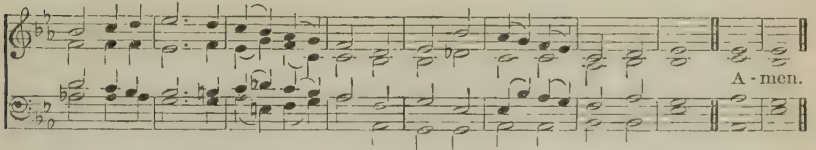
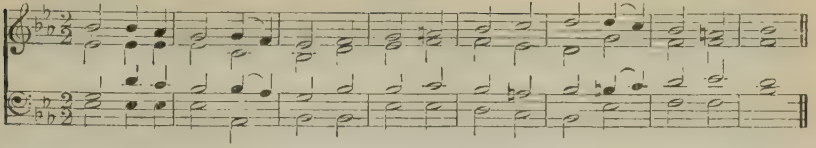
G. COOPER.



Windhead. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

ETHEL EARLE.



254 *He that created the heavens, will hold thine hand.—Is. xlii. 5, 6.*

- 1 NO human eyes Thy face may see ;
No human thought Thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow.
- 2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God Who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught,
To seek Thy present aid may dare.
- 3 And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know the Eternal Mind ;
- 4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine.
- 5 So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to Thee.

T. W. Higginson.

255 *But be not Thou far from me, O Lord.—Ps. xlii. 19.*

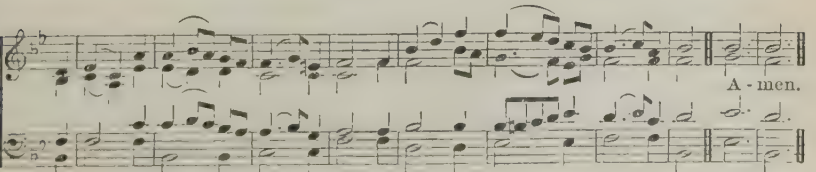
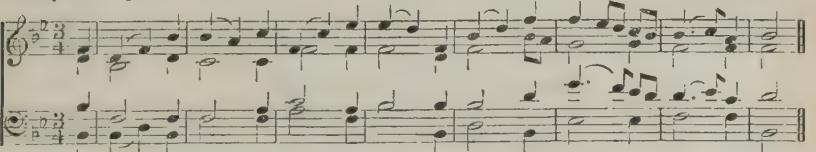
- 1 LEND me, O Lord, Thy softening cloud,
When sunshine makes a heaven below,
Lest in the brightness I be proud,
Forgetful whence the sunbeams flow.
- 2 Lend me, O Lord, Thy fire divine,
When darkness hides Thee from my soul,
Lest in the desert I repine.
Forgetful whence the shadows roll.
- 3 Be Thou the shade on my right hand,
When in my strength I stand alone
And when in night I lose the land,
Be Thou my Star, my guiding One.
- 4 Thy cloud that meets me in the day
Is but the shadow of Thy wing,
Concealing from my sight the way
That faith alone may homeward bring.
- 5 Thy fire that meets me in the night
Is the full brightness of Thy face,
Revealing through my tears a light
That leads me to Thy dwelling-place.

G. Matheson.

Meapolis. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

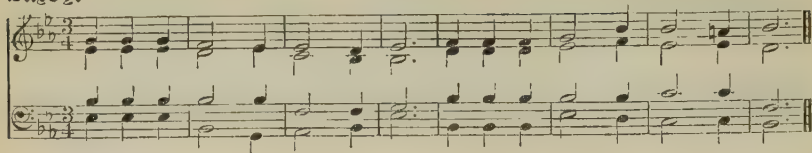
From HAYDN.



Sarby.

L.M.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



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(See also TUNE WHITBURN, No. 375.)

256

Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.—COLOSSIANS iii. 15.

1.

O BLESSÈD life ! the heart at rest
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.

2.

O blessèd life ! the mind that sees,
Whatever change the years may bring,
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

3.

O blessèd life ! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

4.

O blessèd life ! heart, mind, and soul
From self-born aims and wishes free
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

5.

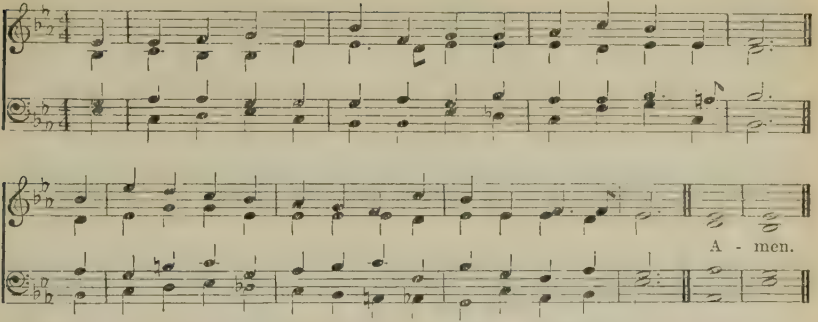
O life ! how blessèd, how divine
High life, the earnest of a higher
Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessèd life be mine.

W. T. Matson.

St. Hugh. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS.



257 *I will commune with thee from above
the mercy seat.—EXODUS XXV. 22.*

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer :
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea ;
With this I venture nigh :
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee.
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.
- 4 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name !
John Newton.

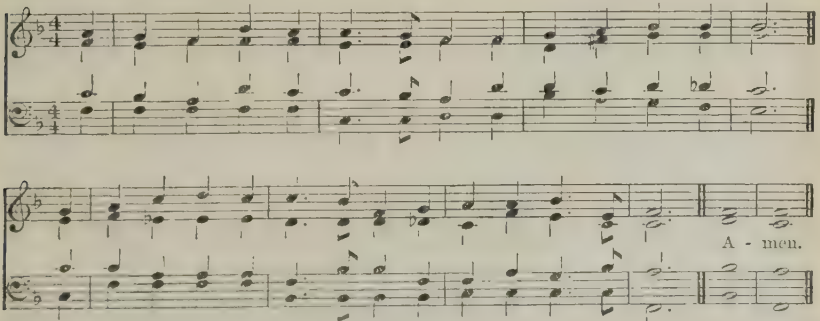
258 *With Him in the holy mount.—
2 PETER I. 18.*

- 1 **I** WOULD commune with Thee, my
E'en to Thy seat I come : {God :
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.
- 2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul :
I hear the storms in vales beneath.
I hear the thunders roll :
- 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies ;
And to the height on which I stand.
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- 4 O this is life ! O this is joy !
My God, to find Thee so !
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.
G. B. Bubier.

Dalehurst. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Sawley. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

J. WALCH.

Org.

A - men.

Org.

259 *I will . . . teach thee in the way which thou shalt go.—Ps. xxxii. 8.*

- 1 **S**PEAK to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.
- 2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care ;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face ;
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

C. Wesley.

260 *Thou compassedst my path and my lying down.—Ps. cxxxix. 3.*

- 1 **M**ADE lowly wise, we pray no more
For miracle and sign ;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.
- 2 No longer in our helplessness,
As pilgrims worn and weak,
In hopes to reach Thy presence, Lord,
Some far-off shrine we seek.
- 3 We turn from following Thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.
- 4 And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy should mingle with the faith
That feels Thee ever near !
- 5 And not the less shall hearts be pure,
Nor less shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

Tudor. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

J. P. JEWSON.

Org.

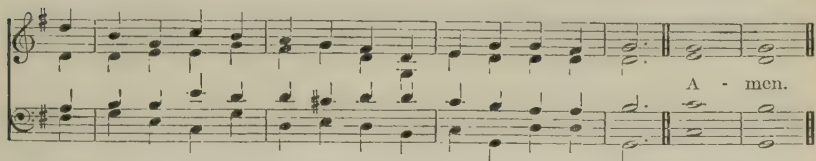
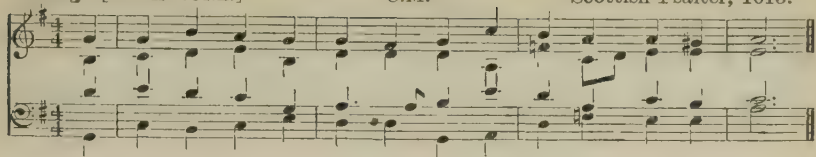
A - men.

Org.

Abbey. [FIFTH TUNE.]

C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.

261 *Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.*—JOHN XX. 29.

- 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes un-
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

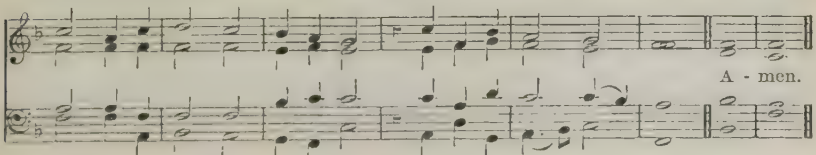
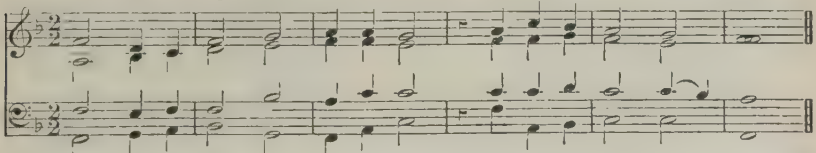
Ray Palmer.

262 *He restoreth my soul.*—Ps. xxiii. 3.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper.

Hun Danket All'. [SIXTH TUNE.] C.M. Crüger's Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1653.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Audite Audientes Me.

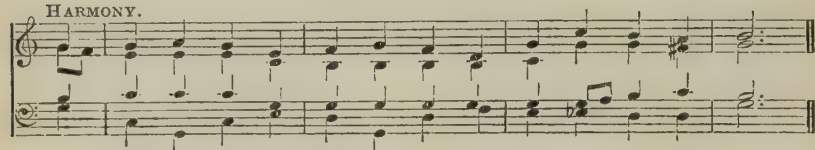
C.M.D.

A. SULLIVAN.

UNISON.



HARMONY.



(See also Tune ST. MATTHEW, No. 569.)

263

Walk humbly with thy God.—MICAH vi. 8.

- 1 O WALK with God, and thou shalt find
How He can charm thy way,
And lead thee with a quiet mind
Into the perfect day:
His love shall cheer thee, like the dew
That bathes the drooping flower;
That love is every morning new,
Nor fails at evening hour.
- 2 O walk with God, and thou with smiles
Shalt tread the way of tears;
His mercy every ill beguiles,
And softens all our fears,
No fire shall harm thee, if, alas!
Through fires He bids thee go;
Through waters when thy footsteps pass,
They shall not overflow.

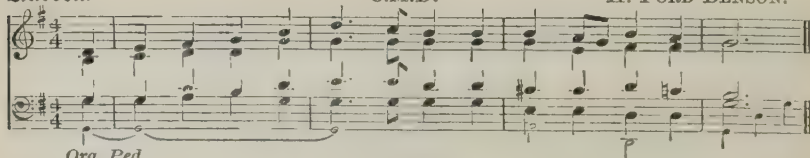
- 3 O walk with God, whilst thou on earth
With pilgrim steps must fare,
Content to leave the world its mirth,
And claim no dwelling there.
A stranger, thou must seek a home
Beyond the fearful tide,
And if to Canaan thou wouldst come,
O who but God can guide?
- 4 O walk with God, and thou shalt go
Down death's dark vale in light,
And find thy faithful walk below
Hath reached to Zion's height.
O walk with God, if thou wouldst see
Thy pathway thither tend;
And, lingering though thy journey be,
'Tis heaven and home at end.

A. C. CORE.

Aurora.

C.M.D.

H. FORD BENSON.



Org. Ped.

A - men.

(See also TUNE PETERSHAM, No. 200.)

264

How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God !—PSALM xxxvi. 7.

1 THE Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind ;
O come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool ;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high ;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him
And have security.
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind that bloweth healthily
Thy sicknesses to heal.

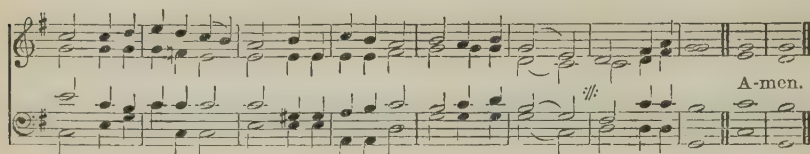
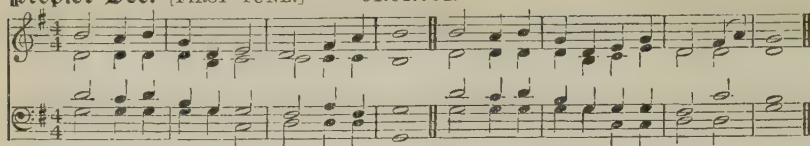
3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell ;
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live ;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

T. T. Lynch.

Propior Deo. [FIRST TUNE.]

64.64.664.

A. SULLIVAN.



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265 Behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven.—
GENESIS xxviii. 12.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee :
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

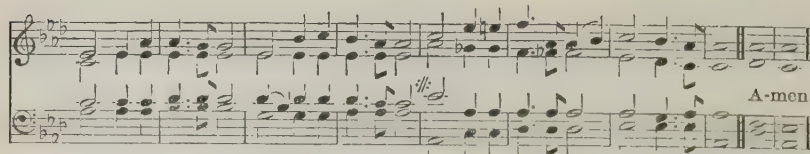
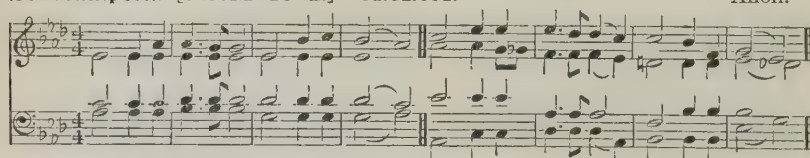
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Southampton. [SECOND TUNE.] 64.64.664.

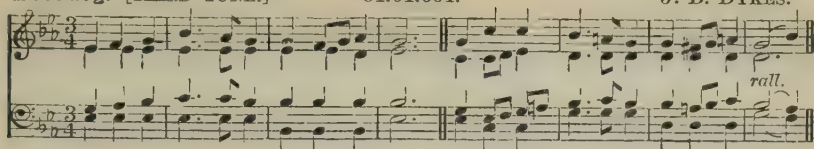
Anon.



Thorbury. [THIRD TUNE.]

64.64.664.

J. B. DYKES.



266

Enoch walked with God.—GENESIS v. 24.

1 WALKING with Thee, my God,
Saviour benign,
Daily confer on me
Converse divine :
Jesus, in Thee restored,
Brother and Holy Lord,
Let it be mine !

2 Walking with Thee, my God,
Like as a child
Leans on his father's strength,
Crossing the wild !
And by the way is taught
Lessons of holy thought,
Faith undefiled.

3 Darkness and earthly mists,
How do they flee
Far underneath my feet,
Walking with Thee !
Pure is that upper air,
Cloudless the prospect there,
Walking with Thee.

4 Walking in reverence
Humbly with Thee :
Yet from all abject fear
Lovingly free ;
E'en as a friend with friend,
Cheered to the journey's end,
Walking with Thee !

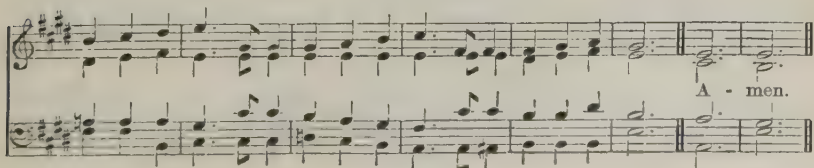
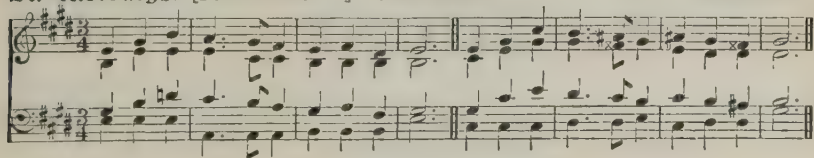
5 Then Thy companions here,
Walking with Thee,
Rise to a higher life—
Soul-liberty ;
They are not, here to love,
But to the home above
Taken by Thee.

6 Gently translated, they
Pass out of sight :
Gone, as the morning stars
Flee with the night ;
Taken to endless day :
So may I fade away
Into Thy light.

G. Rawson.

St. Werburgh. [FOURTH TUNE.] 64.64.664.

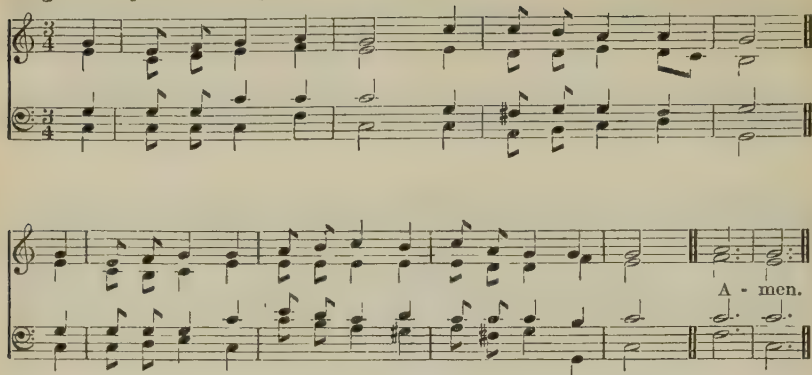
R. P. STEWART.



Boylston. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

LOWELL MASON.



267

God is the strength of my heart.—PSALM lxxiii. 26.

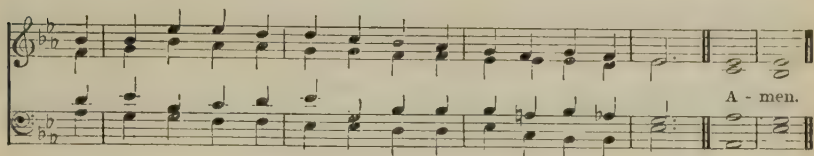
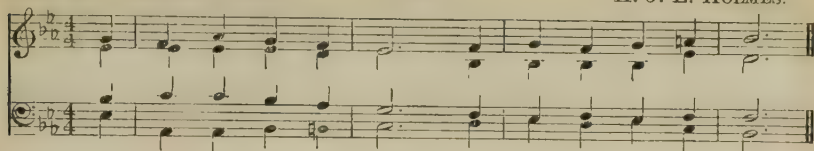
- 1 **W**HERE is thy God, my soul ?
 Is He within thy heart ?
 Or ruler of a distant realm
 In which thou hast no part ?
- 2 Where is thy God, my soul ?
 Only in stars and sun ?
 Or have the holy words of truth
 His light in every one ?
- 3 Where is thy God, my soul ?
 Confined to Scripture's page ?
 Or does His Spirit check and guide
 The spirit of each age ?
- 4 O Ruler of the sky,
 Rule Thou within my heart :
 O great Adorner of the world,
 Thy light of life impart.
- 5 Giver of holy words,
 Bestow Thy holy power ;
 And aid me, whether work or thought
 Engage the varying hour.
- 6 In Thee have I my help,
 As all my fathers had ;
 I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
 And serve Thee when I'm glad.

T. T. Lynch.

Par Dei. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



268

Still with Thee.—PSALM CXXXIX. 18.

- 1 **S**TILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad
I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

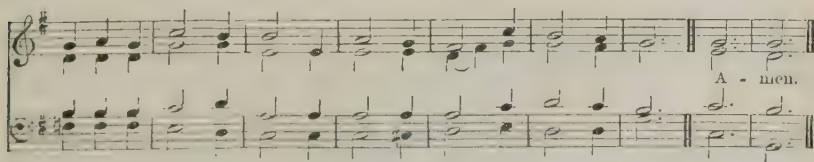
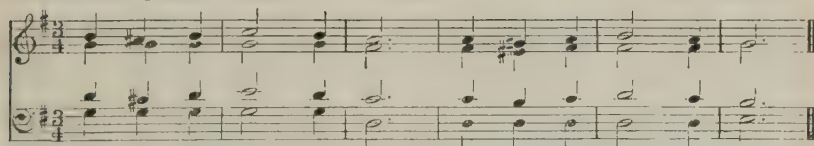
- 4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find.
- 5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.
- 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns.

Woolwich. [THIRD TUNE.]

S.M.

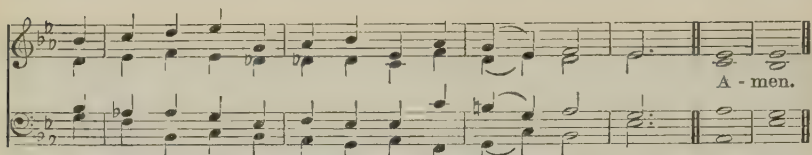
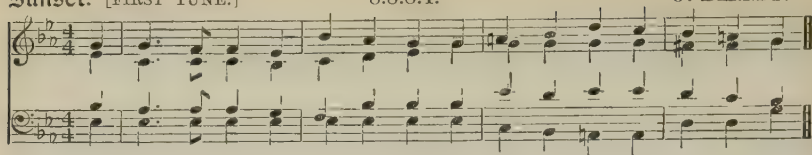
C. E. KETTLE.



Sunset. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

J. BARNBY.



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269

The hour of prayer.—ACTS iii. 1.

1 MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer ?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave ;

3 For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow,
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

5 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for
What peace of mind. [grief,—

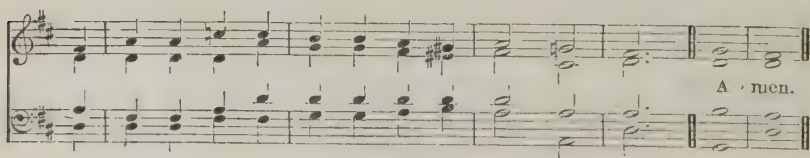
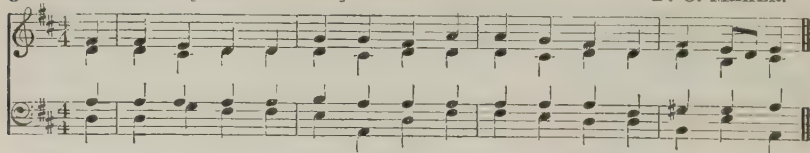
6 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay :
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

In Memoriam. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.4.

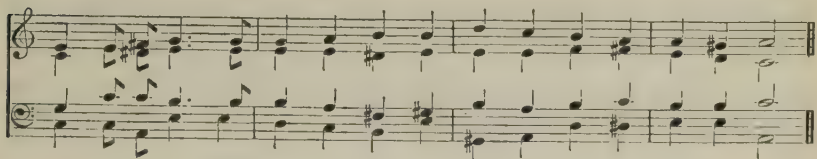
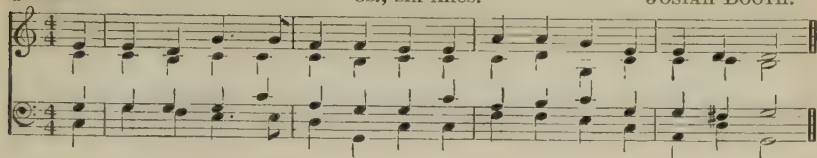
F. C. MAKER.



Peniel.

8s., six lines.

JOSIAH BOOTH.



(See also Tunes DURA, No. 298, and SURREY, No. 76.)

270

I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.—GENESIS xxxii. 26.

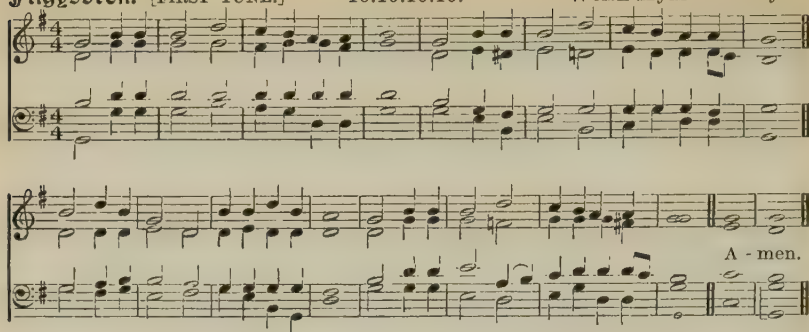
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee ;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.</p> <p>2 I need not tell Thee who I am ;
My misery or sin declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.</p> <p>3 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell :
To know it now resolved I am ;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.</p> | <p>4 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.</p> <p>5 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for
me !
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, universal Love Thou art :
To me, to all, Thy mercies move ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.</p> <p>6 My prayer hath power with God : the
Unspeaking I now receive ; [grace
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live ;
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.</p> |
|--|--|
- 7 I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end.
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

C. Wesley.

Ffigysbren. [FIRST TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

Welsh Hymn Melody.



271

Let us lift up our heart unto God in the heavens.—LAMENTATIONS iii. 41.

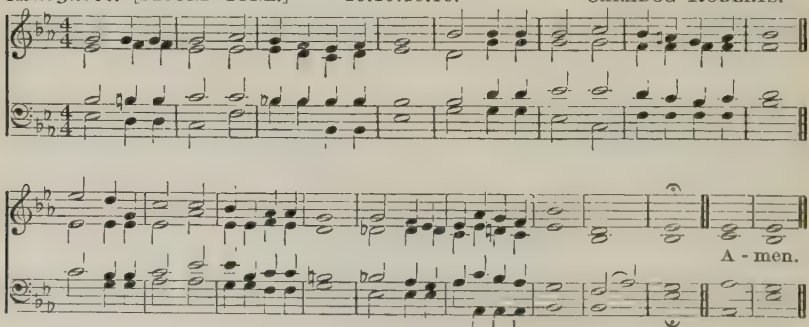
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 'LIFT up your hearts!' We lift them,
Lord, to Thee;
Here, at Thy feet, none other may we
see;
'Lift up your hearts! Even so, with
one accord, [Lord.
We lift them up, we lift them to the</p> <p>2 Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty
fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's
decay;
O Lord of light, lift all our hearts to-day.</p> <p>3 Above the swamps of subterfuge and
shame,
The deeds, the thoughts, that honour
may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell
the whole,
O Lord of truth, lift every Christian
soul.</p> | <p>4 Above the storms that vex this lower
state,
Pride, jealousy, and envy, rage, and
hate,
And cold mistrust that holds e'en
friends apart,
O Lord of love, lift every brother's heart.</p> <p>5 Lift every gift that Thou Thyself hast
given;
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven:
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming
brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God
again.</p> <p>6 Oh, if the hopes which thrill our hearts
to-day
Foreshadow aught that shall not pass
away,
And we may trust that all our days
shall be
Bound each to each by natural piety;</p> |
|---|---|
- 7 Then, as the trumpet-call, in after years
'Lift up your hearts!' rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
'We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord!'

H. M. Butler.

Margaret. [SECOND TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

CARADOG ROBERTS.

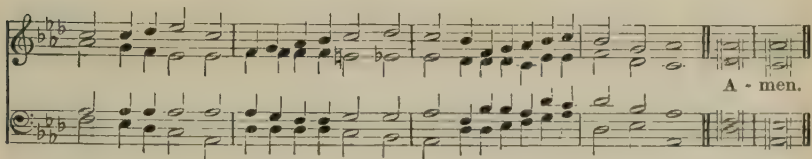
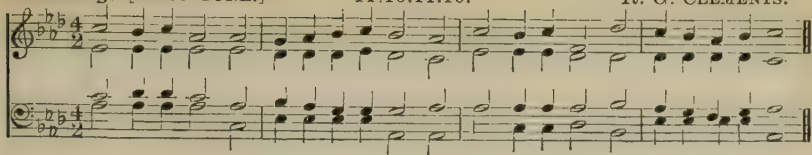


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Dawning. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.10.11.10.

R. G. CLEMENTS.



272

I have set the Lord always before me.—PSALM xvi. 8.

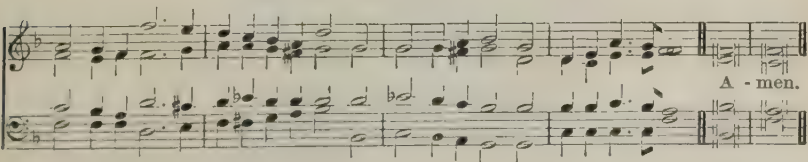
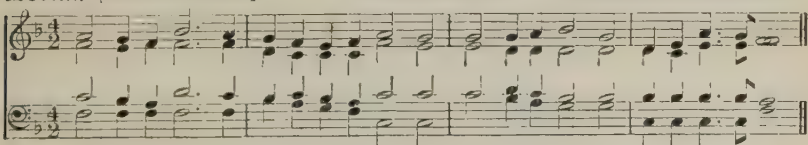
- 1 **S**TILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee :
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 Still, still with Thee ; as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.
- 4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.
- 5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee !

Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.

Berlin. [SECOND TUNE.]

11.10.11.10.

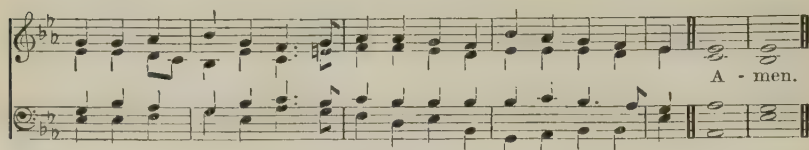
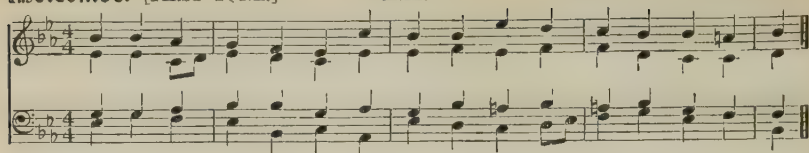
From MENDELSSOHN.



Melcombe. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

S. WEBBE.



(For this Tune in Key F, see No. 612.)

(5) HOLINESS AND LOVE.

273

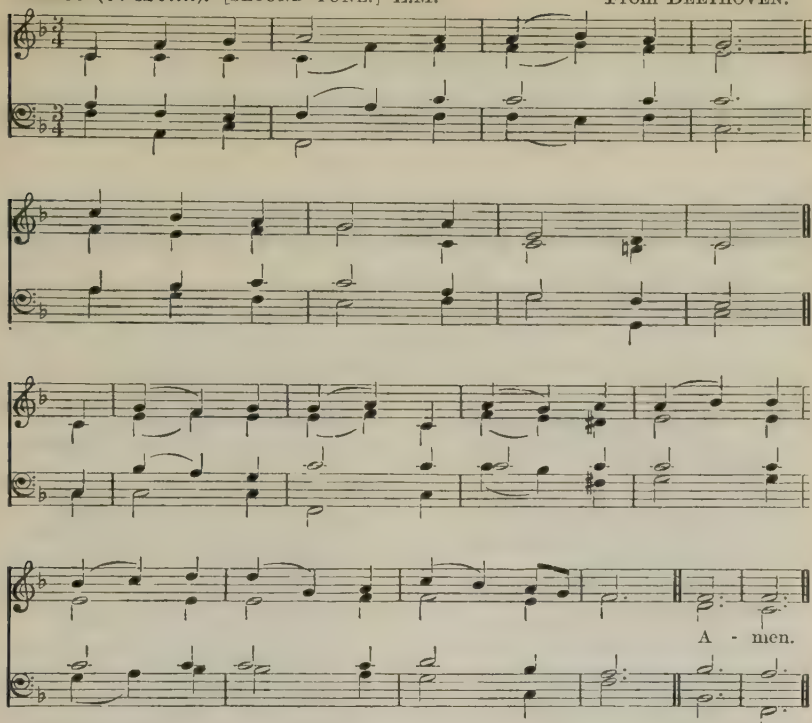
If any man serve Me, let Him follow Me.—JOHN xii. 26.

- 1 **H**OW shall I follow Him I serve ?
How shall I copy Him I love,
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above ?
- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode.
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road ?
- 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all ;
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.
- 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine ;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.
- 5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me
Thou camest, not Thyself to please ;
And dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these ?
- 6 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
That I may follow after Thee :
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

Josiah Conder.

Alsace (or Bonn). [SECOND TUNE.] L.M.

From BEETHOVEN.



274

Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.—TIT. ii. 10.

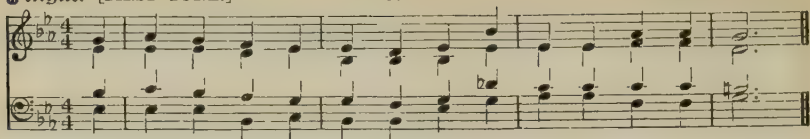
- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearing of the Lord ;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

I. Watts.

Fingal. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. S. ANDERSON.



From the 'Revised Church Hymnary.' By permission of the Oxford University Press.

275 *The love of Christ constraineth us.*
—2 COR. v. 14.

- 1 **M**Y God I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby ;
Nor because they who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.
- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace ;
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony ;
E'en death itself,—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well ?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell ;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward ;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.

- 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Because Thou art my loving God,
And my redeeming King.

Francis Xavier, tr. E. Caswall.

276 *Lord, mine heart is not haughty,
nor mine eyes lofty.*—Ps. cxxxi. 1.

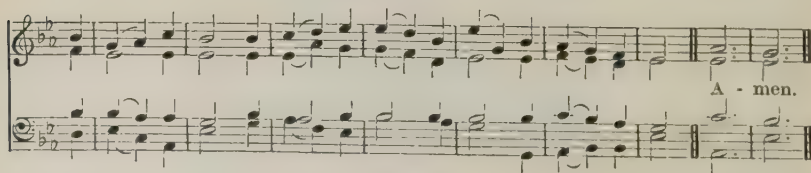
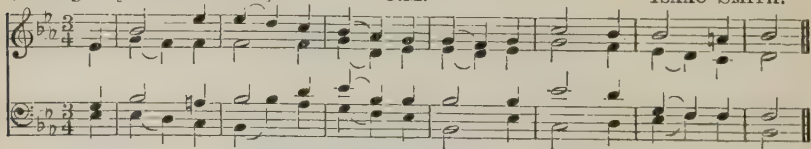
- 1 **O**UR Father, hear our longing prayer,
And help this prayer to flow,
That humble thoughts, which are Thy
care,
May live in us and grow.
- 2 For lowly hearts shall understand
The peace, the calm delight
Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,
A pleasure in Thy sight.
- 3 Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when Thy children homeward go
We too may enter in.
- 4 Hear us, our Saviour, ours Thou art,
Though we are not like Thee ;
Give us Thy Spirit in our heart,
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

G. MacDonald.

Abbridge. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

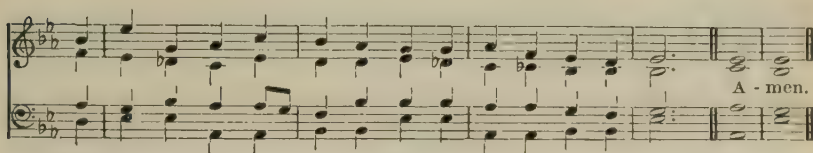
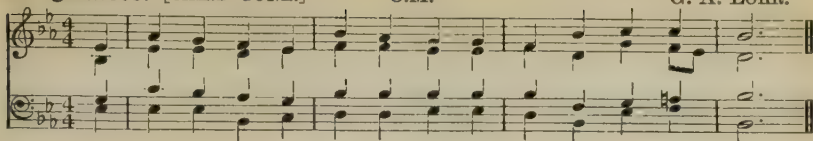
ISAAC SMITH.



St. Frances. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

G. A. LÖHR.



277 *Create in me a clean heart, O God.*
—PSALM li. 10.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Behaving, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

C. Wesley.

278 *Walk in love as Christ also hath*
loved us.—EPHESIANS v. 1.

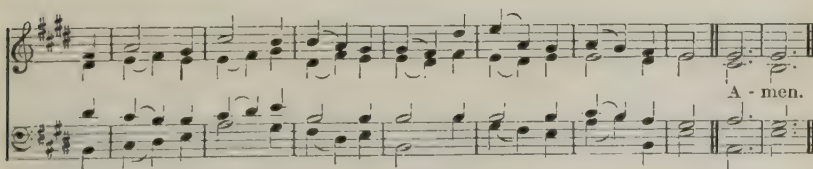
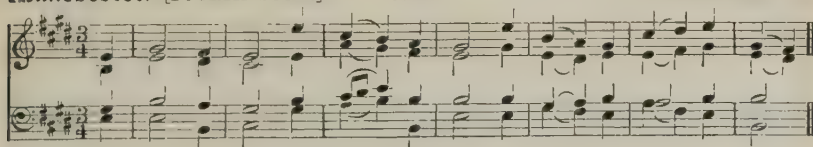
- 1 **L**ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be.
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free, as true as Thine.
- 4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

J. Hampden Gurney.

Manchester. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

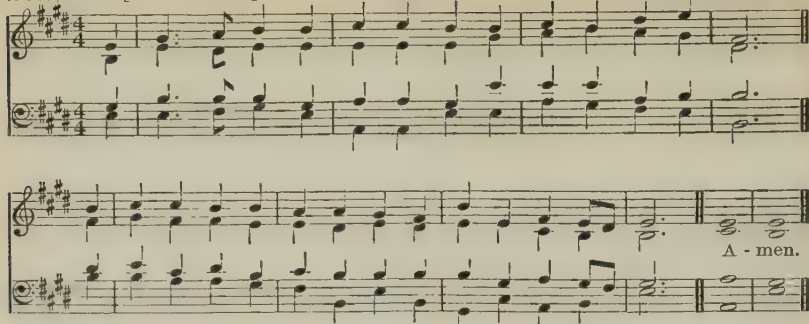
R. WAINWRIGHT.



Solomon. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

G. F. HANDEL.



279 *If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.—2 COR. v. 17.*

- 1 WE praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,
Our Saviour, kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.
- 2 New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys Thy grace has given;
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ties attach to heaven.
- 3 But yet, how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!
- 4 Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun;
Of Thine own strength, Thou must
In Thine own ways to run. [impart,
- 5 Ah! leave us not; from day to day
Revive, restore again;
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,
Our enemies restrain.
- 6 So shall we faultless stand at last
Before Thy Father's throne;
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own!

C. J. P. Spitta, tr. Miss Borthwick.

280 *Walk as children of light.—EPH. v. 8.*

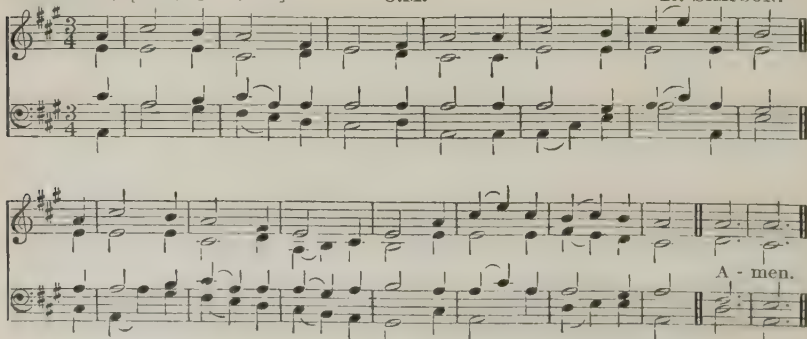
- 1 WALK in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
- 2 Walk in the light, and sin, abhorred,
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.
- 3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 4 Walk in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.
- 5 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 6 Walk in the light, and follow on
Till faith be turned to sight,
Where in divine communion
God is Himself the Light.

Bernard Barton.

Isallerna. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

R. SIMPSON.



Farrant. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

R. FARRANT



281 *Ever follow that which is good, both
among yourselves, and to all men.*
—1 THESS. v. 15.

- 1 **T**HOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do ;
In faith and trust we follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.
- 2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.
- 3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,—
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.
- 4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed.
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.
- 5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright :
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

W. Gaskell.

282 *Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?*
—PSALM lxxiii. 25.

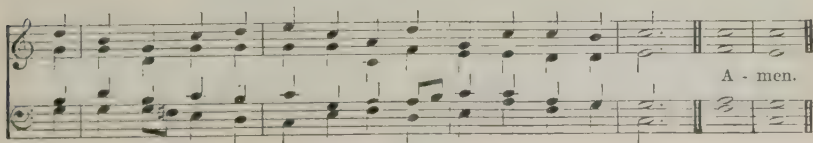
- 1 **M**Y God, I love Thee for Thyself,
All creature things above :
Thy glorious works, Thy blessed gifts
I praise ;—but Thee I love.
- 2 My God, I seek Thee for Thyself :
Besides, I ask not aught ;
If Thee Thyself I do not find,
All that I find is naught.
- 3 If Thou deniest me Thyself.
Whate'er Thou givest me,
Empty and void, I languish still,
And grieve unceasingly.
- 4 Give me to find, O gracious God,
Thee as my final end ;
To Thee in constancy of love,
Eternally to tend.

G. B. Bubier.

St. Leonard. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

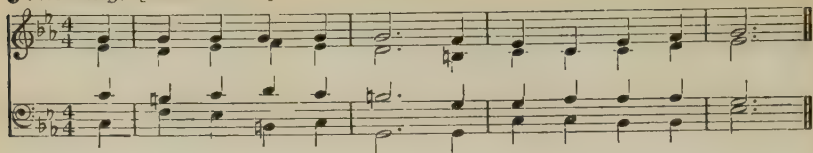
HENRY SMART.



Following. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

J. STAINER.



UNISON.

HARMONY.



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283 *Worship Him in spirit and in truth.*—JOHN iv. 24.

- 1 **H**ELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day ;
Real let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.
- 2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true,—
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.
- 3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.
- 4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief ;
Lord, I believe, O hear my cry,
Help Thou my unbelief !

H. Bonar.

284 *Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord.*—COL. iii. 23.

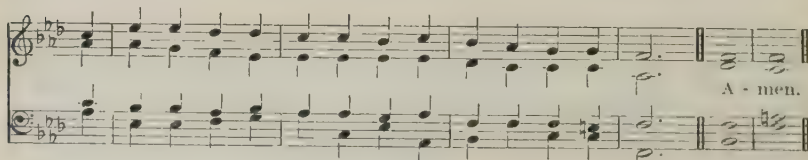
- 1 **T**EACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend :
In all I do, be Thou the way,
In all, be Thou the end.
- 3 All may of Thee partake :
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.
- 4 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine ;
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

G. Herbert (alt.).

Southwell. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

DAMON'S Psalter, 1579.



St. Andrew. [THIRD TUNE.]

S.M.

J. BARNEY.

285 *Let him . . . take up his cross, and follow Me.*—MATT. xvi. 24.

- 1 THOU say'st, 'Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow Me';
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.
- 2 But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space;
Then might we follow Thee!
- 3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of
How can I follow Thee? [change;
- 4 Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?
- 5 O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore, Thyself restore;
Help us to follow Thee.
- 6 If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as Guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

- 7 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:
Go, Lord; we follow Thee.
F. T. Palgrave.

286 *Blessed are the pure in heart.*—
MATT. v. 8.

- 1 BLESSED are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 The Lord Who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King:—
- 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek:
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for Thee.

J. Keble and W. J. Hall.

Aldersgate. [FOURTH TUNE.]

S.M.

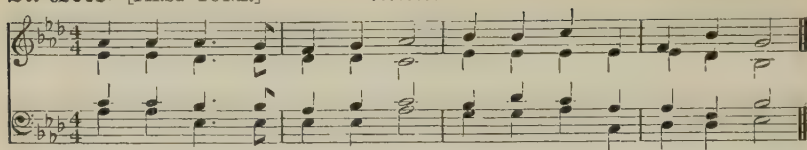
G. P. MERRICK.

(See also Tunes FRANCONIA, No. 457, and DONCASTER, No. 323.)

St. Bees. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

J. B. DYKES.



287

Peace through the blood of His cross.—COLOSSIANS i. 20.

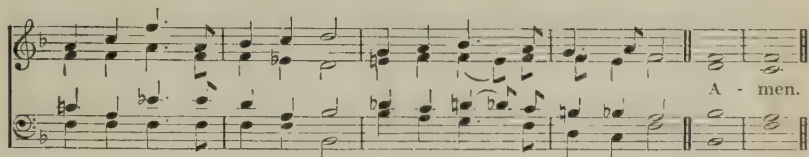
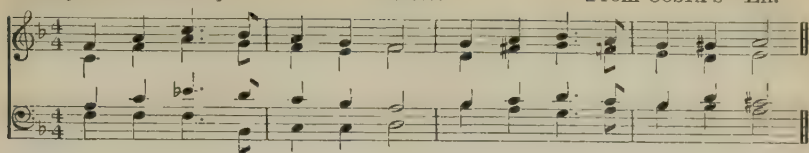
- 1 NEVER further than Thy cross,
Never higher than Thy feet :
Here earth's precious things seem dross,
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.
- 2 Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus ;
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.
- 3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny ;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.
- 4 Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite ;
Captives, by Thy cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.
- 5 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend :
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end.
- 6 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

Eli. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

From Costa's 'Eli.'



288

Lovest thou Me.—JOHN xxi. 17.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word :
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
' Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 ' I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 ' Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 ' Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 ' Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shalt be :
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint :
Yet I love Thee, and adore :
O for grace to love Thee more !

W. Cowper.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

OLD 44th. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.D.

Anglo-Genevan Psalter, 1556.

289

I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart.—PSALM ix. 1.

1 **F**ILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.
Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part :—

2 Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones ;
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my belovèd ones ;
Not in the temple crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime ;
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.

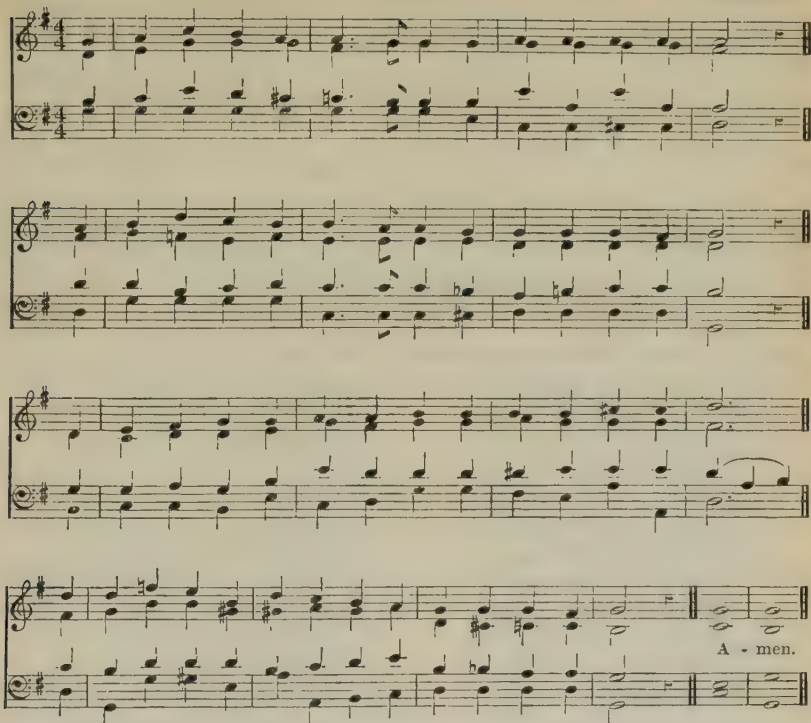
3 Fill every part of me with praise ;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord ;
Poor though I be, and weak.
So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due ;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

4 So shall each fear, each fret, each care
Be turned into a song,
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong :
So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free :
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

H. Bonar.

St. Leonard's. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M.D.

H. HILES.



290

We love Him because He first loved us.—1 JOHN iv. 19.

1 **W**E love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land :
'Tis not alone because Thy names
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Are written on the earth beneath.
The glorious skies above.

2 We love Thee, Lord, because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way :
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.

3 Because when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,
But gracious Father still ;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
Yet Thou hast not forgot :
Because we have forsaken Thee,
Yet Thou forsakest not.

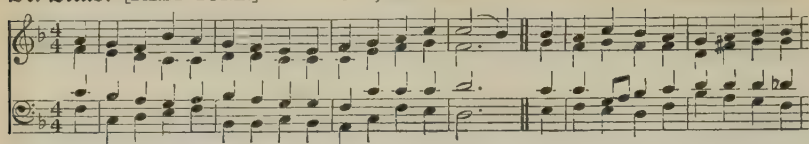
4 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love :
Because Thy Son came down to die,
That we might live above ;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven :
Yes, much we love, who much have
sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

Mrs. Julia A. Elliott.

St. Silas. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.6., six lines.

J. LANCASTER.



291

Deal with Thy servant, according unto Thy mercy.—PSALM cxix. 124.

1 **F**ATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on Whom I wait.]

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

[6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.]

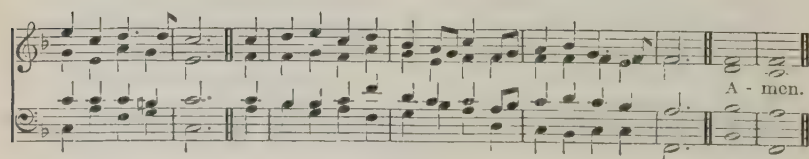
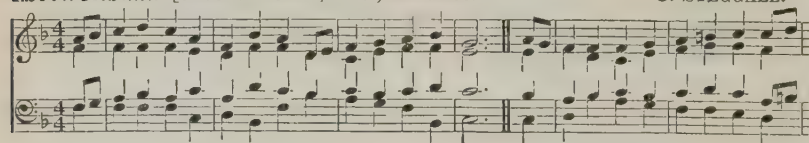
7 Briars beset our daily path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer:
But lowly hearts, that lean on Thee,
Are happy anywhere.

8 In service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring.

Morwellbam. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.6., six lines.

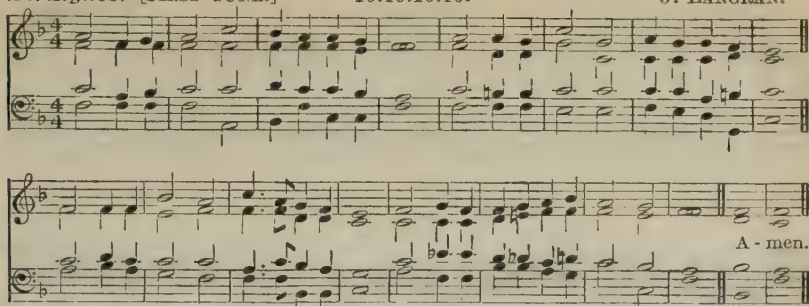
C. STEGGALL.



St. Agnes. [FIRST TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN.



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292 *Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us.—1 JOHN iii. 24.*

- 1 NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art,— [true rest :
That, that alone can be my soul's
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt
depart, [breast.
And stills the tempest of my throbbing
- 2 Thy Name is Love, I hear it from yon
cross ; [tomb :
Thy Name is Love, I hear it from yon
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's
thickest gloom.
- 3 Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as heaven's own
healing air,
I work or wait, still following my Guide.
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.
- 4 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and
God, [with song :
That fills my soul with peace, my lips
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff,
and rod ; [strong.
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am
- 5 More of Thyself, O show me hour by hour ;
More of Thy glory, O my God and
Lord : [power ;
More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and
More of Thy love and truth, incarnate
Word !
H. Bonar.

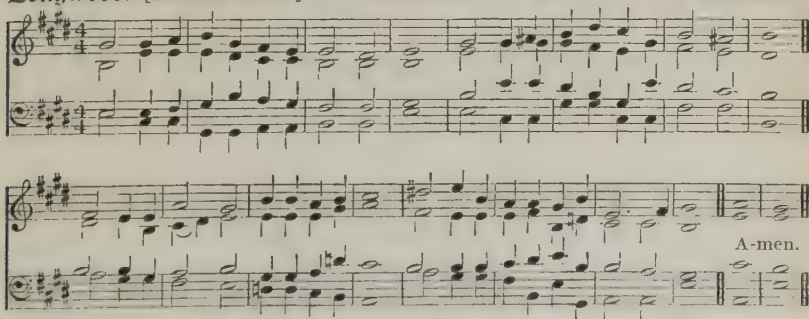
293 *That we should be to the praise of His glory.—EPH. i. 12.*

- 1 TEACH me, my Lord, O teach me how
to live, [life :
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour
give, [the strife.
And make me more than conqueror in
- 2 Teach me to live, Thy purpose to fulfil ;
Bright for Thy glory let my taper
shine ; [will ;
Each day renew, re-mould the stubborn
Closer round Thee my heart's affec-
tion twine.
- 3 Teach me to live ! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart
employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully :
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.
- 4 Teach me to live, my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath
its load ;
Only be with me ; let me feel Thee near ;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the
darkened road.
- 5 Teach me to live, with kindly words for
all, [gloom,
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy
call
Summon my spirit to its heavenly
home. Ellen E. Burman (v. 1 altd.).

Longwood. [SECOND TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

J. BARNBY.



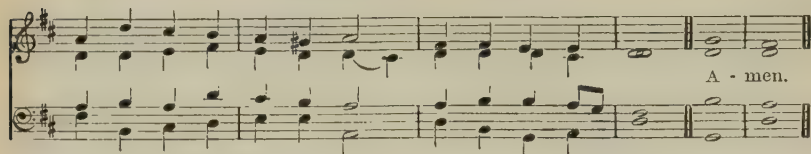
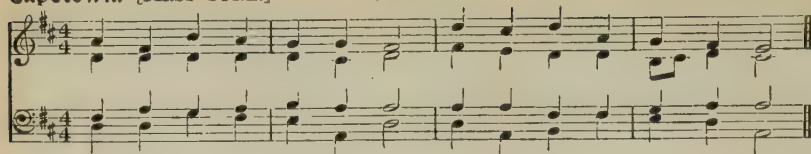
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(See also Tunes TOULON, No. 498, and MORECAMBE, No. 493.)

Capetown. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

F. FILITZ.



294

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.—GALATIANS v. 22.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long ;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong ;
Love, than death itself more strong :
Therefore give us love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay :
Therefore give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

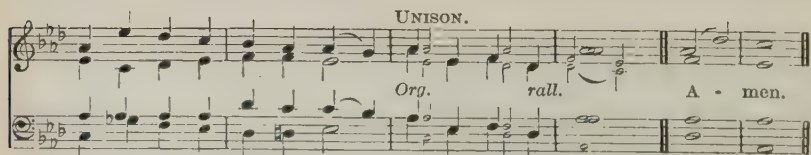
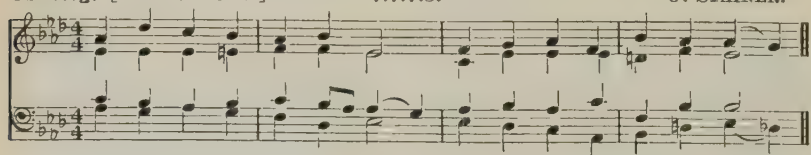
6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

C. Wordsworth.

Charity. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

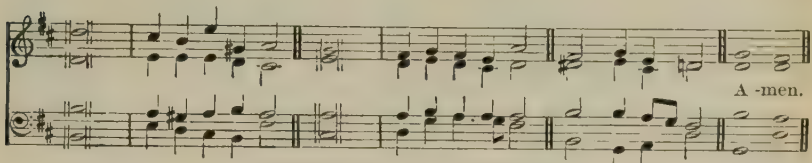
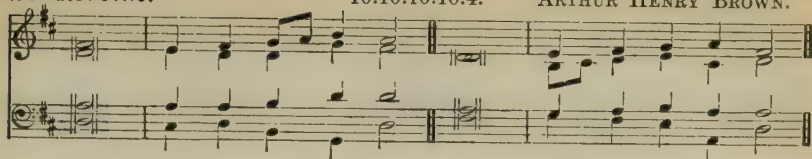
J. STAINER.



St. Keverne.

10.10.10.10.4.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

295

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ?—ROMANS viii. 35.

- 1 **I**T passeth knowledge, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus ! | yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, . in | all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, . its | everlasting strength,
Know more and more.
- 2 It passeth telling, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus ! | yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim, . to | sinners, far and near
A love which can . re- | move all guilty fear,
And love beget.
- 3 It passeth praises, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus ! | yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, . so | full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a rebel | sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.
- 4 But, though I cannot | sing or tell or know
The fulness of Thy | love, while here below,
My empty vessel | I may freely bring :
O Thou Who art . of | love the living spring,
My vessel fill.
- 5 Oh fill me, Jesus, | Saviour, with Thy love ;
Lead, lead me . to the | living fount above ;
Thither may I, . in | simple faith draw nigh,
And never . to an- | other fountain fly,
But unto Thee.
- 6 And when my Jesus | face to face I see,
When at His lofty | throne I bow the knee,
Then of His love, . in ! all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, . its | everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

Mary Shekleton.

All Saints. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.4.6.4.

P. L. SLEEMANN.

Gottlieb. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.4.6.4.

F. C. MAKER.

296

Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God.—1 JOHN iv. 7.

- 1 BELOVED, let us love :
Love is of God ;
In God alone hath love
Its true abode.
- 2 Belovèd, let us love :
For they who love,
They only are His sons,
Born from above.
- 3 Belovèd, let us love :
For love is rest,

- And he who loveth not,
Abides unblest.
- 4 Belovèd, let us love :
In love is light,
And he who loveth not,
Dwelleth in night.
- 5 Belovèd, let us love :
For only thus
Shall we behold that God
Who loveth us.

H. Bonar.

Bembridge. [THIRD TUNE.]

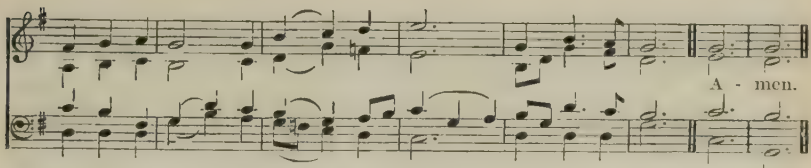
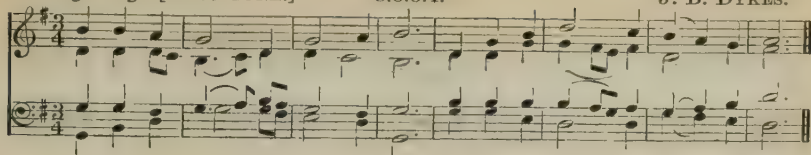
6.4.6.4.

C. E. SMITH.

Almsgiving. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

J. B. DYKES.



297 *What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me ?—Ps. cxvi. 12.*

1 **O** LORD of heaven and earth and sea
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all ?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare ;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone ;
And freely with the blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?

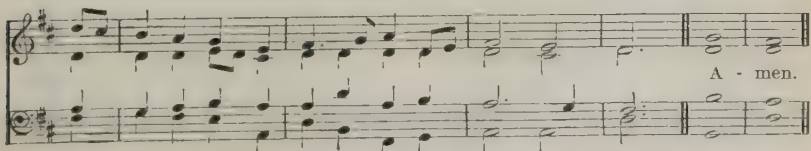
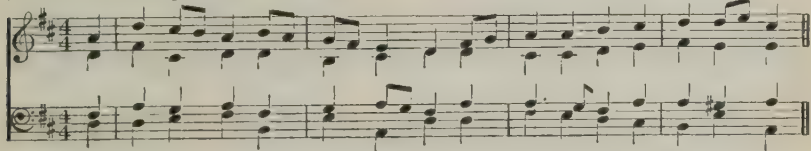
7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasures without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give !
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all !

C. Wordsworth.

Es ist kein Tag. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.4.

J. D. MEJER, 1692.

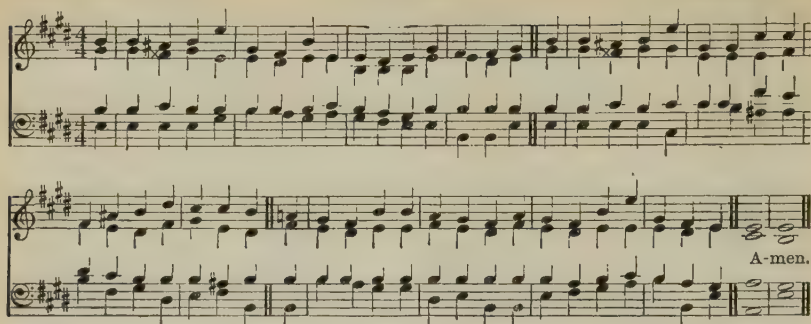


(For other version, see No. 49.)

Dura. [FIRST TUNE.]

8s., six lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



298

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.—PSALM xviii. 1.

1 **T**HEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower ;
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone ;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with strong desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams have on me
shined ;
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded
mind : [voice]
I thank Thee, Lord, Whose quickening
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

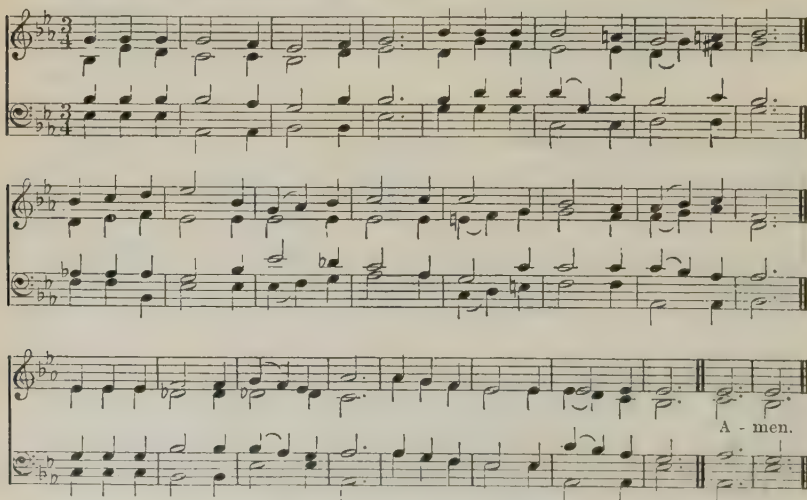
3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Transfigure with Thy heavenly light.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God :
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod ;
What though my flesh and heart decay ?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

A. Silesius, tr. J. Wesley.

St. Chrysostom. [SECOND TUNE.] 8s., six lines.

J. BARNBY.

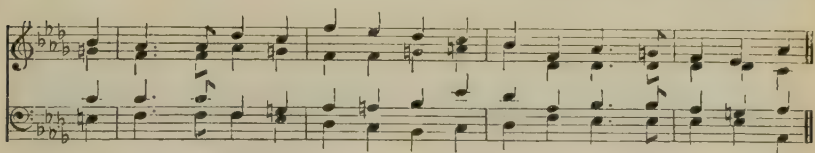
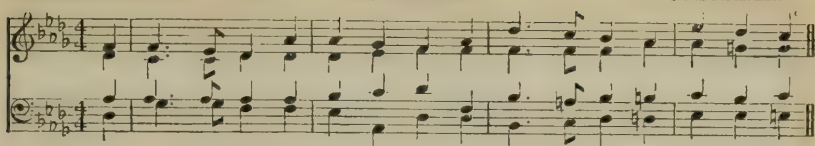


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Magdalen. [THIRD TUNE.]

8s., six lines.

J. STAINER.



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(See also Tune VATER UNSER, No. 167.)

299 *With my whole heart have I sought thee.*—PSALM cxix. 10.

1 **T**HOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would, but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way,
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee :
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see :
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend ?

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there ;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All.
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, tr. J. Wesley.

300 *I have loved thee, with an everlasting love.*—JEREMIAH xxxi. 3.

1 **O** LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

2 O Love, Who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, Who here as man was born,
And wholly like to us wast made ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

3 O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

4 O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

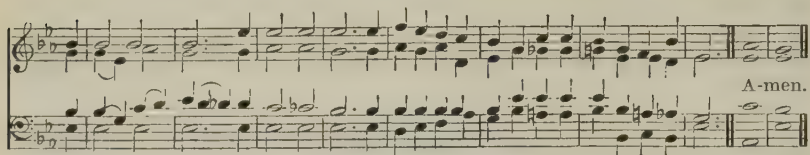
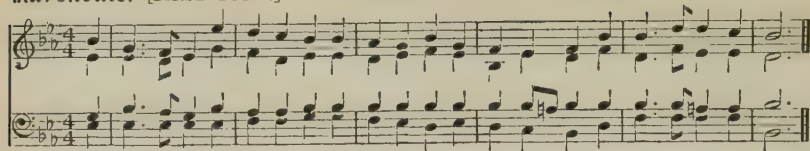
5 O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, Who once above yon skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers :
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

A. Silesius, tr. C. Winkworth.

Ravendale. [FIRST TUNE.]

886.886.

W. STOKES.



301

The love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—ROM. viii. 39.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death and hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God :
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart :
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

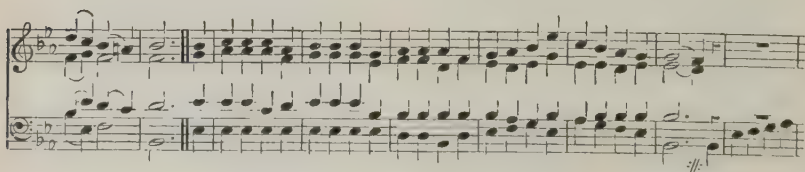
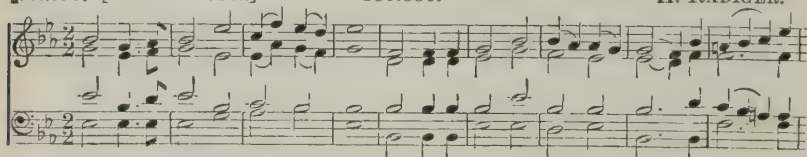
4 O that I could for ever sit
Like Mary at the Master's feet ;
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

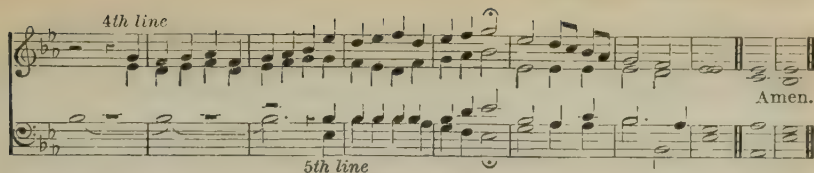
C. Wesley.

Praise. [SECOND TUNE.]

886.886.

A. RADIGER.

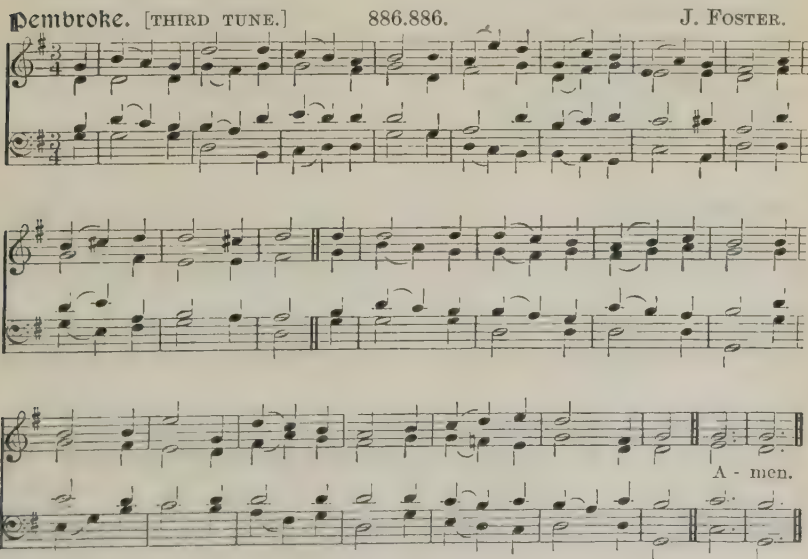




302 *Happy art thou, O Israel, . . . O people saved by the Lord.—DEUT. xxxiii. 29.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 LORD God, by Whom all change is wrought.
By Whom new things to birth are brought,
In Whom no change is known :
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part ;
Still, still Thou art our own.</p> <p>2 Ancient of Days ! we dwell in Thee :
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought ;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, Who changest not.</p> <p>3 Each steadfast promise we possess ;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love ;
The unfailing Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting Arms we grasp,
Nor from the Refuge move.</p> | <p>4 Spirit, Who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward ; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime ;
With Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.</p> <p>5 Darkness and dread we leave behind,
New light, new glory, still we find,
New realms divine possess :
New births of grace new raptures bring ;
Triumphant, the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.</p> <p>6 To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest ;
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still Thou art our abode :
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,
As full on us new life still flows
From our unchanging God.</p> |
|--|---|

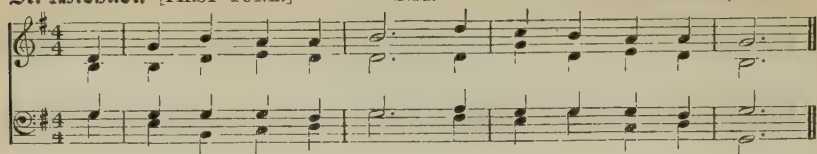
T. H. Gill.



St. Michael. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

French Psalter, 1551.



(For this Tune in Key A, see No. 13.)

(6) JOY IN GOD.

303

Now are we the sons of God.—1 JOHN iii. 2.

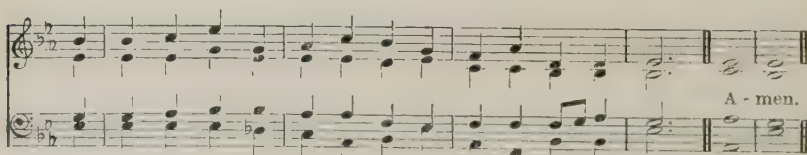
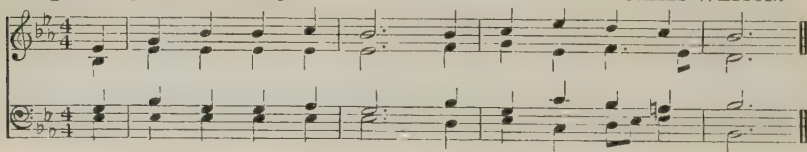
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 BEHOOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.</p> | <p>4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.</p> |
| <p>2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's Everlasting Son.</p> | <p>5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.</p> |
| <p>3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.</p> | <p>6 I would no longer lie
A slave beneath the throne ;
My faith shall 'Abba, Father,' cry.
And Thou the kindred own.</p> |

I. Watts.

Holyrood. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

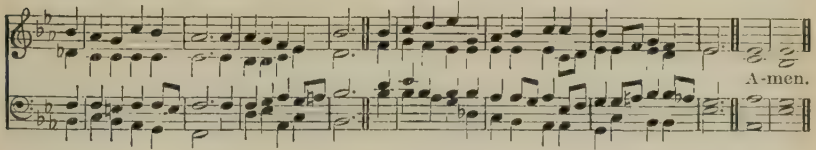
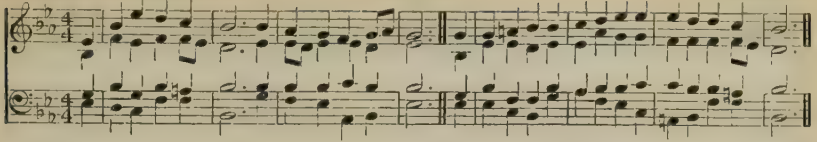
JAMES WATSON.



Fairfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M. D.

P. LA TROBE.



304

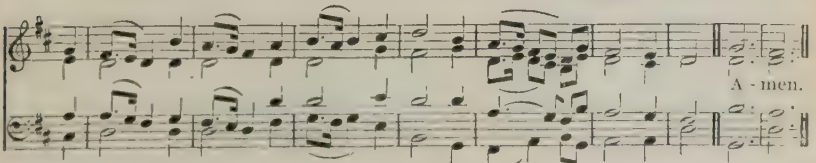
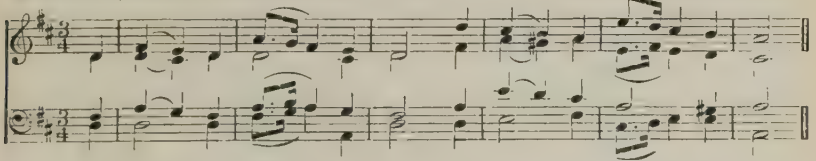
O come, let us sing unto the Lord.—PSALM xcv. 1.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.</p> <p>2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less</p> <p>3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.</p> <p>4 The God Who rules on high,
And thunders if He please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas,—</p> | <p>5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love:
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.</p> <p>6 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.</p> <p>7 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.</p> <p>8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.</p> |
|--|---|

I. Watts.

Mount Ephraim. [SECOND TUNE.] S.M.

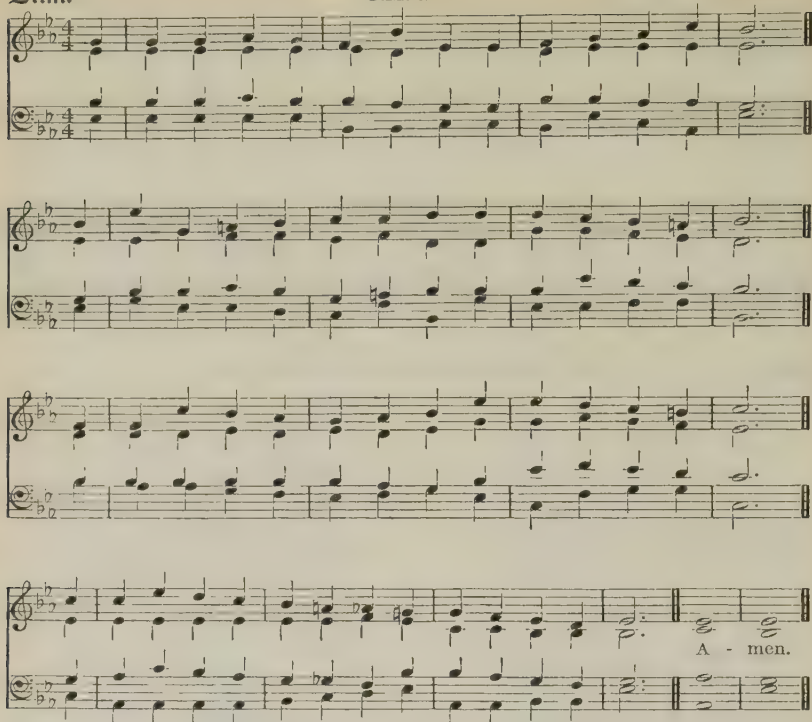
B. MILGROVE.



Elim.

C.M. D.

W. H. CALLCOTT.



(See also Tune ST. LEONARD'S, No. 290.)

305

Return unto thy rest.—PSALM cxvi. 7.

1 MY heart is resting, O my God ;
 I will give thanks and sing ;
 My heart is at the secret source
 Of every precious thing.
 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
 No hand but Thine shall fill ;
 The waters of the earth have failed,
 And I am thirsting still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
 And here all day they rise ;
 I seek the treasure of Thy love,
 And close at hand it lies :
 And a new song is in my mouth,
 To long-loved music set ;—
 Glory to Thee for all the grace
 I have not tasted yet.

3 I have a heritage of joy
 That yet I must not see ;
 The hand that bled to make it mine
 Is keeping it for me :
 My heart is resting on His truth,
 Who hath made all things mine ;
 Who draws my captive will to Him,
 And makes it one with Thine.

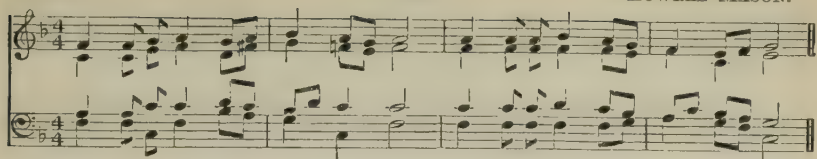
4 My heart is resting, O my God ;
 My heart is in Thy care :
 I hear the voice of joy and health
 Resounding everywhere.
 'Thou art my Portion,' saith my soul,—
 Ten thousand voices say :
 The music of their glad Amen
 Will never die away.

Anna L. Waring.

Boston.

L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



(See also Tune EISENACH, No. 377.)

306

All things are yours.—1 CORINTHIANS iii. 21.

1.

HOW vast the treasure we possess !
 How rich Thy bounty, King of grace !
 This world is ours, and worlds to come ;
 Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

2.

All things are ours ;—the gifts of God,
 The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
 While the good Spirit shows us how
 To use, and to improve them too.

3.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
 They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise :
 If bread of sorrows be my food,
 Those sorrows work my lasting good.

4.

I would not change my blest estate
 For all the world calls good or great ;
 And while my faith can keep her hold
 I envy not the sinner's gold.

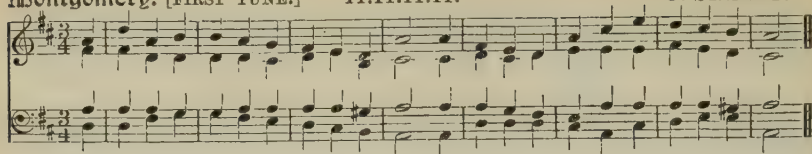
5.

Father, I wait Thy daily will ;
 Thou shalt divide my portion still ;
 Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
 Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

I. Watts.

Montgomery. [FIRST TUNE.] 11.11.11.11.

J. STANLEY.



307

Fear not, for I am with thee.—ISAIAH xliii. 5.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have

2 'In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee in trouble to bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

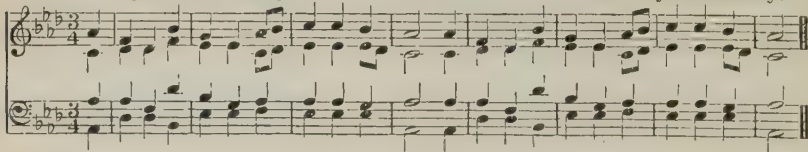
5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!'

Robert Keene.

St. Denio. [SECOND TUNE.] 11.11.11.11.

Welsh Hymn Melody.

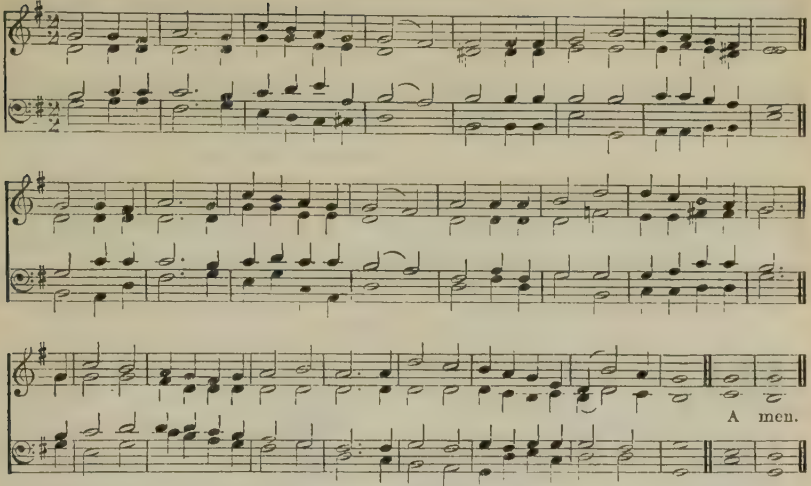


(See also Tune OLRIG GRANGE, No. 38.)

Warrenne, No. 4.

10s., six lines.

O. R. BARNICOTT.



(7) UNION WITH CHRIST.

308

My Beloved is mine, and I am His.—CANTICLES II. 16.

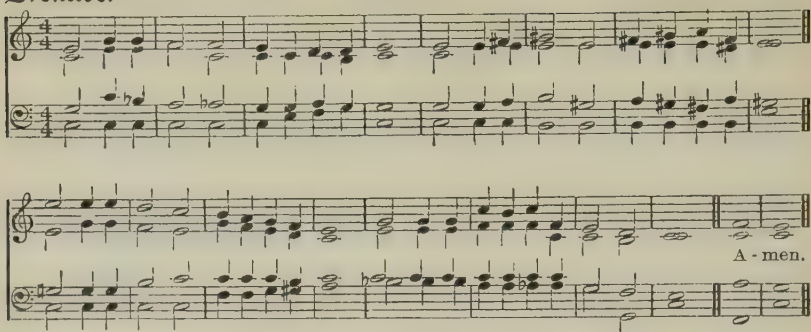
- 1 **L**ONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home ;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come :
With Him I found a home, a rest divine ;
And I since then am His, and He is mine
- 2 The good I have is from His stores supplied :
The ill is only what He deems the best ;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside ;
And poor without Him, though of all possessed :
Changes may come ; I take, or I resign,
Content while I am His, while He is mine.
- 3 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,
A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines ;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines :
All may depart ; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.
- 4 He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe ;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.
- 5 While here, alas ! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

H. F. Lytle.

Eventide.

10.10.10.10.

G. A. POPE.



(See also Tune ELLERS, No. 421.)

309

Abide in Me, and I in you.—JOHN xv. 4.

1 **T**HAT mystic word of Thine, O
sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for
me ;
Wearied of striving, and with longing
faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to
Thee.

2 Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee ;
From this good hour, O leave me
never more :
Then shall the discord cease, the wound
be healed,
The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.

3 Abide in me ; o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose, and dark
thought of sin ;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low
desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and
divine.

4 Abide in me ; there have been moments
blest
When I have heard Thy voice and felt
Thy power ;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion,
hushed, [hour.
Owned the divine enchantment of the

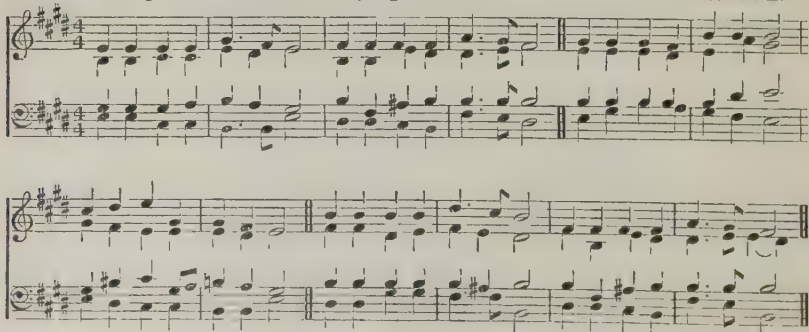
5 These were but seasons, beautiful and rare ; .
Abide in me, and they shall ever be ;
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer—
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.

Benevento. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., eight lines.

S. WEBBE.





310

That I may gain Christ.—PHILIPPIANS iii. 8 (R.V.).

1 **O**BJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus crucified for me ;
 All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in Thee :
 Thee to please, and Thee to know,
 Constitute my bliss below ;
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Constitute my bliss above.

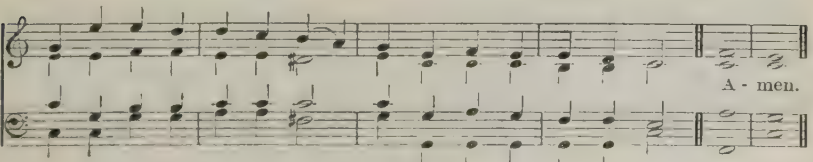
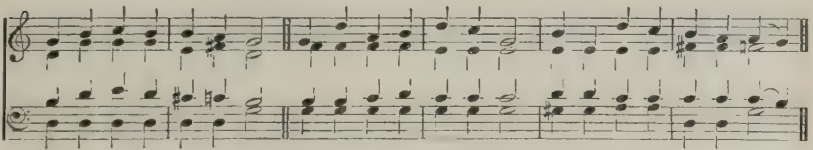
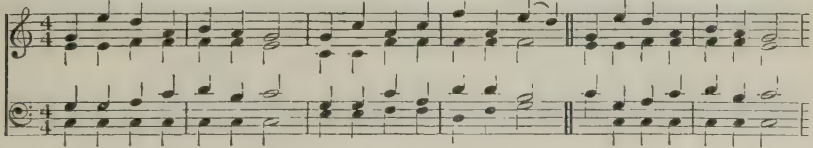
2 Lord, it is not life to live
 If Thy presence Thou deny ;
 Lord, if Thou Thy presence give
 'Tis no longer death to die :
 Source and Giver of repose,
 Only from Thy smile it flows ;
 Peace and happiness are Thine ;
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
 Every object teems with joy ;
 May I ever walk with Thee,
 For 'tis bliss without alloy :
 Let me but Thyself possess,
 Total sum of happiness :
 Perfect peace I then shall prove,
 Heaven below and heaven above.

A. M. Toplady.

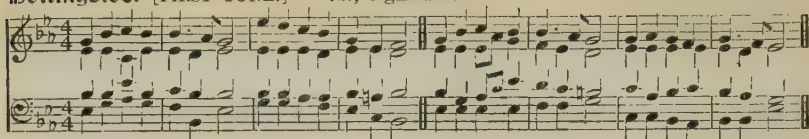
Frankfort. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s., eight lines.

JOHN GILL.



Bollingside. [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., eight lines.

J. B. DYKES.



311

To lay hold upon the hope set before us.—HEBREWS vi. 18.

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

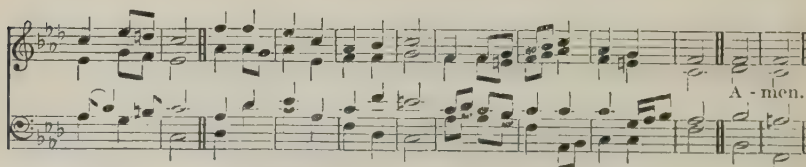
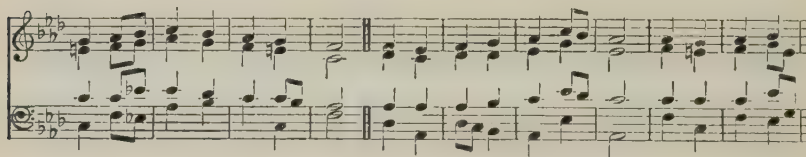
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy Name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

Aberystwyth. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s., eight lines.

JOSEPH PARRY.



(By permission of Messrs. Hughes & Son, Wrexham.)

Titchfield.

7s., eight lines.

J. RICHARDSON.

A - men.

312

I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.—JOHN xiv. 21.

1 SAVIOUR, Who exalted high
 In Thy Father's majesty,
 Yet vouchsaf'st Thyself to show
 To Thy faithful flock below;
 Saviour, though this earthly shroud
 Now my mortal vision cloud,
 Still Thy presence let me see:
 Manifest Thyself to me.

2 Son of God, to Thee I cry:
 By the holy mystery
 Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
 By Thy pure and holy birth,
 By Thy griefs, to us unknown,
 By Thy spirit's parting groan;
 Lord, Thy presence let me see:
 Manifest Thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry:
 By Thy glorious majesty,
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
 Strong to conquer, strong to save,
 By the thralls of death unchained,
 By the prize of life regained;
 Lord, Thy presence let me see:
 Manifest Thyself to me.

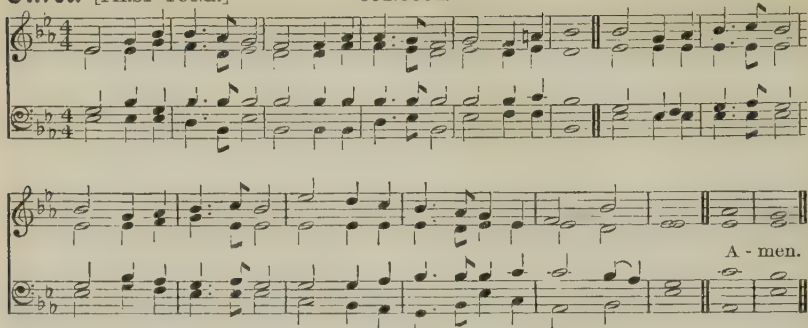
4 Lord of Glory, God most high,
 Man exalted to the sky;
 With Thy love my bosom fill;
 Prompt me to perform Thy will;
 So may'st Thou, my Saviour, come,
 Make this froward heart Thy home:
 Then Thy presence I shall see
 Manifest, my Lord, in me.

R. Mant,

Olivet. [FIRST TUNE.]

664.6664.

LOWELL MASON.



313

Be not afraid, only believe.—MARK v. 36.

- 1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine :
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire :
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

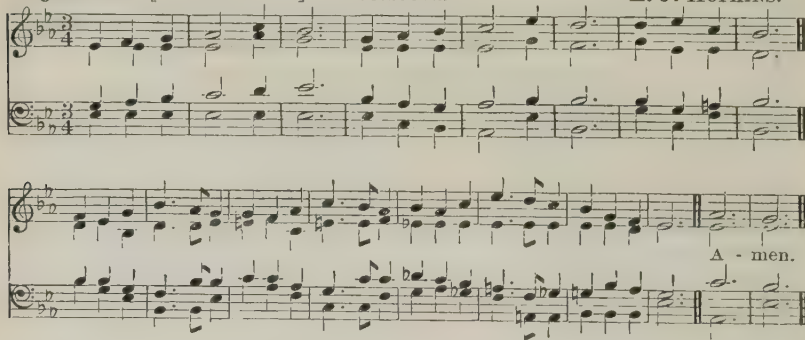
Ray Palmer.

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on behalf of the exors. of the late Dr. E. J. Hopkins.

Bazelwood. [SECOND TUNE.]

664.6664.

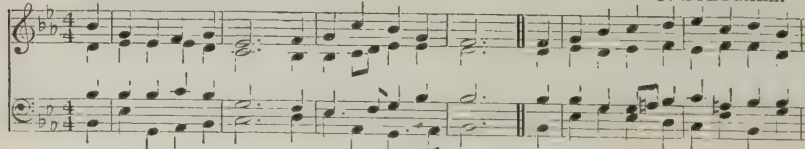
E. J. HOPKINS.

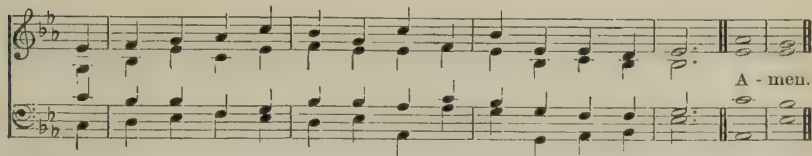


Bonar. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.D.

C. STEGGALL.





314

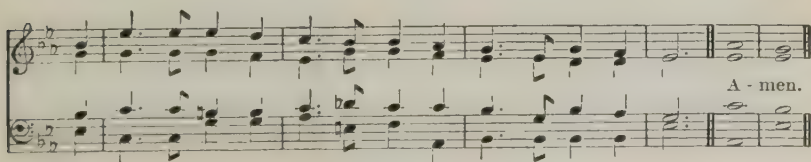
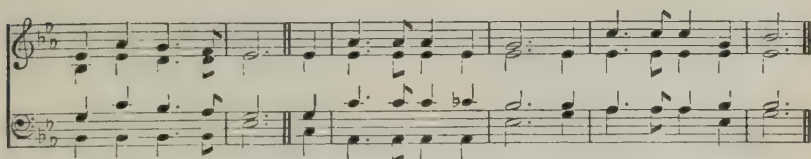
My heart is fixed, O God.—PSALM lvi. 7.

- 1 I GIVE my heart to Thee,
O Jesus most desired!
And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For Thou my soul hast fired:
Thou hearts alone wouldst move,
Thou only hearts dost love:
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!
- 2 What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine?
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine,
'Give Me thy heart, My son':
Lord, Thou my heart hast won:
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

- 3 Thy heart is opened wide,
Its offered love most free,
That heart to heart I may abide,
And hide myself in Thee:
Ah, how Thy love doth burn,
Till I that love return!
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!
- 4 Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest:
In Thee, the riven Rock,
My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found:
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

*Latin Hymn, tr. Ray Palmer.***Leominster.** [SECOND TUNE.] S.M.D.

G. W. MARTIN.



St. George's, Bolton.

7.6., eight lines.

J. WALCH.

(See also TUNE MISSIONARY, No. 523.)

315 *The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.*—JOHN i. 29.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load :
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem :
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares,
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline :
I love the Name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

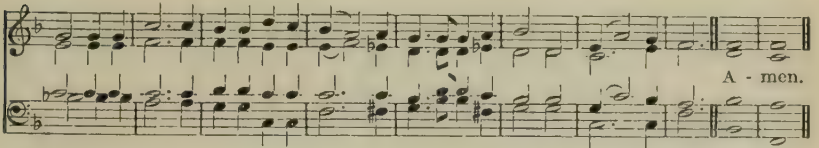
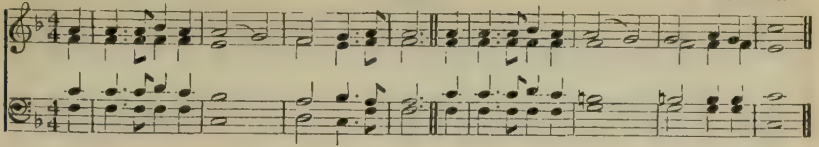
4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child :
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

H. Bonar.

Budleigh. [FIRST TUNE.]

64.64.10.10

T. M. MUDIE.



316

Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.—PSALM xxv. 1.

1 **I** LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine;
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That 'my Belovèd's mine, and I am
His'?

2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly
wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely
bound.

3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not my own; Lord, I am
Thine.

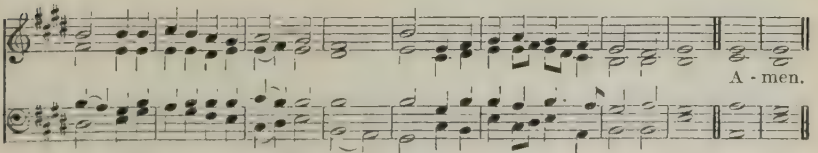
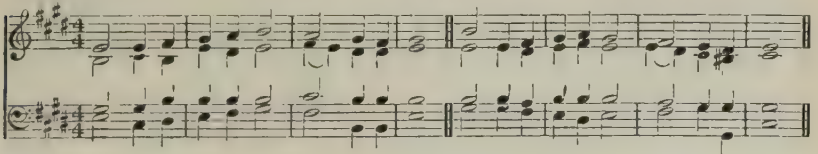
4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee, or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing
from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own
dear Self for me?

5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. Mudie.

Sursum Corda. [SECOND TUNE.] 64.64.10.10.

GEORGE LOMAS.



Bethany. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

HENRY SMART.

317 *Ye are a temple of God, the Spirit of God dwelleth in you.*—1 COR. iii. 16.

1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest ;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave :
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation :
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley.

(Or, as four-lined Hymn to next Tune.)

Love Divine. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

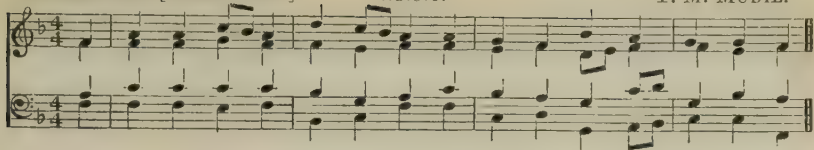
J. STAINER.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Silverstone. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.6.

T. M. MUDIE.



318

Continue ye in My love.—JOHN XV. 9.

1 **O** HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may
lean ;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?

3 Far from my home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest ;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While I can cling to Thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ?
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied
The souls that cling to Thee !

6 They fear not life's rough storms to
brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save ;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

7 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall ;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee ?

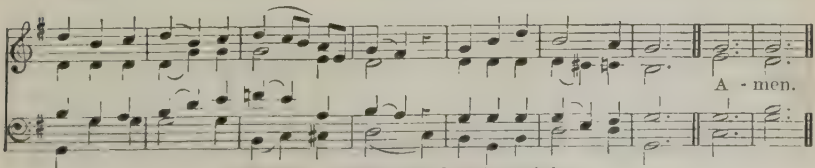
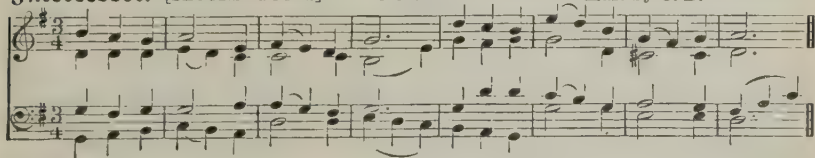
Charlotte Elliott.

Intercessor. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.6.

Melody by CUTHBERT HOWARD.

Har. by C. B.

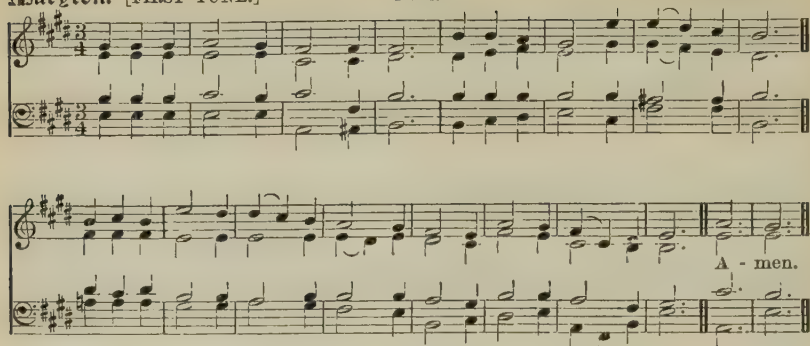


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Warton. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

H. PERCY SMITH.



319

The company of His disciples.—LUKE vi. 17.

1 **O** MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free ;
Tell me Thy secret ; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience ; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company, [strong,
In work that keeps faith sweet and
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way ;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

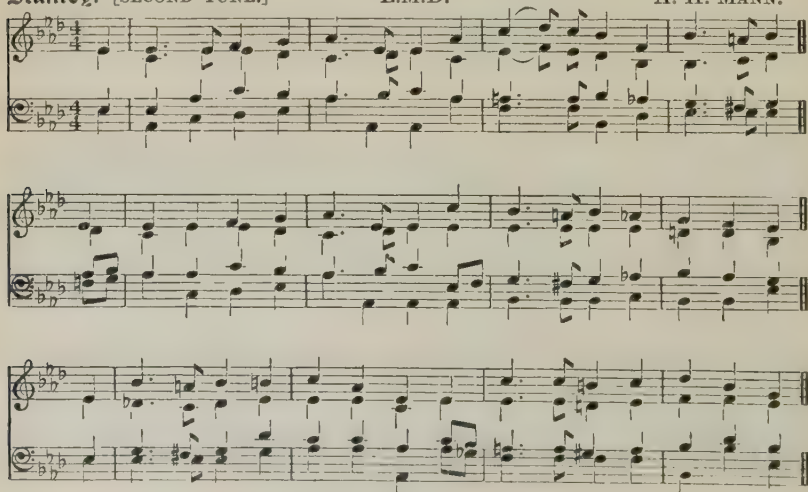
W. Gladden.

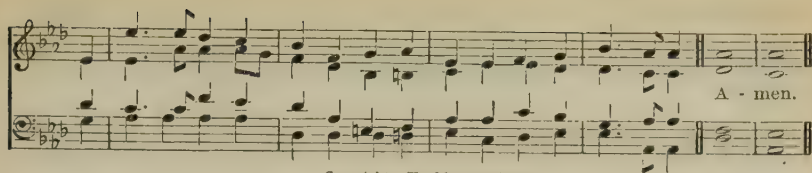
(Or, or as eight-lined Hymn to next Tune.)

Stanley. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.D.

A. H. MANN.



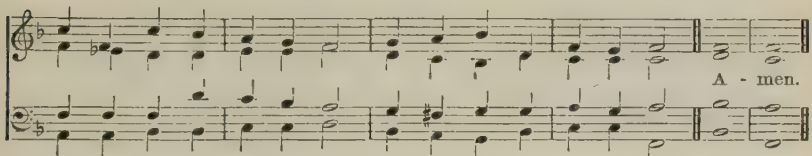


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Bekesbourne.

7s., six lines.

R. JACKSON.



320

Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance.—ACTS ii. 28.

1 JESUS, Fountain of my days,
Well-spring of my heart's delight,
Brightness of my morning rays,
Solace of my hours of night;
When I see Thee, I arise
To the hope of cloudless skies.

2 O how weary were the years
Ere Thy form to me was known;
O how gloomy were the fears
When I seemed to be alone;
I despaired the storm to brave
Till Thy footprints touched the wave.

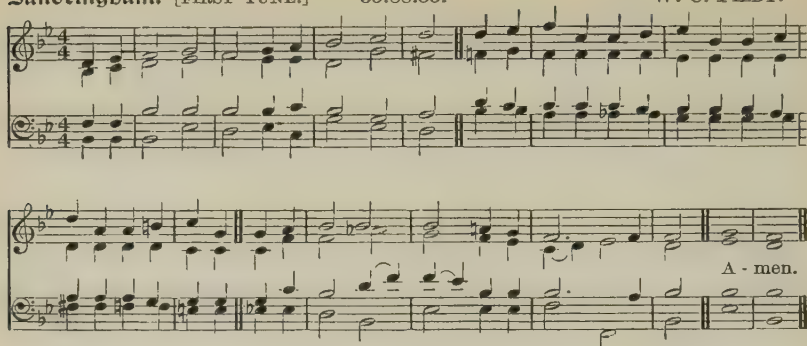
3 But Thy presence on the deep
Calmed the pulses of the sea,
And the waters sank to sleep
In the rest of seeing Thee;
And my once rebellious will
Heard the mandate, 'Peace, be still!'

4 Now Thy will and mine are one,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand;
All the clouds have touched the sun,
And the ships have reached the land;
For Thy love has said to me,
'No more night!' and 'No more sea!'

G. Matheson.

Sandringham. [FIRST TUNE.] 55.88.55.

W. C. FILBY.



321

Leaning on Jesus' bosom.—JOHN xiii. 23.

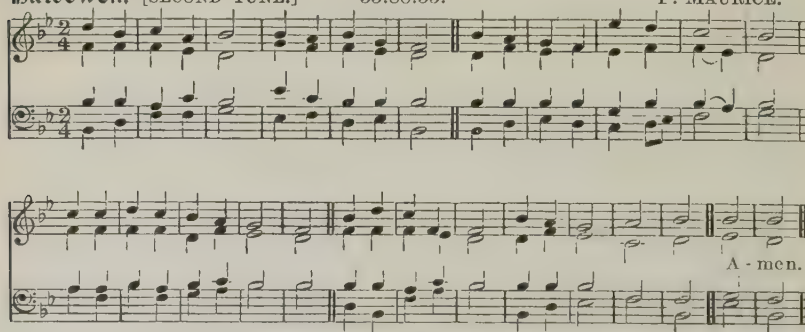
- 1 **W**HO, as Thou, makes blest,
Jesus, sweetest rest ?
Choicest good, all good outvying,
Life of sinners lost and dying,
And their Light so blest ;
Jesus, sweetest rest !
- 2 **L**ife, that tasted death
In this world beneath,
Me from dying to deliver,
Of new life to be the giver,—
Life in God by faith,
Life that knows no death.
- 3 **L**ight ordained for man
Ere the world began :
Then, in flesh the glory veiling,
Thou didst shine, the Light unfailing ;
Brightness none may scan,
Light revealed to man.

- 4 **L**eaders of Thine host
I Thy triumphs boast ;
Over sin, death, hell, victorious.
Thou hast won salvation glorious,
Thine own blood the cost,
Leader of Thine host.
- 5 **P**rophet, Priest, and King,
I my homage bring,
Let Thy loving kindness reach me,
Place me at Thy feet and teach me ;
Lowly praise I sing,
Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 6 **L**et Thy grace be shown,
Take me for Thine own,
Make me see and feel Thy glory ;
Let my heart burn with the story
Of Thy love alone ;
Make me all Thine own.

J. A. Freylinghausen, tr. F. W. Gotch.

Thafoowen. [SECOND TUNE.] 55.88.55.

P. MAURICE.

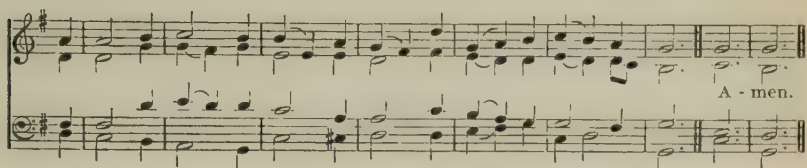
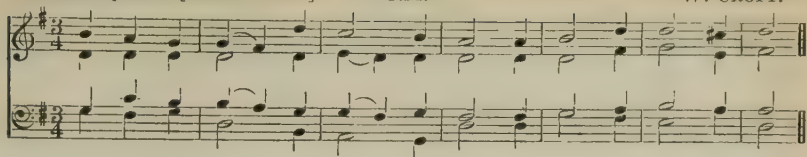


(See also Tunes SPIRE and FATHERLAND, No. 419.)

Northampton. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

W. CROFT.



322

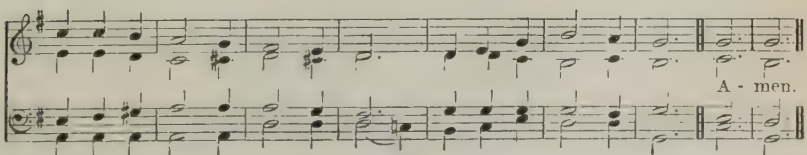
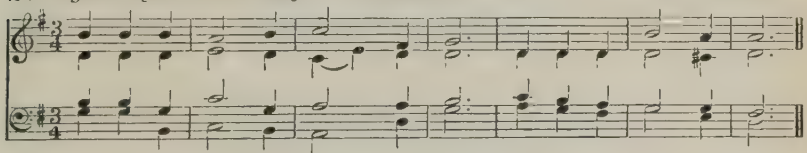
Until Christ be formed in you.—GALATIANS iv. 19.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee
From sin be daily freed.</p> | <p>4 More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True;
I would Thy living image be,
In joy and sorrow too.</p> |
| <p>2 Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.</p> | <p>5 Fill me with gladness from above.
Hold me by strength divine;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine.</p> |
| <p>3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.</p> | <p>6 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
O make me daily through Thy grace,
More meet to bear Thy Name.
<i>J. C. Lavater, tr. Mrs. E. L. Smith.</i></p> |

St. Agnes. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

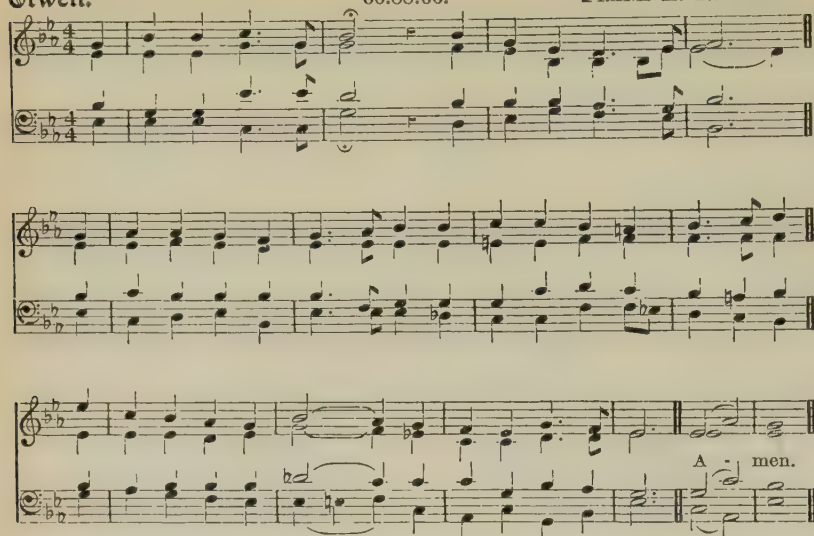
J. B. DYKES.



Orwell.

66.88.66.

FRANK E. NEWTON.



323

To me to live is Christ.—PHILIPPIANS i. 21.

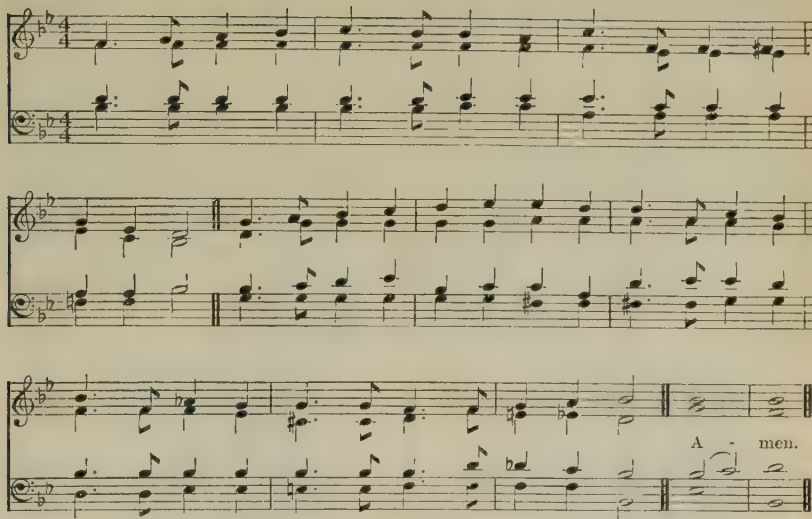
- 1 **T**O me to live is Christ :
 If Christ bestow His grace,
 A childlike heart to me is given
 That wonders after God and heaven,
 And smiles up in His face
 Whose love doth me embrace.
- 2 To me to live is Christ :
 If Christ with me abide,
 He bringeth me victorious youth,
 Rejoicing in the love of truth,
 Fearless of wrath and pride,
 Because the Lord will guide.
- 3 To me to live is Christ :
 If Christ my love awake,
 The wisdom ripe of age is mine,
 And hope, and joy, and peace divine;
 At evening twilight make
 The eternal day to break.
- 4 So let me live to Christ,
 And death shall but disguise
 The life eternal and complete,
 Where age and youth and childhood meet,
 Simple and strong and wise,
 In Christ above the skies.

W. C. Smith.

St. Jude.

87.887.

CHARLES VINCENT.



324

Grow up into Him, in all things.—EPHESIANS iv. 15.

- 1 **O** THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
'All of self, and none of Thee.'
- 2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father!'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
'Some of self, and some of Thee.'
- 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
'Less of self, and more of Thee.'
- 4 Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
'None of self, and all of Thee!'

Theodore Monod.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Hanover. [FIRST TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

W. CROFT.

(8) PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

325

Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?—MATT. viii. 26.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief;
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.
- 4 Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;

- And can He have taught me
To trust in His Name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame?
- 5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
That sinners might live:
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?
- 7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine food;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

John Newton.

St. Patrick. [SECOND TUNE.]

55.55.65.65.

R. TAYLOR.

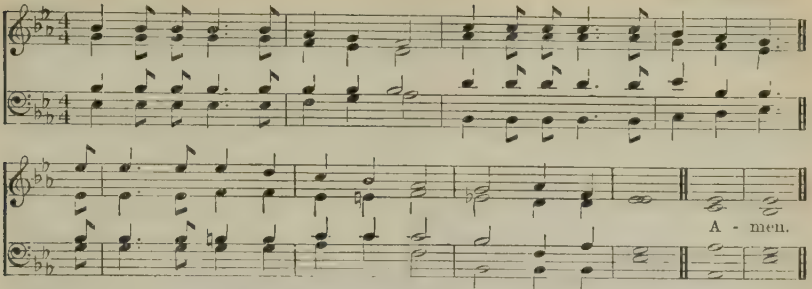
(See also Tune RAVENSCROFT, No. 570.)

PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

Hanford. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

A. SULLIVAN.



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326

Thy will be done.—MATT. vi. 10.

1 MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough
way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy will be done.'

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
'Thy will be done.'

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
'Thy will be done.'

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :
'Thy will be done.'

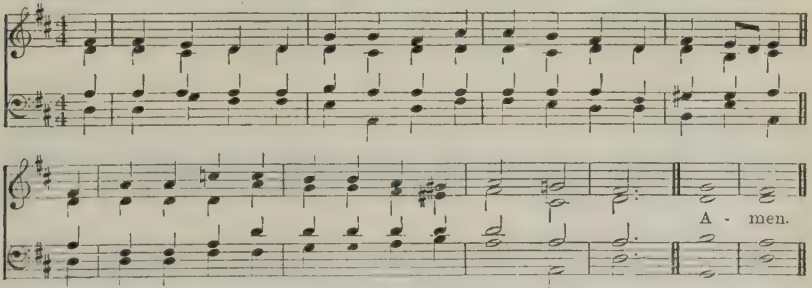
6 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done.'

Charlotte Elliott.

In Memoriam. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

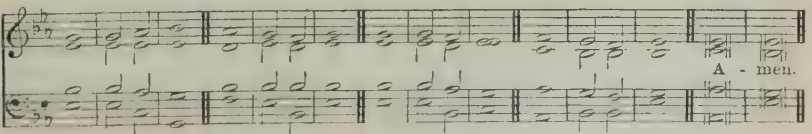
F. C. MAKER.



Troyte's Chant. [THIRD TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

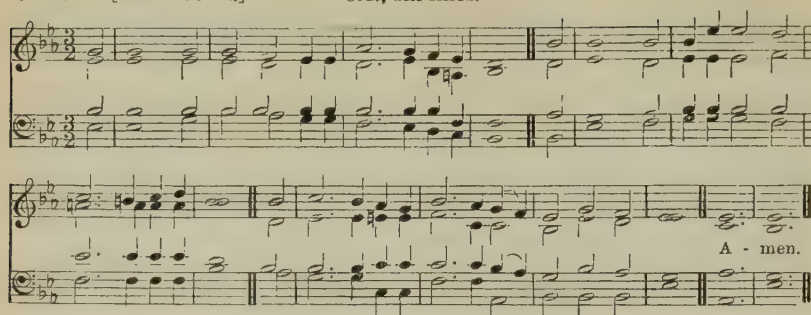
A. H. D. TROYTE.



Carrow. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.4., six lines.

A. SULLIVAN.



327

We glory in tribulations also.—ROMANS v. 3.

1 MY God, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain :
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou, Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

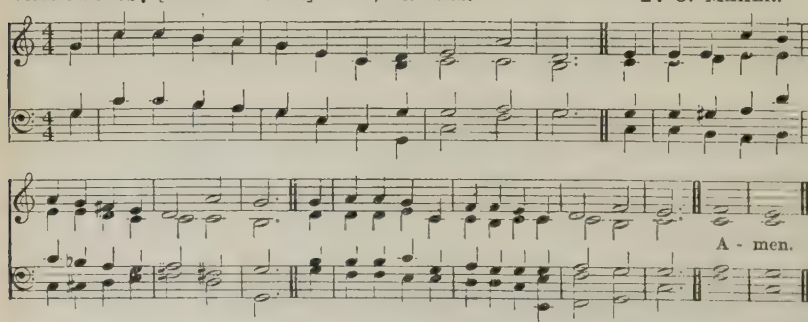
5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more ;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Wentworth, [SECOND TUNE.] 8.4., six lines.

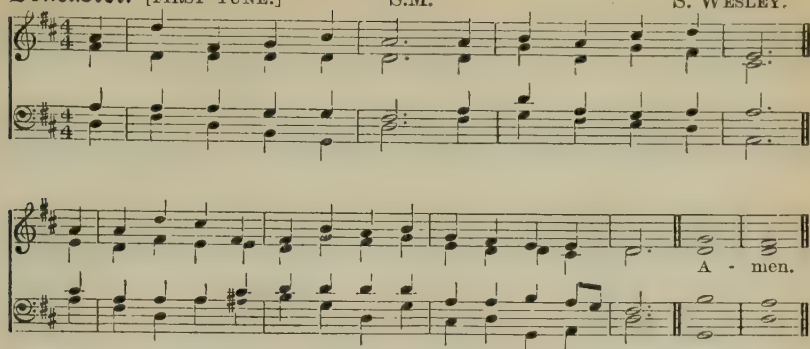
F. C. MAKER.



Doncaster. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

S. WESLEY.



328

Commit thy way unto the Lord.—PSALM xxxvii. 5.

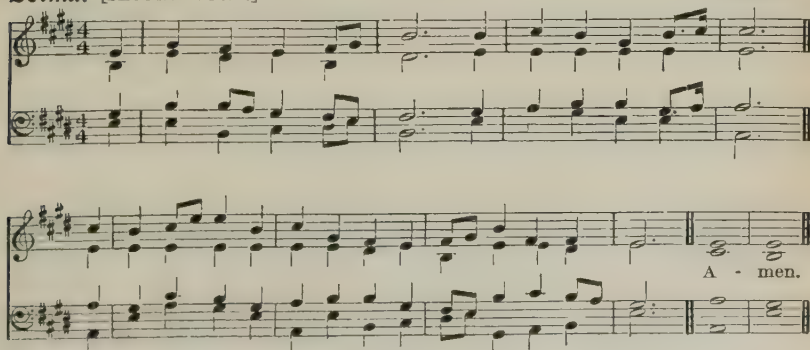
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.</p> <p>2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.</p> <p>3 Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.</p> | <p>4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.</p> <p>5 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.</p> <p>6 Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.</p> |
|---|--|
- 7 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley.

Selma. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

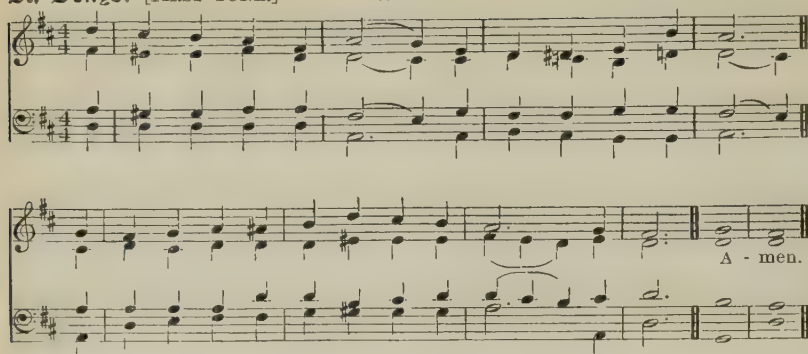
R. A. SMITH.



St. Denys. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.6.6.6.

FRANK SPINNEY.



329

He shall choose our inheritance for us.—PSALM xlvii. 4.

1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not if I might :
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

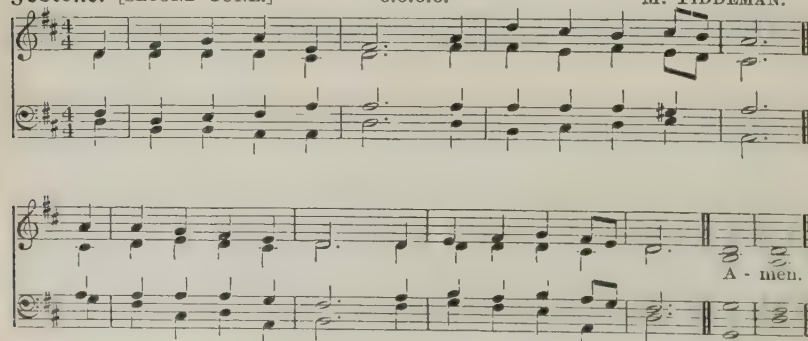
7 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

H. Bonar.

3bstone. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.6.6.6.

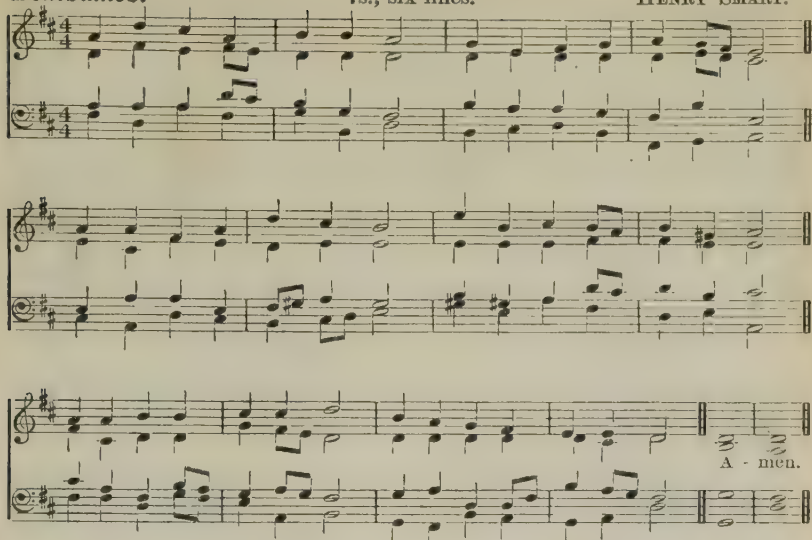
M. TIDDEMAN.



Heathblands.

7s., six lines.

HENRY SMART.



330

My soul is even as a weaned child.—PSALM cxxxi. 2.

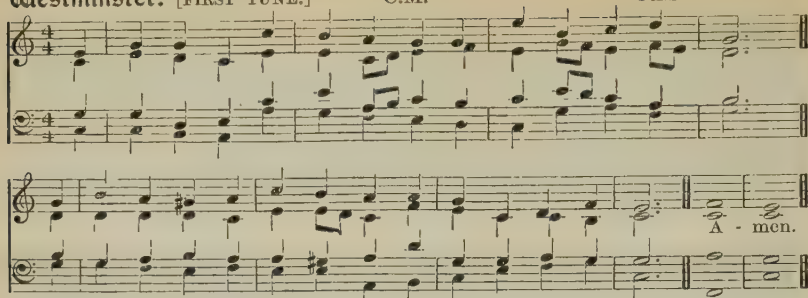
- 1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
 Make me teachable and mild.
 Upright, simple, free from art ;
 Make me as a weaned child,
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;
 Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone,
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon Thy smiles,
 Till the promised hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

John Newton.

Westminster. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

JAMES TURLE.

331 *Yet what I shall choose I wot not.*—PHIL. i. 22.

- 1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that to God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me
Thy blessed face to see, [meet
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter.

332 *What I do thou knowest not now; thou shalt know hereafter.*—JOHN xiii. 7.

- 1 MY Father, it is good for me
To trust and not to trace;
And wait with deep humility
For Thy revealing grace.
- 2 Lord, when Thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I love Thee in the mystery,
I trust Thy providence.
- 3 I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode;

I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

- 4 So, faith and patience! wait awhile,
Not doubting, not in fear;
For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.
- 5 Then Thou shalt end time's short eclipse,
Its dim uncertain night;
Bring in the grand apocalypse,
Reveal the perfect light.

George Rawson.

333 *According to Thy mercy remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake,*
O Lord.—Ps. xxv. 7.

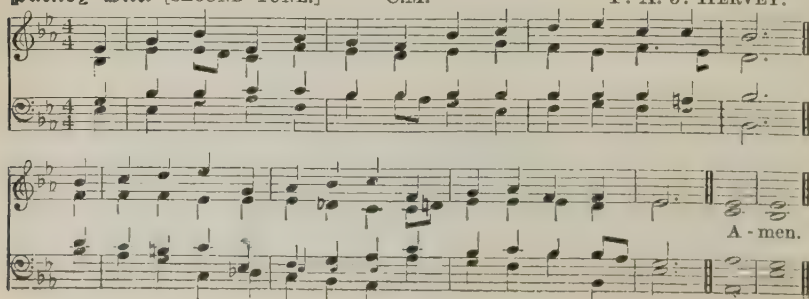
- 1 THOU from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee:
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon speak, new peace impart:
In love remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And fill I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day:
For good remember me.
- 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear, and remember me.
- 5 If on my face, for Thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.
- 6 When in the solemn hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, Remember me.

Thomas Haweis.

Putney Hill. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

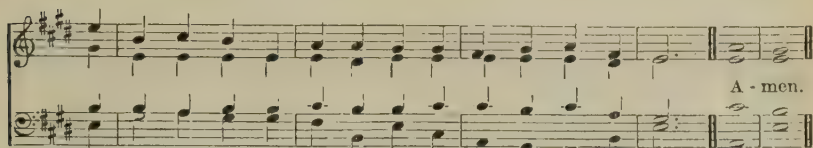
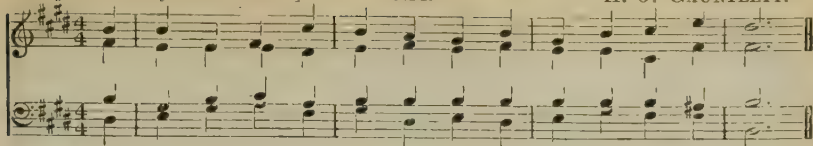
F. A. J. HERVEY.



St. Fulbert. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

334 *When I am weak, then am I strong.*
—2 COR. xii. 10.

- 1 **M**AN'S weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss;
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.
- 2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.
- 3 And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gladly waits on Thee.
- 4 He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
- 5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet will.

F. W. Faber.

335 *Thy way is in the sea.*—
Ps. lxxvii. 19.

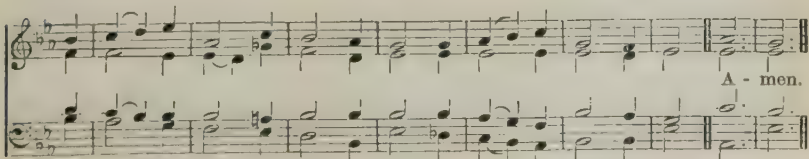
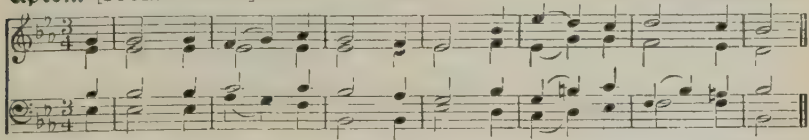
- 1 **T**HY way is in the deep, O Lord,
E'en there we'll go with Thee;
We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea.
- 2 A moment may His hand be lost,
Drear moment of delay!
We cry ' Lord, help the tempest-tossed!'—
And safe we're borne away.
- 3 Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.
- 4 The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes Himself, where'er He hears
The voice of loving prayer.
- 5 O happy soul of faith divine,
Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.
- 6 Come, Lord of peace, our griefs dispel,
And wipe our tears away:
'Tis Thine to order all things well,
And ours to bless Thy sway.

James Martineau.

Upton. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

H. FORD BENSON.

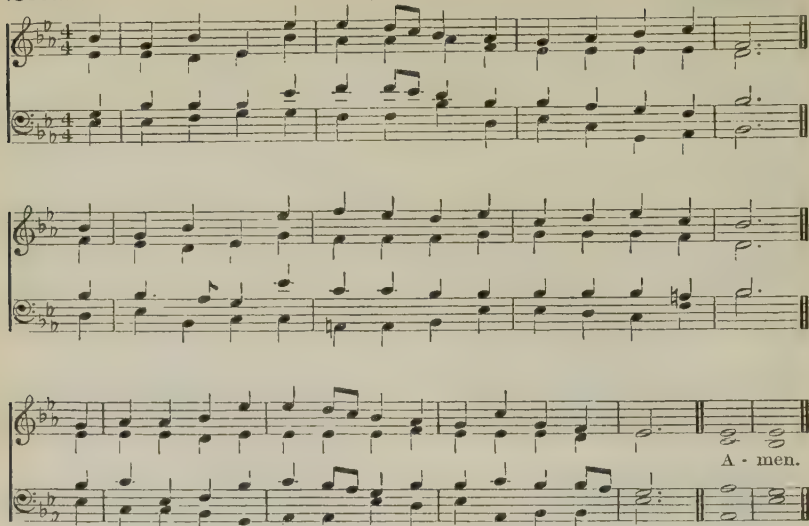


(See also Tunes ST. HUGH, No. 257, and ST. MARY, No. 115.)

Lebanon.

8.6., six lines.

From SPOHR.



(See also Tune ST. SILAS, No. 291.)

336

Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.—PSALM xxxviii. 22.

1 **G**O not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away;
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2 On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less:
O 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

3 Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee, 'mid the
As in a secret place. [storm,

4 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay;
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

5 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified;
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

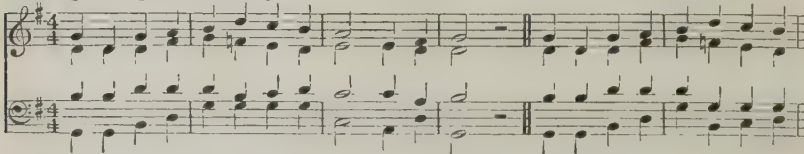
6 My heart is fixed, O God, my Strength,
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care:
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.

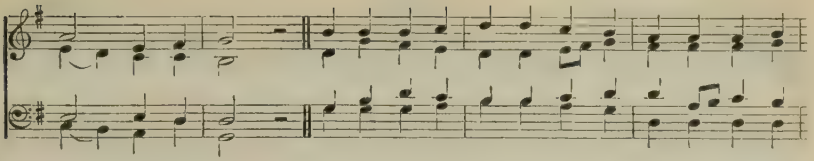
Anna L. Waring.

Southgate. [FIRST TUNE.]

84.84.8884.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.





337

Is it well with thee? . . . It is well.—2 KINGS iv. 26.

1 **T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour
 All will be well ;
 Free and changeless is His favour,
 All, all is well.
 Precious is the blood that healed us,
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
 Strong the hand stretched out to shield
 All must be well. [us ;

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well ;
 Ours is such a full salvation,
 All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding ;
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding ;
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;
 All must be well.

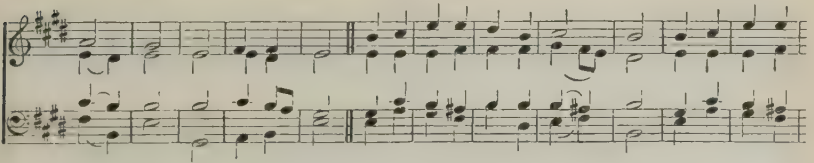
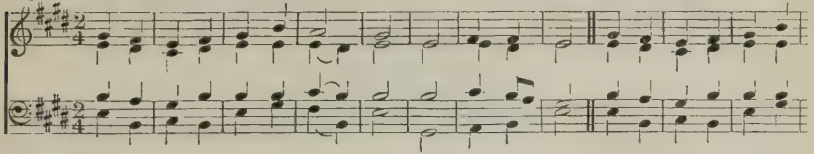
3 We expect a bright to-morrow ;
 All will be well ;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 ' All, all is well.'
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living or in dying,
 All must be well.

Mrs. Mary B. Peters.

Upsal. [SECOND TUNE.]

84.84.8884.

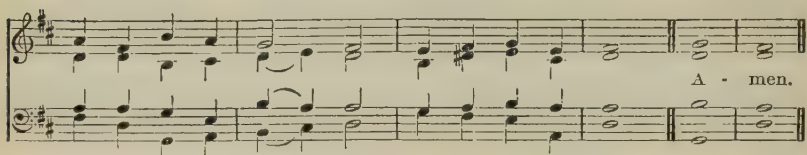
From J. CRÜGER.



Clewer. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

F. FILITZ.



338

He hath said, I will never leave thee.—HEBREWS xiii. 5.

- 1 **O** LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.
- 2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.
- 3 God will never leave thee ;
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

- 4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.
- 5 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.
- 6 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

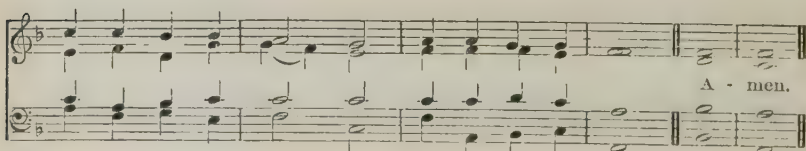
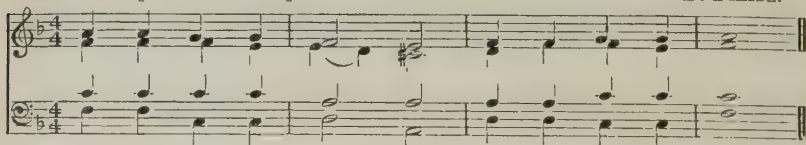
- 7 Jesus, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love.

H. S. Oswald, tr. F. E. Cox.

Bemerton. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

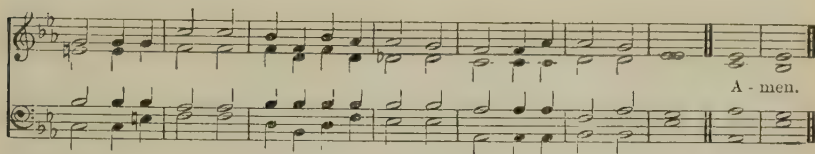
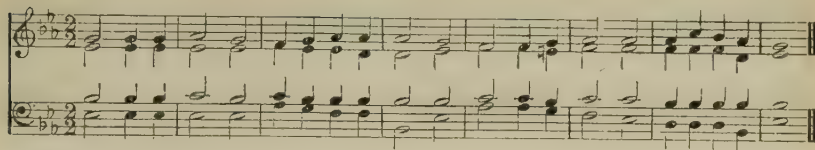
F. FILITZ.



Trust. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.10.11.6.

C. E. KETTLE.



339

I will trust and not be afraid.—ISAIAH xii. 2.

1 **S**TILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod ;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain ;
Through Him alone Who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed ;
Choose for us, God, Thy wisdom is unerring.
And we are fools and blind.

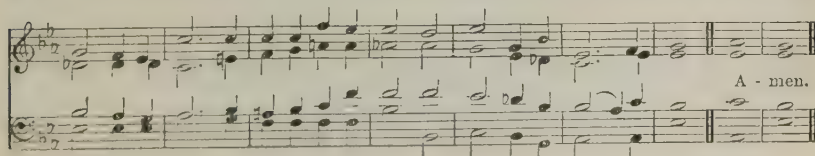
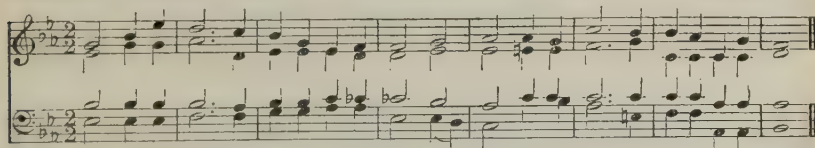
4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss ;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. Burleigh.

Diadema. [SECOND TUNE.]

11.10.11.6.

J. BARNBY.

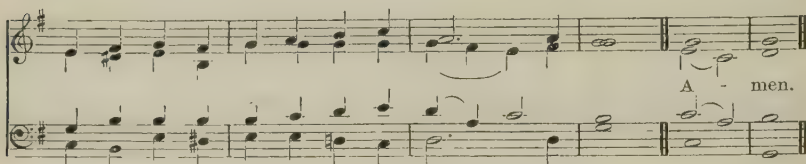


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Billside. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

H. A. HARDING.



340 *Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.*—PSALM lV. 22.

1 **D**OST thou bow beneath the burden
Of a crushing care?
Bring it to the feet of Jesus,—
Lay it there.

2 What thy need? He can supply it:
Longing? He can grant:
In Him is exhaustless fulness
For each want.

3 Was there ever one that sought Him
Yet to be denied?
Hope has in His gracious presence
Never died.

4 Who has ever found Him faithless?
Who has found Him weak?
Multitudes His mighty praises
Joyful speak.

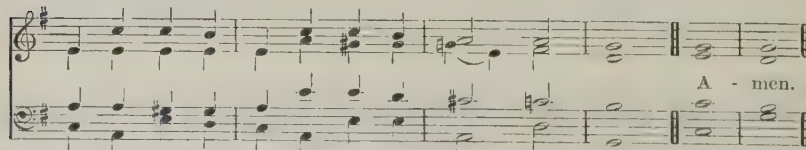
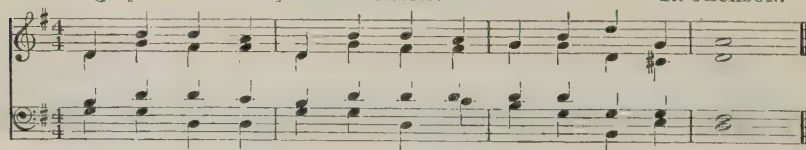
5 Agèd men and gentle maidens,
Young men, children sweet,
Lay their crowns of adoration
At His feet.

G. T. Coster.

Worsley. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

R. JACKSON.



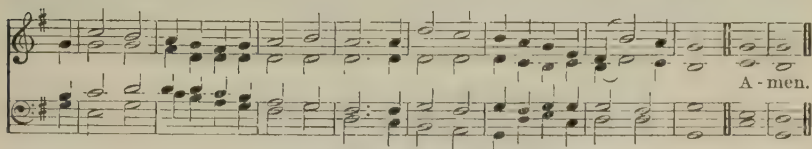
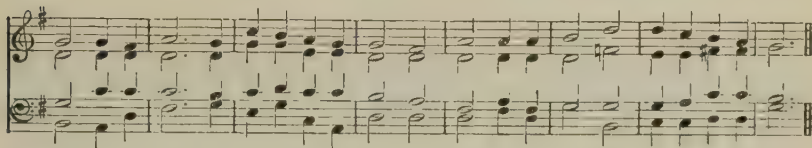
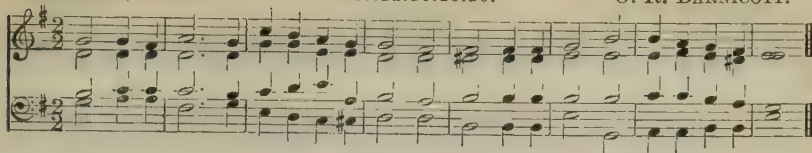
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(See also TUNE BULLINGER, No. 211.)

Warrenne, No. 4.

11.10.11.10.10.10.

O. R. BARNICOTT.



341

O Lord, Thou knowest.—JEREMIAH xv. 15.

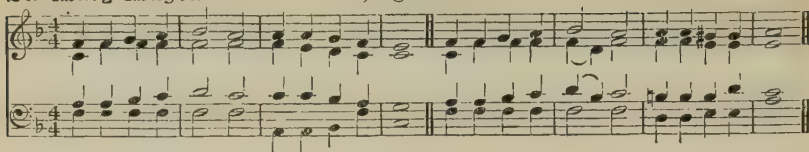
- 1 **T**HOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest ;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed :
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet : Thou knowest, Lord.
- 2 Thou knowest all the past : how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed ;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength again.
- 3 Thou knowest all the present : each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear ;
All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.
- 4 Thou knowest all the future : gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last ;
O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this : 'Thou knowest, Lord !'
- 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing ;
As Man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved ;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved :
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.
- 6 Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete ;
Then, rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known.

Jane Borthwick.

St. Mary Magdalene.

6.5., eight lines.

J. B. DYKES.



342

I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.—LUKE xxii. 32.

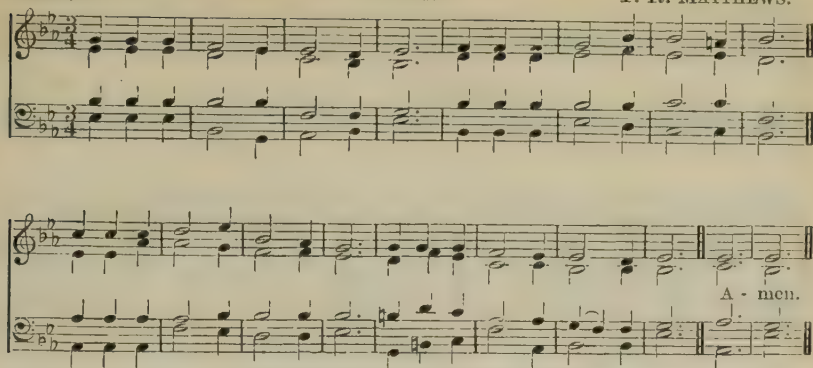
- 1 **I**N the hour of trial,
 Jesus, pray for me;
 Lest by base denial
 I depart from Thee;
 When Thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor for fear or favour
 Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With its witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm,—
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.
- 3 If with sore affliction
 Thou in love chastise,
 Pour Thy benediction
 On the sacrifice:
 Then, upon Thine altar
 Freely offered up,
 Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.
- 4 When in dust and ashes
 To the grave I sink,
 While heaven's glory flashes
 O'er the shelving brink,
 On Thy truth relying
 Through that mortal strife,
 Lord, receive me, dying,
 To eternal life.

James Montgomery.

Sarby.

L.M.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



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343

There was given to me a thorn in the flesh.—2 CORINTHIANS xii. 7.

1 **L**ORD, Thou hast all my frailty made,
 And Thou my inmost want canst read ;
 Prepare Thy light for every shade,
 Prepare Thy strength for every need.

2 When at Thy word the tempests form,
 When at Thy breath the mists o'ershroud,
 Provide Thy still voice for the storm,
 Provide Thy rainbow for the cloud.

3 What time I sojourn in the night,
 Let Bethlehem's star rule all the sky ;
 And when I climb steep Calvary's height,
 Let Olivet be clear on high.

4 I may not bid the shadows flee—
 They are the shadows of Thy wing ;
 Give but the eye more power to see
 The love behind their gathering.

5 I may not cast Thy cross away ;
 Thou gavest me Thy yoke to share ;
 Give but the arm new nerve each day,
 Give but the heart fresh love to bear,—

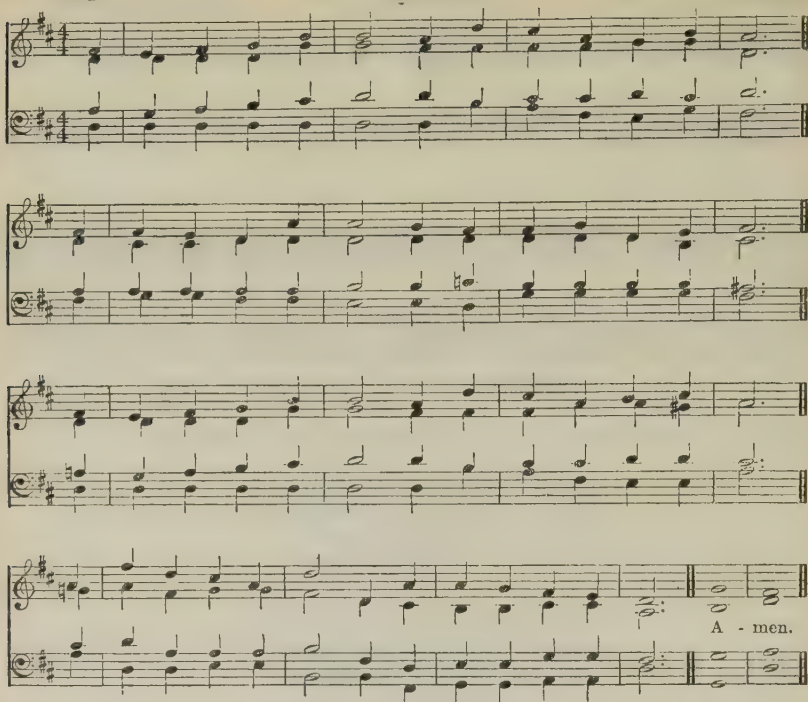
6 Until my thorn become my flower,
 Till death itself in life shall rise,
 And human sorrow's midnight hour
 Ring the first chimes of Paradise.

G. Matheson.

Bentley.

7.6., eight lines.

JOHN HULLAH.



(See also TUNE BRADFORD, No. 153.)

344

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.—PSALM cxii. 4.

1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord Who rises
With healing in His wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
'E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may,—

3 ' It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And He Who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.'

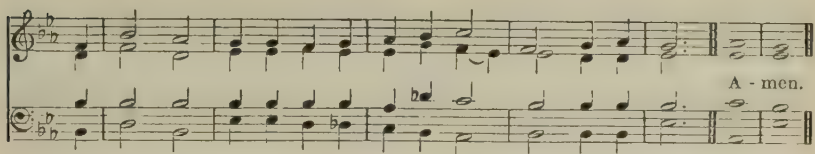
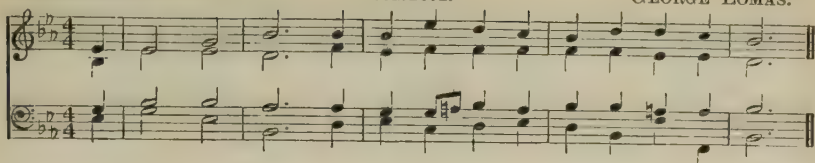
4 Though 'vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. Cowper.

Submission.

10.4.10.4.

GEORGE LOMAS.



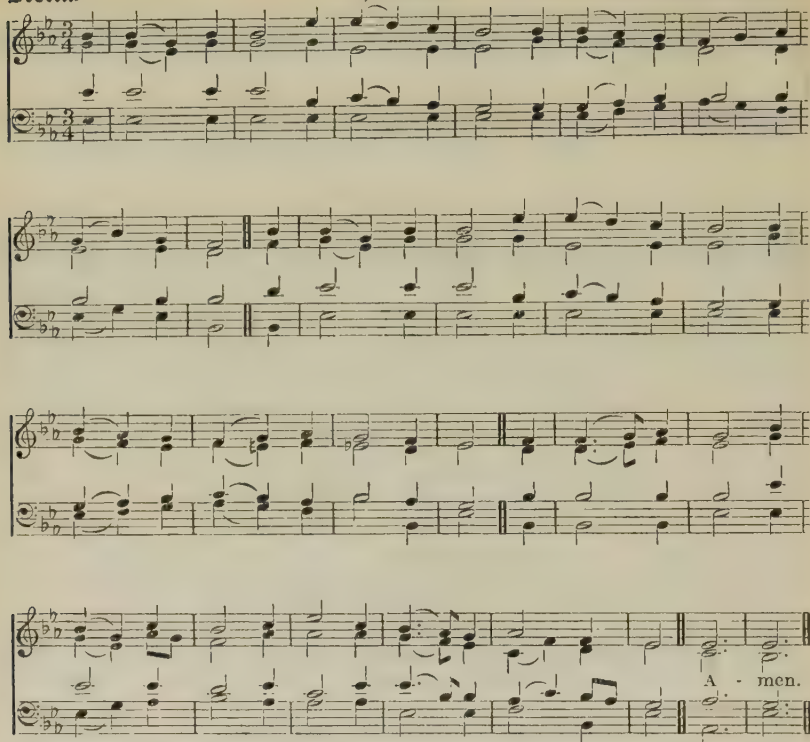
345

*I am thy God . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou
shouldst go.—ISAIAH xlviii. 17.*

- 1 **I** DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load :
- 2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
- 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
- 6 Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night :
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

A. A. Procter.

Stella. 8s., six lines. Founded on an English Traditional Melody.



(9) PEACEFUL TRUST

346

He knoweth them that trust in Him.—NAHUM I. 7.

1 **L**EAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide ;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thine all-sufficient Strength and Guide :
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

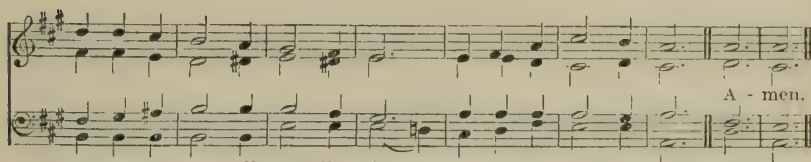
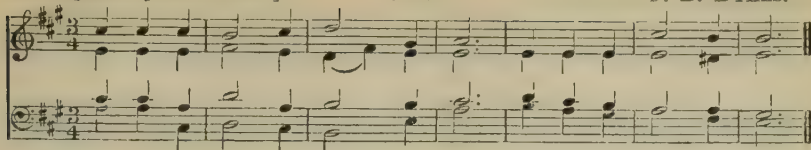
2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love, hath sent :
Doubt not our inmost wants are known
To Him, Who chose us for his own.

George Neumarch, tr. C. Winkworth.

St. Agnes. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. B. DYKES.



A - men.

(For this Tune in Key G, see No. 165.)

347

God . . . giveth grace unto the humble.—JAMES iv. 6.

1 **H**E that is down needs fear no fall,
 He that is low no pride ;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

2 I am content with what I have,
 Little be it or much ;
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave
 Because Thou savest such.

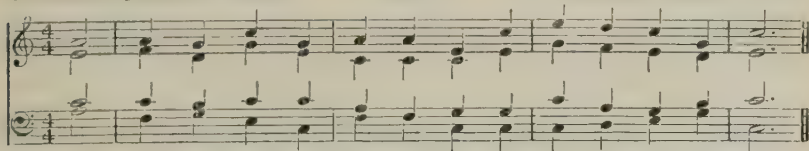
3 Fullness to such a burden is
 That go on pilgrimage ;
 Here little, and hereafter bliss
 Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan.

Coleshill. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

BARTON'S Psalms, 1706.



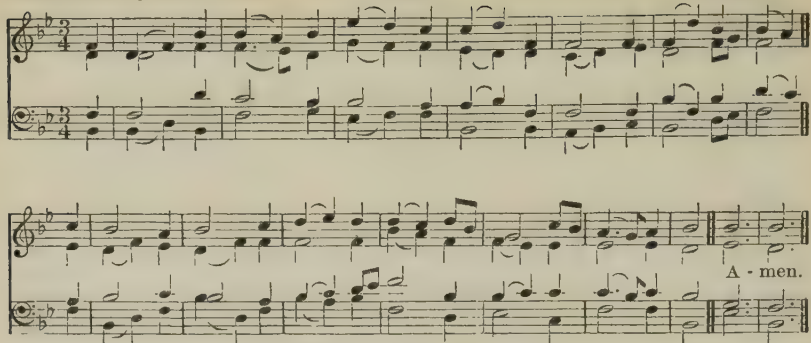
A - men.

(See also Tune BROCCO BANK, No. 195.)

Wiltshire. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

G. SMART.



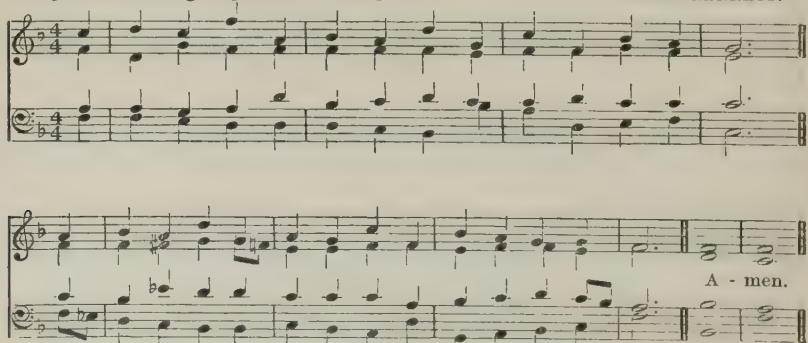
348

Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.—PSALM xxxiv. 8.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of
In trouble and in joy, [life,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.</p> <p>2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From mine example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.</p> | <p>3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection He affords to all
Who make His Name their trust.</p> <p>4 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.</p> <p>5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make but His service your delight;
Your wants shall be His care.
<i>Tate and Brady.</i></p> |
|---|--|

St. John's College. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M.

G. M. GARRETT.

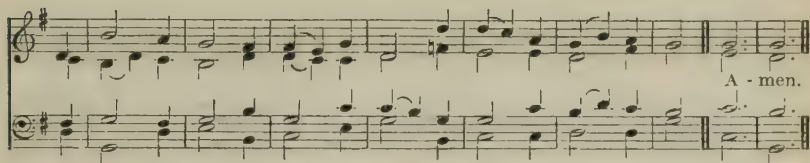
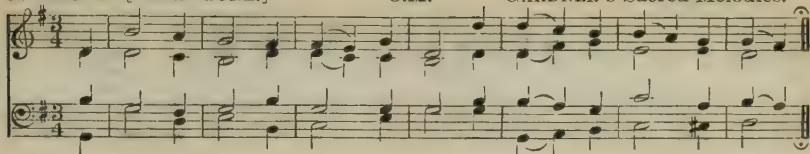


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Belmont. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

GARDNER'S Sacred Melodies.



A - men.

349 *The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds.—PHIL. IV. 7.*

- 1 WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.
- 2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast,—
- 3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;
- 4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.
- 5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Christian Melodies, 1858.

350 *The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.—PSALM XIX. 9.*

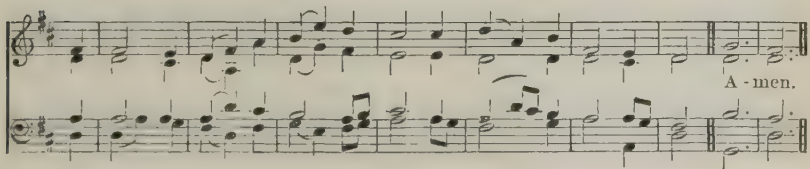
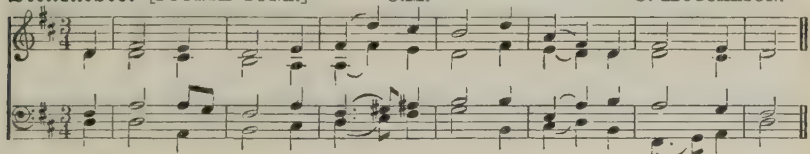
- 1 I SEE the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.
- 2 Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings:
I know that God is good!
- 3 I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.
- 4 And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.
- 5 And Thou, O Lord! by Whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

J. G. Whittier.

Stracatbro. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

C. HUTCHESON.

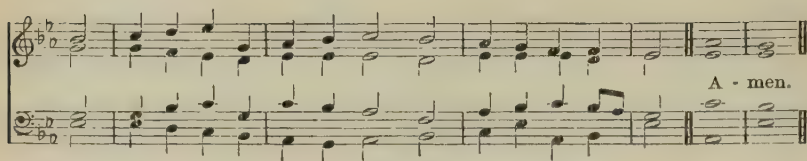
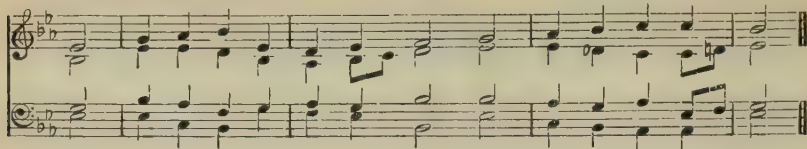


A - men.

Caitbness. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1635.



351

I waited patiently for the Lord.—PSALM xl. 1.

1 I WAITED for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline,
My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify:
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies,
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

5 O Lord my God, full many are
The wonders Thou hast done;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
Above all thoughts are gone:

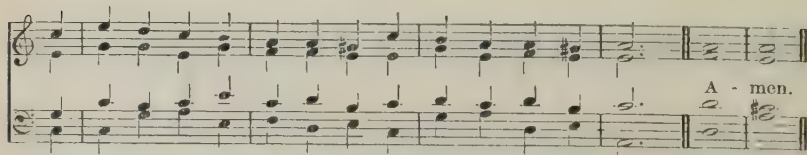
6 In order none can reckon them
To Thee: if them declare
And speak of them I would, they more
Than can be numbered are.

Windsor (or Dundee).

[SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

DAMON'S Psalmes, 1591.

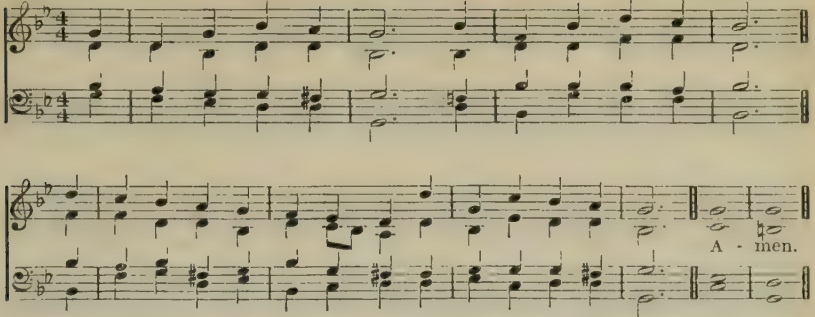


(See also TUNE DUNFERMLINE, No. 194.)

St. Bride. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

S. HOWARD.

352 *He that believeth shall not make haste.*—ISA. xxviii. 16.

- 1 NOT so in haste, my heart !
Have faith in God and wait ;
Although He seems to linger long,
He never comes too late.
- 2 He never comes too late,
He knoweth what is best ;
Vex not thyself—it is in vain ;
Until He cometh, rest.
- 3 Until He cometh, rest,
Nor grudge the hours that roll ;
The feet that wait for God—'tis they
Are soonest at the goal.
- 4 Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed,
Then hold thee still, O restless heart,
For I shall wait His lead.

*Bayard Taylor.*353 *My times are in Thy hand.*—
PSALM xxxi. 15.

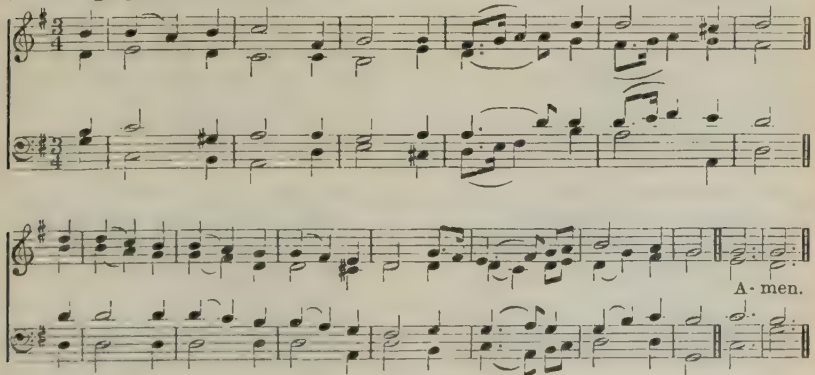
- 1 MY times are in Thy hand :
My God, I wish them there ;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 My times are in Thy hand :
Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified ;
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.
- 5 My times are in Thy hand :
I'll always trust in Thee ;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

W. F. Lloyd.

Serenity. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

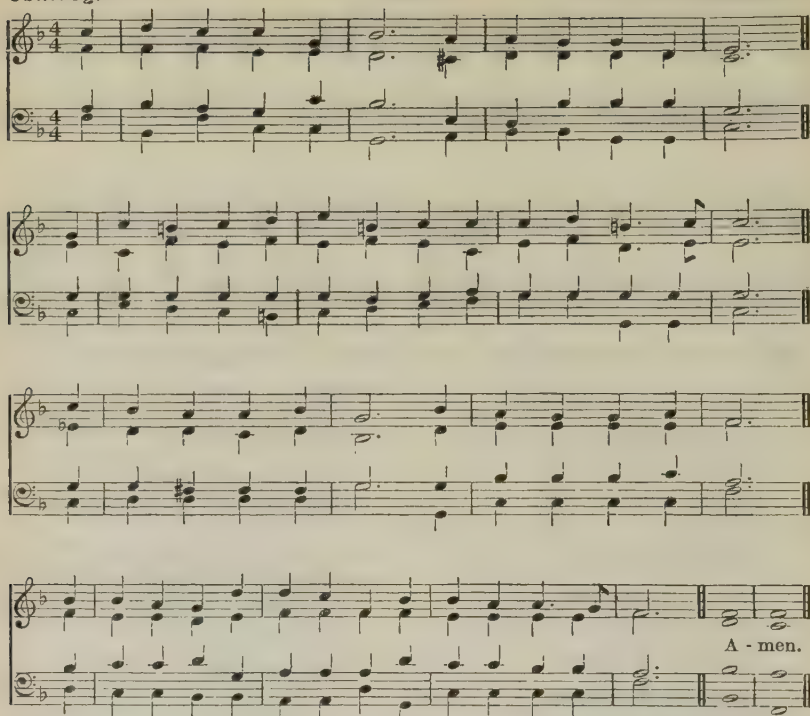
C. BRYAN.



Chalvey.

S.M.D.

L. G. HAYNE.



(See also TUNE FAIRFIELD, No. 304.)

354

As for God, His way is perfect.—PSALM xviii. 30.

1 SAY not, my soul, 'From whence
Can God relieve my care?'
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere:
But if as weak and poor
Thou seekest charity,
Christ may come knocking at thy door,
And ask relief of thee.

2 He comes as truth denied,
Comes as a wounded heart;
Sees if with courage well supplied
And kindliness thou art.
Will He an alms receive?
Then never doubt and fret;
Is He less able to relieve,
More likely to forget?

3 God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed;
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest:
His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind:
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.

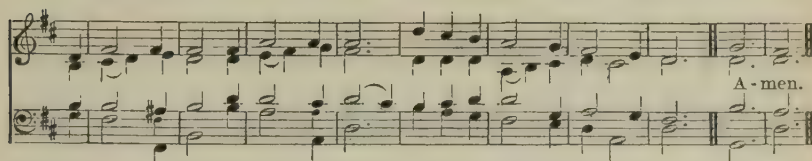
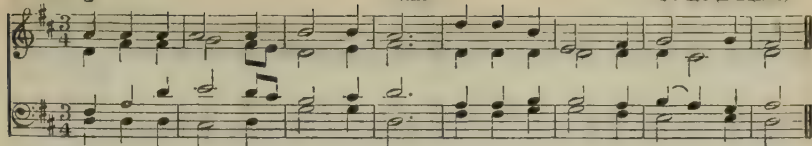
4 Hast thou assumed a load
Which few will share with thee,
And art thou carrying it for God,
And shall He fail to see?
Be comforted at heart,
Thou art not left alone:
Now thou the Lord's companion art;
Soon thou wilt share His throne.

T. T. Lynch.

Rivault.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



355

Increasing in the knowledge of God.—COLOSSIANS i. 10.

- 1 **S**TRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy
face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;
- 2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him : Thou art
just.
- 3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

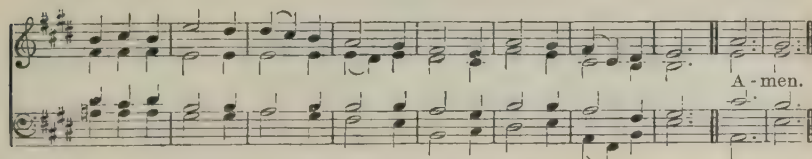
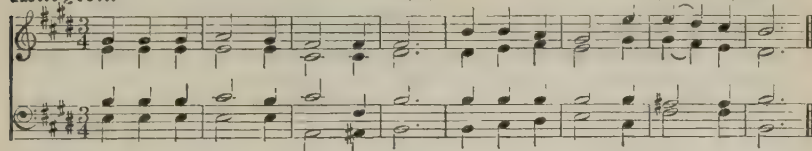
- 4 Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.
- 5 We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.
- 6 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well
May make one music as before.

A. Tennyson.

Maryton.

L.M.

H. PERCY SMITH.



356

All things are for your sakes.—2 CORINTHIANS iv. 15.

- 1 **F**ATHER, beneath Thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring ;
In life, in death, supremely blest.
- 2 For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys ;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life divine that all things sways.

- 3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win ;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.
- 4 Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide ;
The grace that yields us so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

W. H. Burleigh.

Rest. [FIRST TUNE.]

86.886.

F. C. MAKER.



357

He called them, and they went after Him.—MARK i. 20.

1 **D**EAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways ;
 Re-clothe us in our rightful mind ;
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
 O calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love !

4 With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of Thy call,
 As noiseless let Thy blessing fall,
 As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease ;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

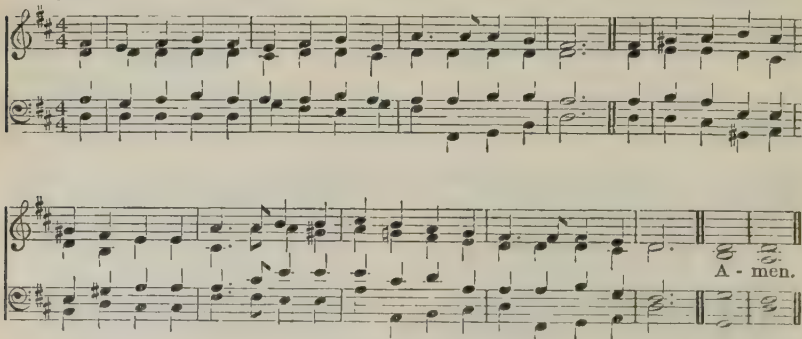
6 Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm ;
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire ;
 Speak through the earthquake, wind,
 and fire,
 O still small voice of calm !

J. G. Whittier.

Campfields. [SECOND TUNE.]

86.886.

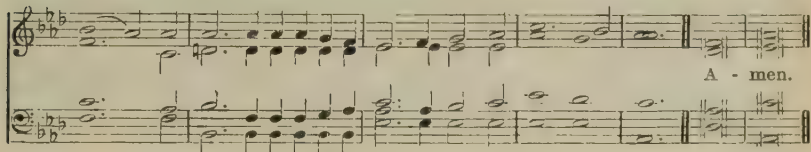
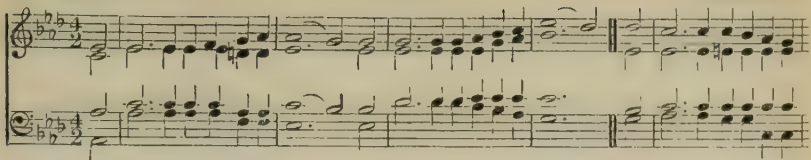
M. J. MONK.



St. Margaret.

88.886.

A. L. PEACE.



358

How shall I give thee up?—HOSEA xi. 8.

1.

O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul in Thee;
 I give Thee back the life I owe,
 That in Thine ocean depths its flow
 May richer, fuller be.

2.

O Light that followest all my way,
 I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
 That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
 May brighter, fairer be.

3.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to Thee;
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.

4.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

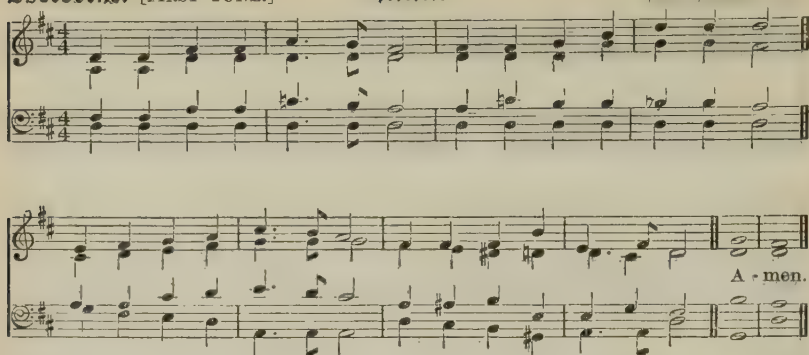
G. Matheson.

Hymn and Tune by permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Sherborne. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

From MENDELSSOHN.



359

Give us day by day our daily bread.—LUKE xi. 3.

1 DAY by day the manna fell ;
O to learn this lesson well !
Still, by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 'Day by day,' the promise reads ;
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand ;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give,
Day by day to Thee I live ;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

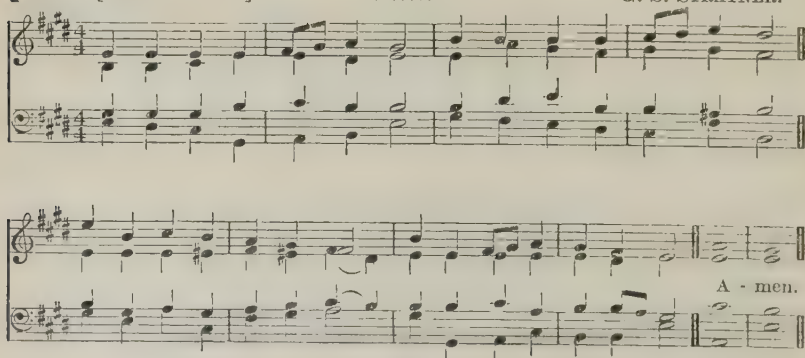
5 O to live with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude ;
Strong in faith, exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer.

Josiah Conder.

Dosen. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

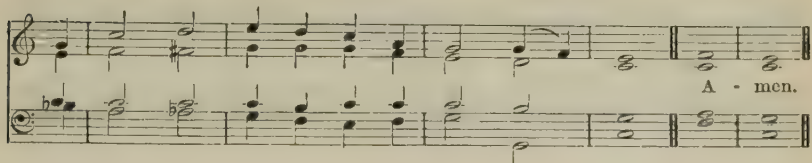
G. S. STRATNER.



Bar Tecum.

10.10.

G. T. CALDBECK.



360

My peace I give unto you.—JOHN xiv. 27.

1.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin ?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed ?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away ?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours ?
Jesus hath vanquished death and all its powers.

7.

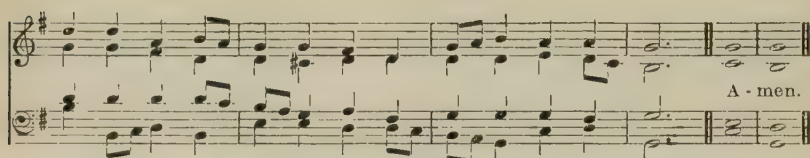
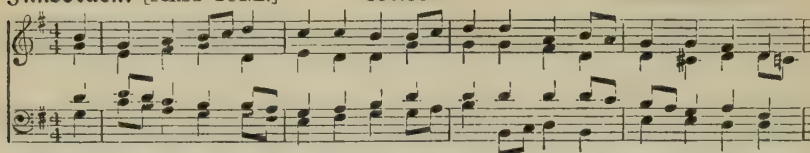
It is enough ; earth's troubles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. Bickersteth.

3nnsbrück. [FIRST TUNE.]

886.886.

HEINRICH ISAAC.



361

Casting all your care upon Him. —1 PETER v. 7.

1 **O** LORD, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on Thee,
 If we from self could rest,
 And feel at heart that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life !
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden wild alarms !
 Oh, could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On Thine almighty arms !

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God ;
 Then rise with lightened cheer,
 Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
 To still the famished ravens' cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should ;
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
 But birds and flowers around us preach,
 And all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.

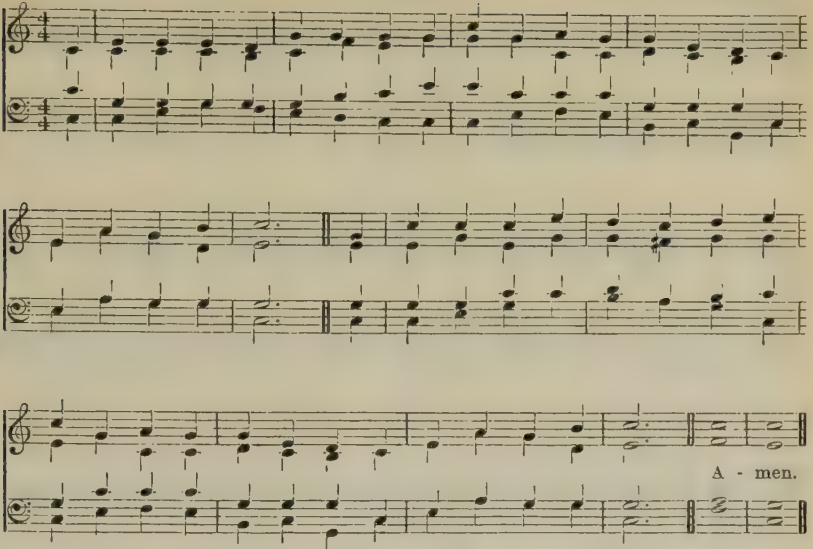
5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers :
 Make them from self to cease,
 Leave all things to a Father's will,
 And taste, before Him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace.

Joseph Anstice.

Hull. [SECOND TUNE.]

886.886.

S. CHANDLER.



362

We trust in the living God.—1 TIMOTHY iv. 10.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 NOT, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,
 Thy wonders to past ages shown,
 Make our glad spirits glow ;
 Our eyes behold Thy works of might ;
 On us full beam Thy wonders bright ;
 The Living God we know.</p> | <p>3 Thou settest us each task divine ;
 We bless that helping hand of Thine,
 This strength by Thee bestowed :
 Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
 Thine own the cause, Thine own the
 We serve the Living God. [might ;</p> |
| <p>2 We joy not only to be told,
 How with Thy saints and seers of old
 Thou madest sweet abode :
 We of Thy presence bright can tell ;
 Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell :
 We feel the Living God.</p> | <p>4 Ah ! soon we droop ; ah ! soon we tire ;
 Our fainting hearts new strength require,
 Again would quickened be :
 We ask no priest ; we seek no shrine ;
 To Thee we come for life divine,
 Thou Living God, to Thee !</p> |
- 5 O more than satisfy our need ;
 Our most divine desires exceed ;
 Our daily Quickener be :
 Thou living God, possess us still ;
 Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
 Our blessed life in Thee !

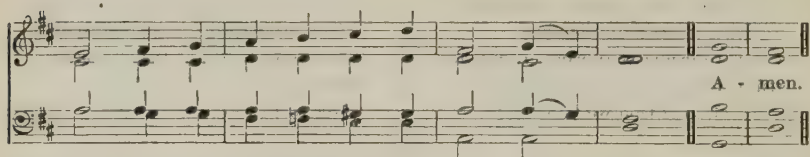
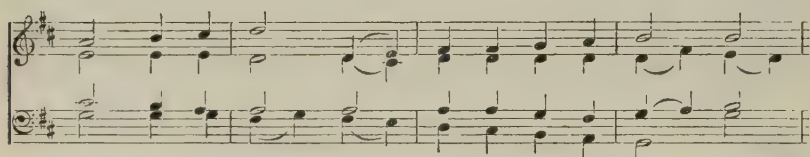
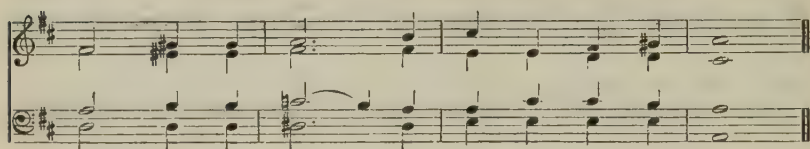
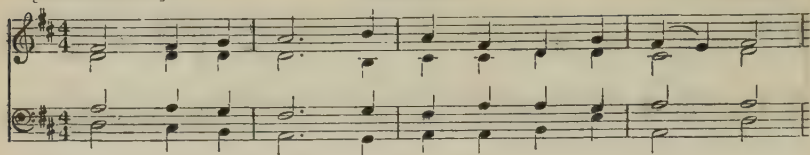
T. H. Gill.

Strength and Stay.

[FIRST TUNE.]

11.10.11.10.

J. B. DYKES.



363

The Lord thy God will hold thy right hand.—ISAIAH xli. 13.

1 **H**OLD Thou my hand ! so weak I am, and helpless,
I dare not take one step without Thy aid ;
Hold Thou my hand ! for then, O loving Saviour,
No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

2 Hold Thou my hand ! and closer, closer draw me
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all ;
Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander ;
And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

3 Hold Thou my hand ! the way is dark before me
 Without the sunlight of Thy face divine ;
 But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
 What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine !

4 Hold Thou my hand ! that when I reach the margin
 Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,
 A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
 And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

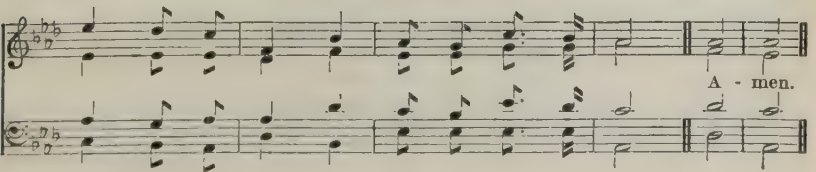
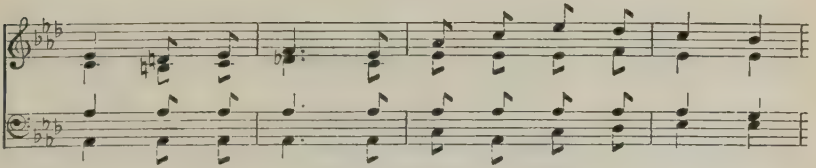
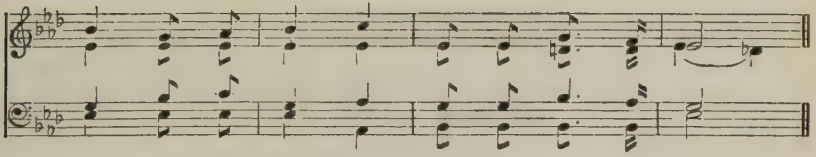
Grace J. Frances.

Hold Thou my Hand !

[SECOND TUNE.]

11.10.11.10.

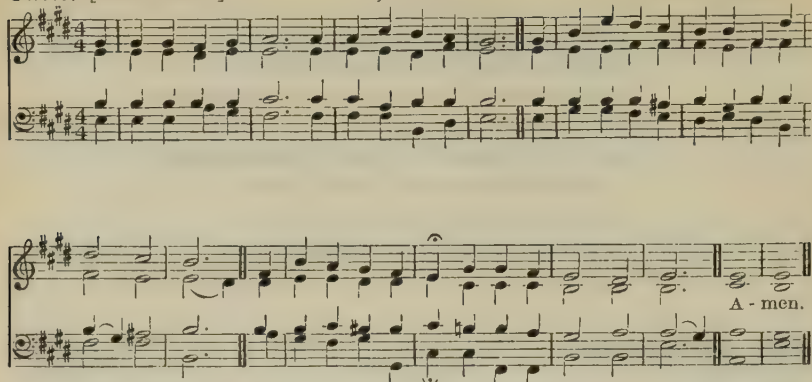
H. P. MAIN.



Oasis. [FIRST TUNE.]

6s., six lines.

GEORGE LOMAS.



(10) CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

364

Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—GALATIANS ii. 20.

1 **T**HY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead :
Thy life was given for me ;
What have I given for Thee ?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know :
Long years were spent for me ;
Have I spent one for Thee ?

3 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell :
Thou sufferedst all for me ;
What have I borne for Thee ?

4 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love :
Great gifts Thou broughtest me ;
What have I brought to Thee ?

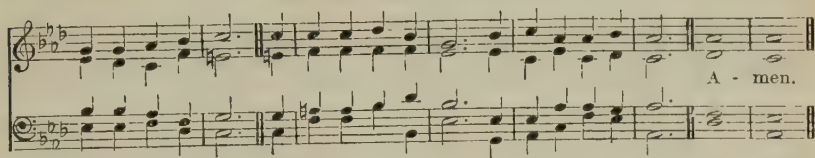
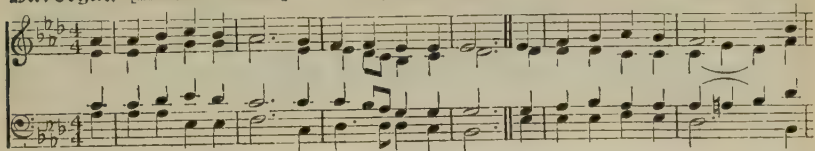
5 O let my life be given,
 My years for Thee be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent :
 Thou gav'st Thyself for me ;
 I give myself to Thee !

Frances R. Havergal.

Havergal. [SECOND TUNE.]

6s., six lines.

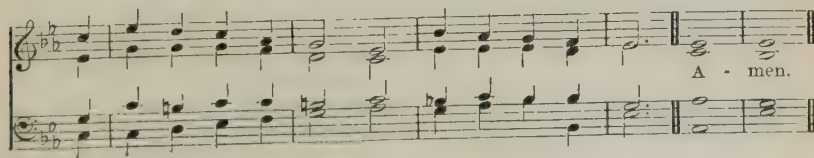
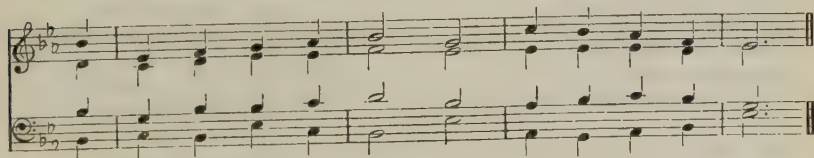
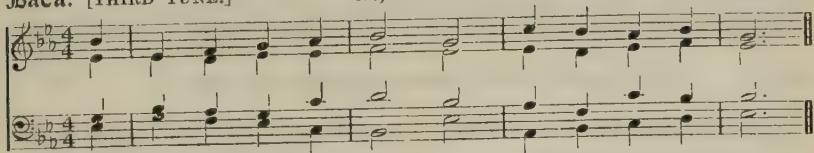
J. W. ELLIOTT.



Baca. [THIRD TUNE.]

6s., six lines.

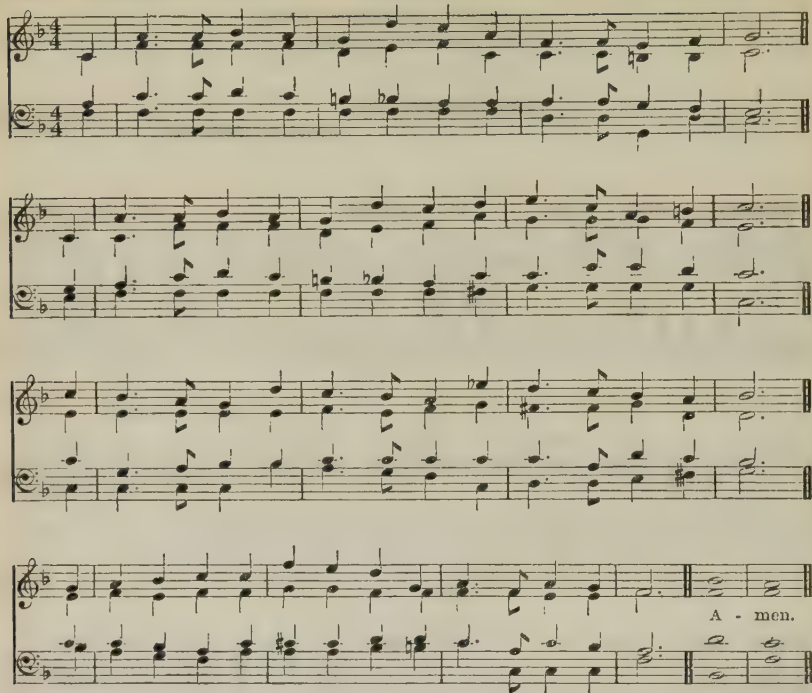
W. H. HAVERGAL.



Land of Rest. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M. D.

R. S. NEWMAN.



365

A servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ.—JAMES i. 1.

1 **H**OW blessèd, from the bonds of sin
 And earthly fetters free,
 In singleness of heart and aim,
 Thy servant, Lord, to be ;
 The hardest toil to undertake
 With joy at Thy command,
 The meanest office to receive
 With meekness at Thy hand.

2 With willing heart and longing eyes
 To watch before Thy gate,
 Ready to run the weary race,
 To bear the heavy weight ;
 No voice of thunder to expect,
 But follow, calm and still ;
 For love can easily divine
 The One Belovèd's will.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord.
 Thus ever Thine alone,
 My soul and body given to Thee,
 The purchase Thou hast won ;
 Through evil or through good report
 Still keeping by Thy side,
 By life or death, in this poor flesh
 Let Christ be magnified.

4 How happily the working days
 In this dear service fly ;
 How rapidly the closing hour,
 The time of rest draws nigh,
 When all the faithful gather home,
 A joyful company,
 And ever where the Master is
 Shall His blest servants be.

C. J. Spitta, tr. H. L. L.

Kirkstall. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M. D.

JAMES SHAW.

366

Be silent unto the Lord, and wait patiently.—PSALM xxxvii. 7.

1 **B**E still my heart, be still my mind,
 In silent service rest ;
 The Hidden One thou canst not find,
 To wait for Him is best ;
 Thy powers are all too weak to rise,
 Thine eyes too dim to see ;
 Be still ; and wait the sweet surprise
 When God shall find out thee.

2 He'll find thee 'mid the busy strife
 Of duty bravely done ;
 Or in the quiet walks of life,
 Where wisdom's prize is won ;
 He'll turn thy darkness into dawn,
 Thy trembling faith to sight,
 Thy anxious fears and hope forlorn
 To raptures of delight.

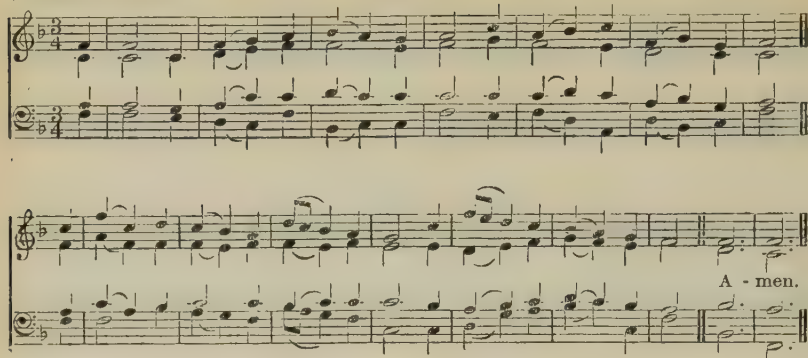
3 God works for those who trust and wait
 In patience on His will,
 Assured that either soon or late
 His word He must fulfil :
 The face of truth thine eyes shall see
 More clearly than the sun ;
 The crown of life held out to thee,
 By faith is always won.

W. E. Winks.

Trisb. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

Hymns, &c., Dublin, 1749.



367

*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren,
ye have done it unto Me.—MATT. xxv. 40.*

1 FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline ;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine ?

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before Thy Father's face.

3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard ;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered.

4 Then help us, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
Delight to do Thy will,
Each others' burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

5 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live ;
Freely we have received of Thee,
As freely may we give.

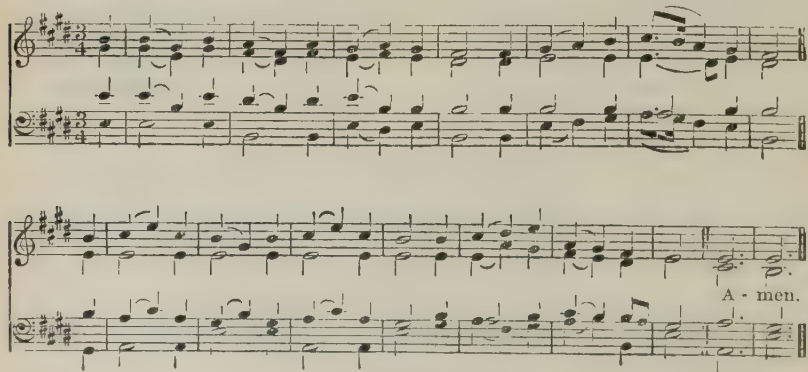
6 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see ;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

P. Doddridge (alld.).

Arnold's. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

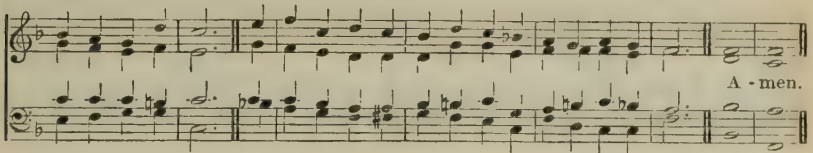
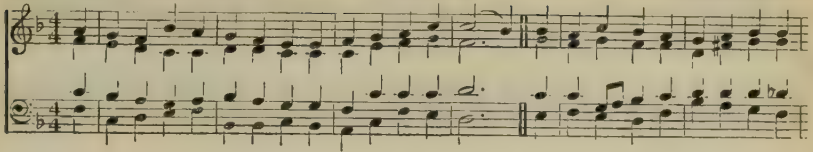
DR. S. ARNOLD.



St. Elias. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.6., six lines.

J. LANCASTER.



368

The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them.—JOHN xvii. 22.

1 DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will ;
For even I in fields so broad
Some duties may fulfil ;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come ;
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some :
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee ;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity :
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

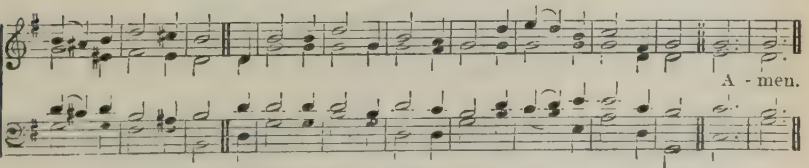
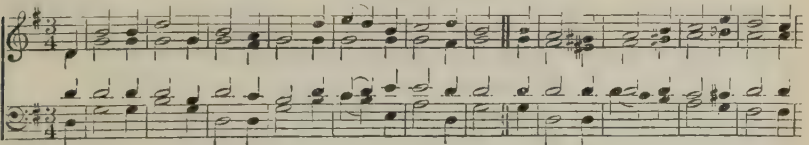
4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day ;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His sonship may :
Lord, I would serve and be a son ;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. Lynch.

Spohr. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.6., six lines.

From SPOHR.

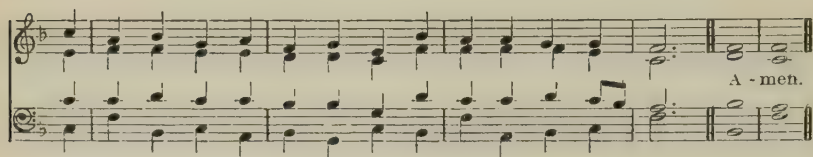


(See also Tune LEBANON, No. 336.)

Salisbury. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.



369

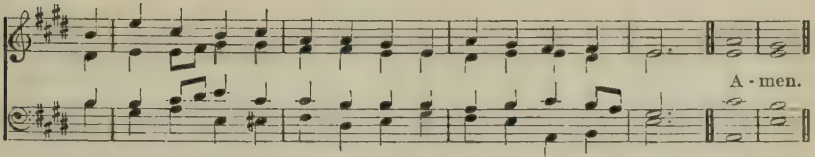
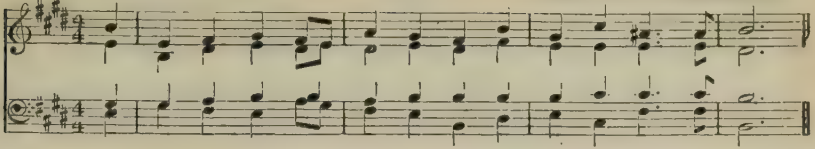
Faithful and true.—REV. xix. 11.

- 1 **O** GOD of Truth, Whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.
- 2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.
- 3 Ah ! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white !
- 4 *We* fight for truth ! *we* fight for God !
Poor slaves of lies and sin !
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.
- 5 Then, God of truth, for Whom we long,
Thou Who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.
- 6 Still smite ! still burn ! till nought is left
But God's own truth and love ;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.
- 7 Yea, come ! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us, •
And we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes.

St. Bernard. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

From "Tochter Sion," 1741.
Adapted by W. RICHARDSON.

370

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.—MATT. ix. 38.

- 1 **O** STILL in accents clear and strong
 Sounds forth the ancient word :
 ' More reapers for white harvest-fields,
 More labourers for the Lord ! '
- 2 We hear the call : in dreams no more
 In selfish ease we lie ;
 But, girded for our Father's work,
 Go forth beneath His sky.
- 3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
 And prayers of saints were sown,
 We, to their labours entering in,
 Would reap where they have strown.
- 4 O Thou, Whose call our hearts has stirred,
 To do Thy will we come ;
 Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
 And bear our harvest home.

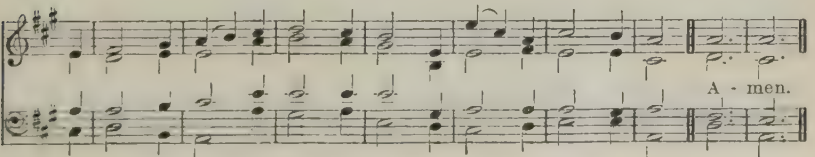
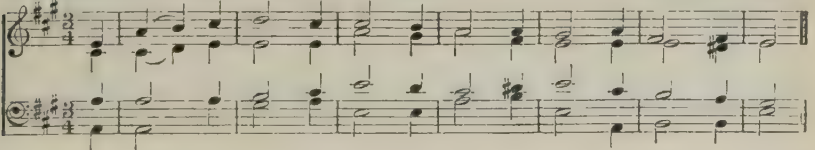
Samuel Longfellow.

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Farningham. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

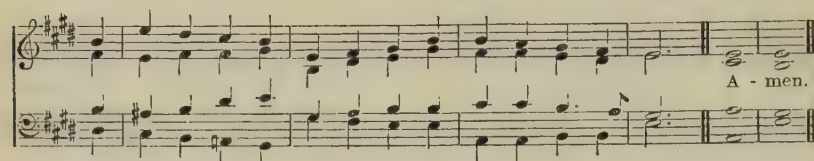
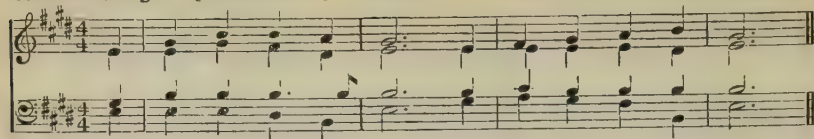
C. E. KETTLE.



Westenhanger. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

C. W. POOLE.



371

It is required of stewards, that a man be found faithful.—1 COR. iv. 2.

1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be ;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our firstfruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

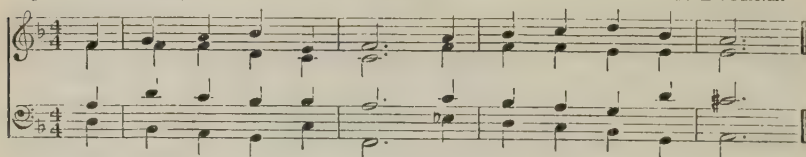
W. W. How.

We give Thee but Thine own.

[SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

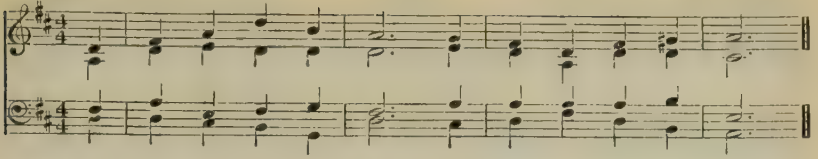
E. H. THORNE.



Tytherton. [THIRD TUNE.]

S.M.

L. R. WEST.



372

Who will rise up for Me against the evil-doers ? —PSALM xciv. 16.

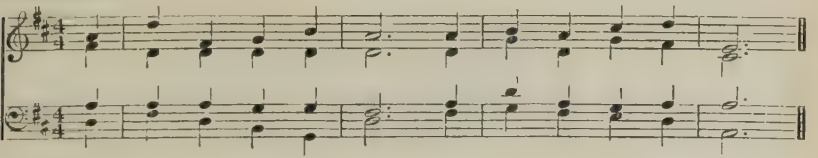
- 1 **R**ISE up, O men of God !
Have done with lesser things ;
Give heart and soul and mind and strength
To serve the King of kings.
- 2 Rise up, O men of God !
His Kingdom tarries long ;
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.
- 3 Rise up, O men of God !
The Church for you doth wait :
Her strength unequal to her task,
Rise up, and make her great !
- 4 Lift high the Cross of Christ !
Tread where His feet have trod,
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God !

W. P. Merrill.

Doncaster. [FOURTH TUNE.]

S.M.

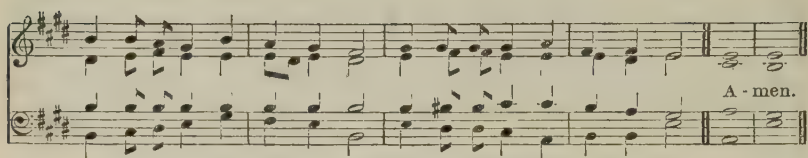
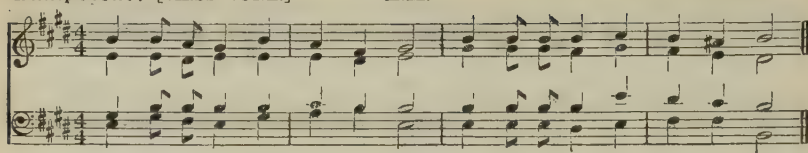
S. WESLEY.



Bampstead. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

W. SMALLWOOD.



373

*The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar ; it shall never
go out.—LEVITICUS vi. 13.*

1.

O THOU who camest from above
The pure, celestial fire to impart
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2.

There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze ;
And, trembling, to its source return
In humble love and fervent praise.

3.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for Thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me ;

4.

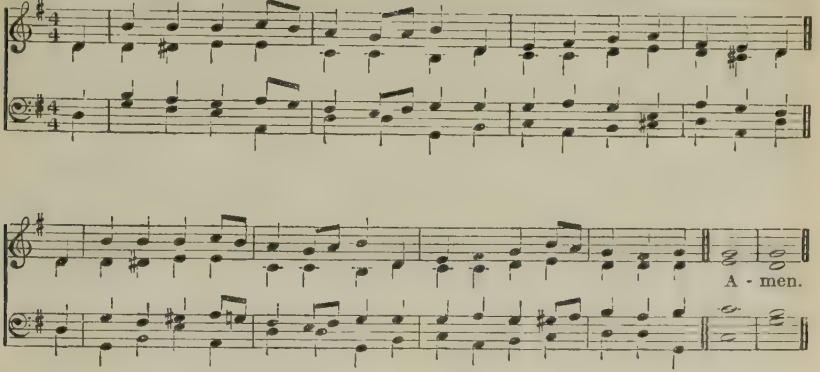
Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

C. Wesley.

Canonbury. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

From R. SCHUMANN.



374

As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.—JOHN xvii. 18.

1.

AND didst Thou, Lord, our sorrows take ?
And didst Thou, Lord, our burdens bear ?
Didst Thou for love of us forsake
Those glorious heights, that heavenly air ?

2.

O could our weakness move Thy might ?
Our misery make us sought of Thee ?
Our gloom allure Thy glory bright ?
Our sins win down Thy purity ?

3.

We who so tenderly were sought,
Shall we not joyful seekers be,
And, to Thy feet divinely brought,
Help weaker souls, dear Lord, to Thee ?

4.

Celestial Seeker, send us forth
Almighty Lover, teach us love !
When shall we yearn to help our earth,
As yearned the Holy One above ?

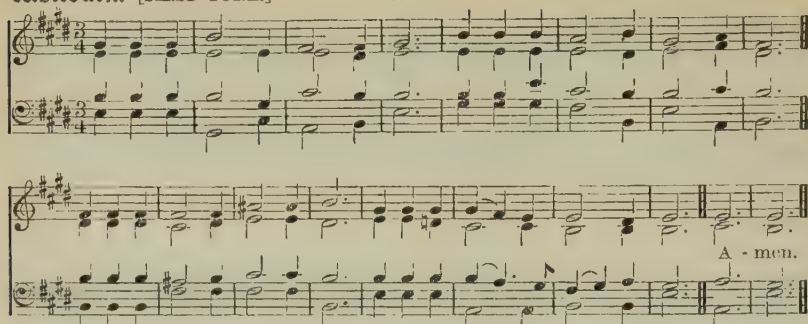
T. H. Gill.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Whitburn. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

H. BAKER.



375 *Speak, for Thy servant heareth.*— 1 SAM. iii. 10.

- 1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.
- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
- 3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
- 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
- 7 O use me, Lord, use even me, [where,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal.

376 *Be not weary in well-doing.*— 2 THESSALONIANS iii. 13.

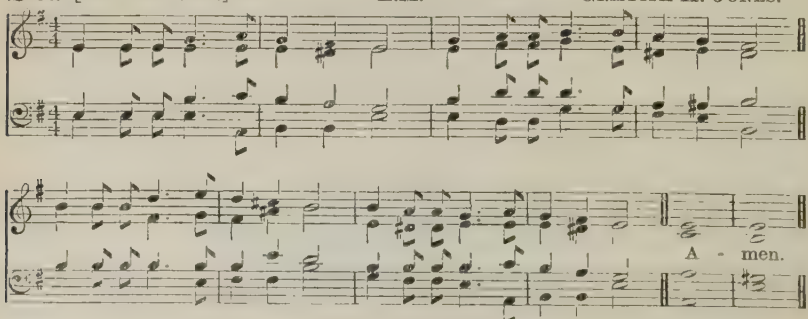
- 1 GO, labour on, spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still ?
- 2 Go, labour on : 'tis not for nought ;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises ; what are men ?
- 3 Go, labour on : your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
down ;
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.
- 4 Go, labour on while it is day :
The world's dark night is hastening
on ;
Speed, speed thy work ; cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight cry, ' Behold, I come ! '

H. Bonar.

Ulef. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

GRIFFITH H. JONES.



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(See also Tune HOLLEY, No. 154.)

Eisenach. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN.



377 *None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.—ROM. xiv. 7.*

- 1 MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end ?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good ;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him Who for my ransom died ;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more ;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

P. Doddridge.

378 *One soweth, and another reapeth.—JOHN iv. 37.*

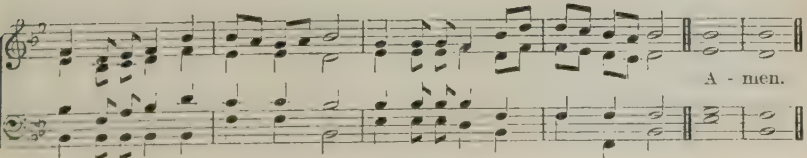
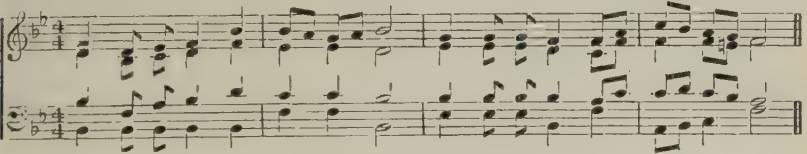
- 1 WHO calls Thy glorious service hard ?
Who deems it not its own reward ?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness ?
- 2 It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field ;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reapers' song among the sheaves.
- 3 Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed is done !
- 4 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.
- 5 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again ;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Ernan. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

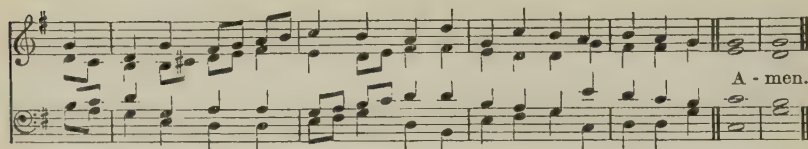
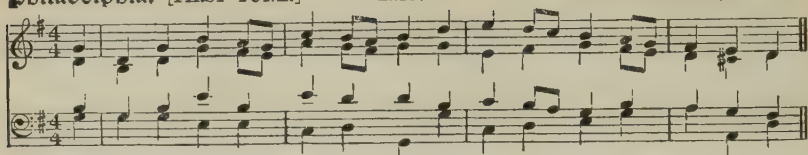
LOWELL MASON.



Philadelphia. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

From the Psalmist, 1836.



379

The profit of the earth is for all.—ECCLESIASTES v. 9.

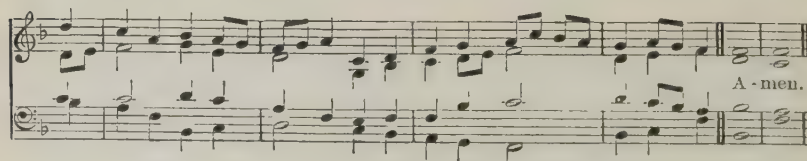
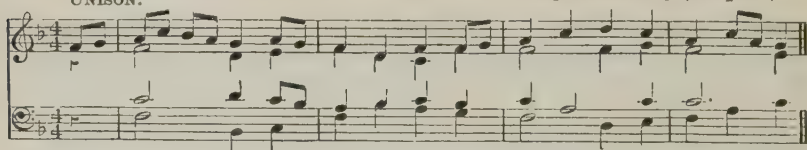
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 I SAID it in the meadow path,
I say it on the mountain stairs—
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.</p> <p>2 The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
The light without us and within,
Life, with its unlocked treasures,
God's riches,—are for all to win.</p> <p>3 The grass is softer to my tread
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red
Because she makes the whole world
sweet.</p> | <p>4 Into your heavenly loneliness,
Ye welcome me, O solemn peaks!
And me in every guest ye bless,
Who rev'rently your mystery seeks.</p> <p>5 And up the radiant peopled way
That opens into worlds unknown,
It will be life's delight to say,
"Heaven is not heaven for me alone."</p> <p>6 Rich by my brethren's poverty?—
Such wealth were worthless! I am
blest
Only in what they share with me,
In what I share with all the rest.</p> |
|--|--|

Lucy Larcom.

Summerville. [SECOND TUNE.]
UNISON.

L.M.

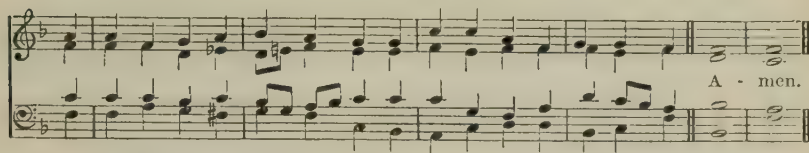
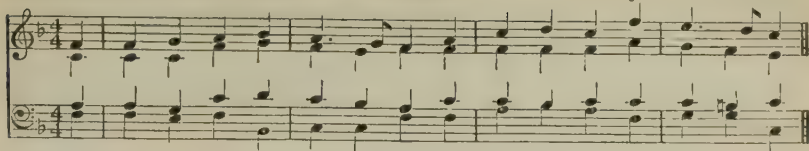
English Melody (adapted).



St. Anselm. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

Arr. by L. G. HAYNE.



380

*When they were come down from the mountain, a great multitude
met Him.—LUKE ix. 37.*

1 **W**HERE cross the crowded ways of
life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of man !

2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 The cup of water giv'n for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace ;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

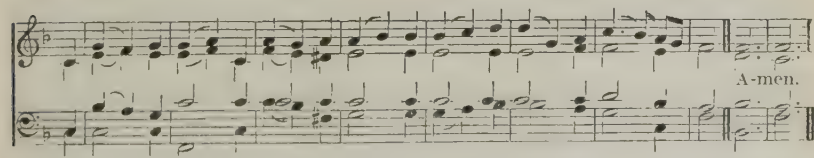
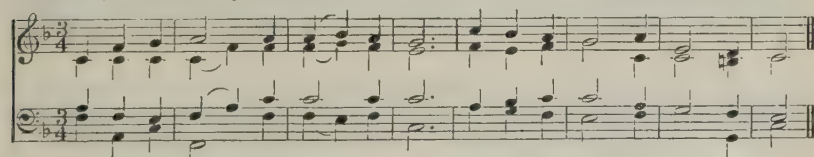
4 O Master, from the mountain-side,
Make haste to heal those hearts of pain ;
Among these restless throngs abide ;
Oh, tread the city's streets again ;

5 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod ;
Till glorious from Thy heav'n above,
Shall come the city of our God.

Frank Mason North.

Alsace (or Bonn). [SECOND TUNE.] L.M.

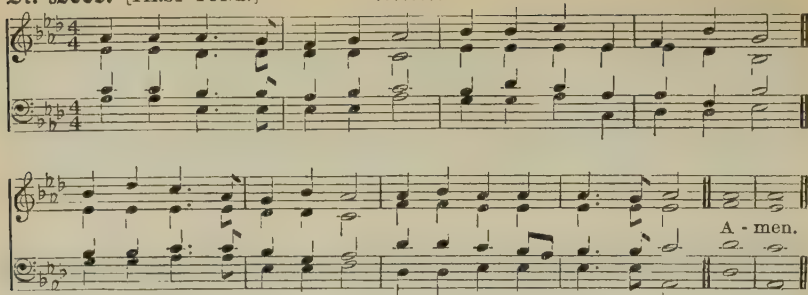
FROM BEETHOVEN.



St. Bees. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

J. B. DYKES.



381

All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.—

1 CHRONICLES xxix. 14.

- 1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee :
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love :
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King :
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

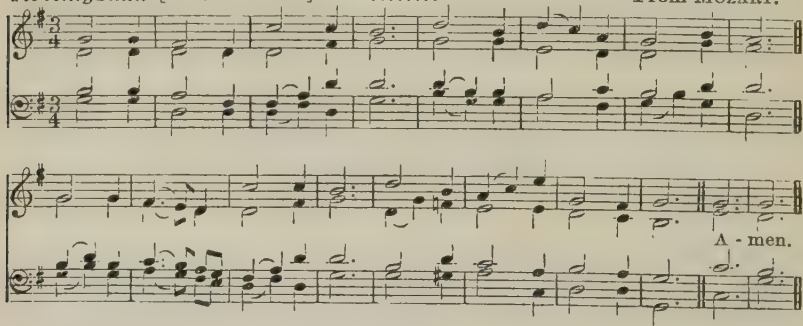
- 4 Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold :
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine :
Take my heart—it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store :
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

Nottingham. [SECOND TUNE.]

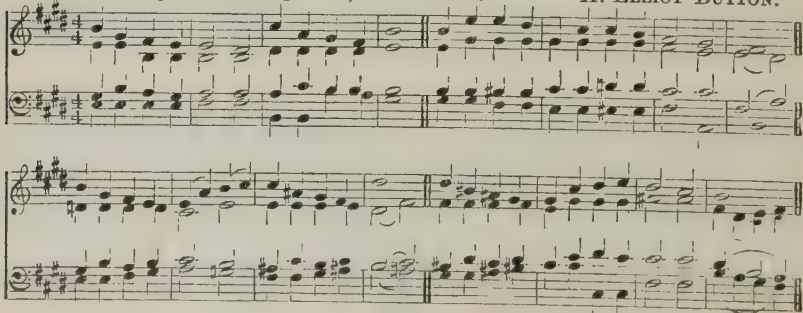
7.7.7.7.

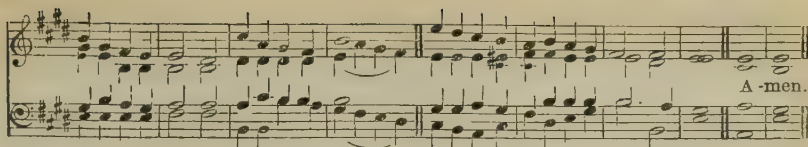
From MOZART.



Sumus Tibi. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5., twelve lines.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.





By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

382

Who is on the Lord's side?—EX. xxxii. 26.

1 **W**HO is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be His helpers
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who for Him will go?
 By Thy call of mercy,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior-psalm;
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom He died:
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on His side.
 By Thy love constraining,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow:
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure,
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

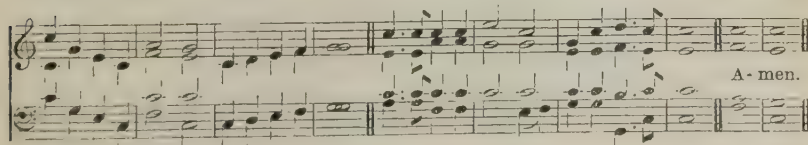
4 Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land,
 Chosen, called, and faithful
 For our Captain's band,
 In the service royal
 Let us not grow cold;
 Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,
 By Thy grace divine,
 Always on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, always Thine.

Frances R. Havergal.

German.

Armageddon. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., twelve lines.

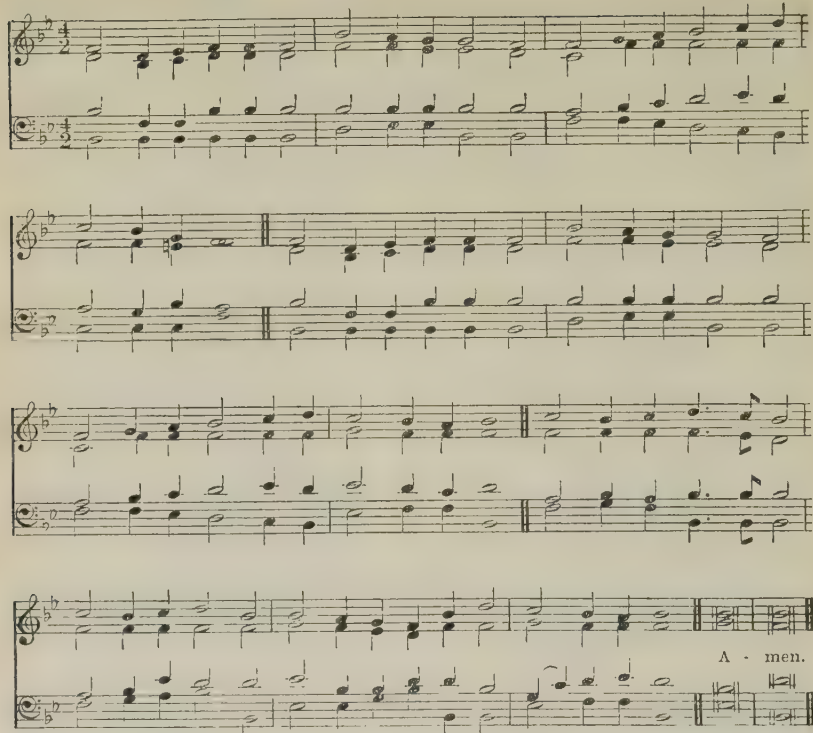
Adapted by J. Goss.



Rescue the Perishing.

11.10., six lines.

W. H. DOANE.



383

Some save, snatching them out of the fire.—JUDE 23 (R.V.).

- 1 **R**ESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
- 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
- 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, awakened by kindness
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
- 4 Rescue the perishing,—duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

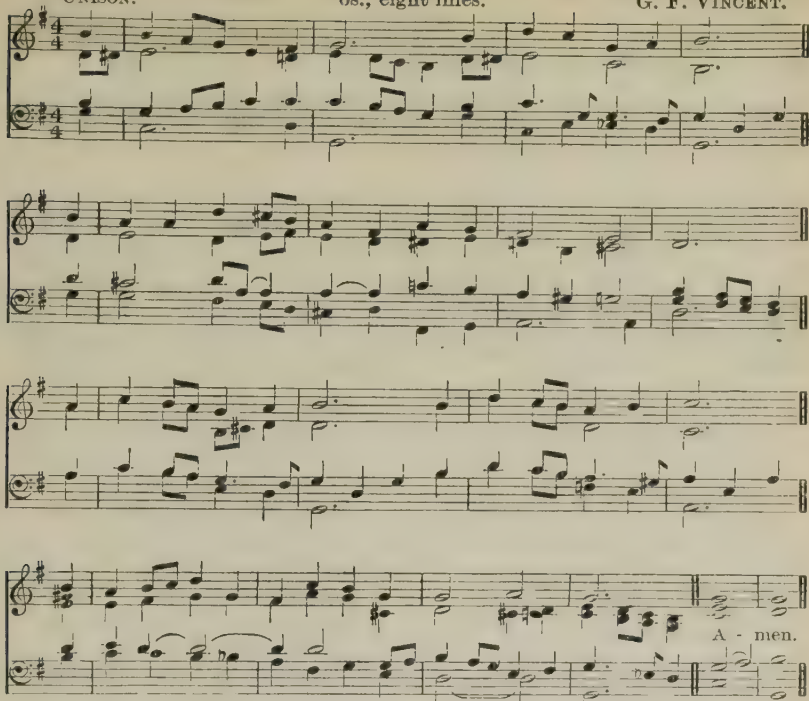
Mrs. F. Van Alstyne.

Supplication.

UNISON.

6s., eight lines.

G. F. VINCENT.



(See also Tune ST. JUDE, No. 539.)

(For Teachers.)

384 *The word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak.*—NUM. xxii. 35.

1 SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
 True Light of men, to-day ;
 And through the written word
 Thy very self display ;
 That so from hearts which burn
 With gazing on Thy face,
 The little ones may learn
 The wonders of Thy grace.

2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
 Thy Spirit's living flame,
 That so with one accord
 Our lips may tell Thy Name :
 Give Thou the hearing ear,
 Fix Thou the wandering thought.
 That those we teach may hear
 The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
 In all we say of Thee :
 According to Thy word
 Let all our teaching be ;
 That so Thy lambs may know
 Their own true Shepherd's voice.
 Where'er He leads them go,
 And in His love rejoice.

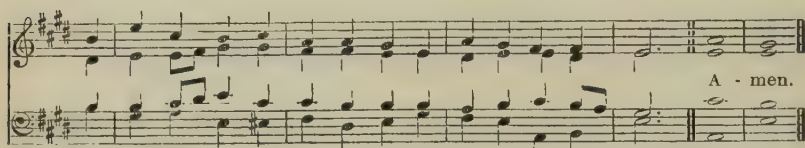
4 Live Thou within us, Lord,
 Thy mind and will be ours ;
 Be Thou beloved, adored,
 And served with all our powers :
 That so our lives may teach
 Thy children what Thou art,
 And plead, by more than speech,
 For Thee with every heart.

J. Ellerton.

St. Bernard. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

Tochter Sion,
adapted by J. RICHARDSON.



385 *In Thy light shall we see light.—*
PS. xxxvi. 9.

- 1 **L**ORD, give us light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light by which these eyes
The work of truth can see.
- 2 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strown,
We wander oft, and think it Thine
When walking in our own.
- 3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee
And pleasant is the way,
But, Lord, the world is dark, and we
Are prone to go astray.
- 4 O send us light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give ;
Then shall we work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth we live.
- 5 The work is Thine, not ours, O Lord :
It is Thy race we run ;
Give light, and then shall all we do
Be well and truly done.

H. Bonar.

386 *Be strong and of good courage . . .*
for the Lord thy God is with thee
whithersoever thou goest.—JOSH. i. 9.

- 1 **O** IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !
- 2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Ah ! God is other than we think ;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.
- 4 Workman of God ! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And, in the darkest battlefield,
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 5 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.
- 6 For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber.

Treves. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

H. HILES.

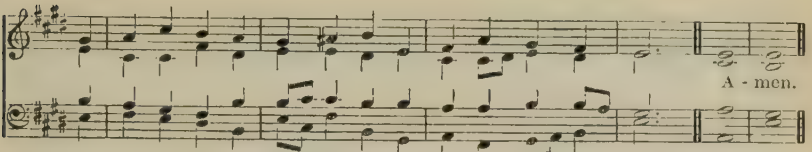
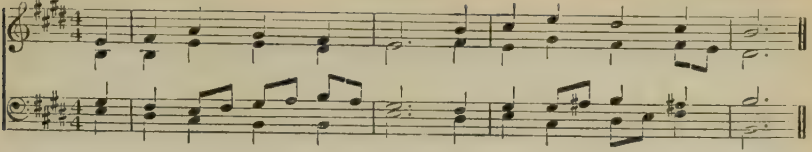


(See also Tune HOLY CROSS, No. 600.)

Dotsdam.

S.M.

From J. S. BACH.



(See also Tune SILCHESTER, No. 393.)

387

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.—
ECCLESIASTES xi. 6.

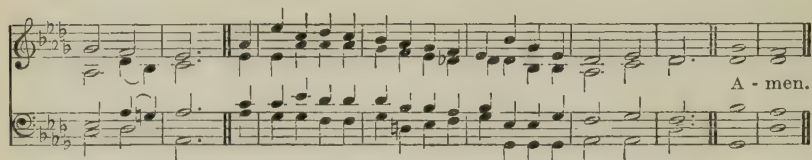
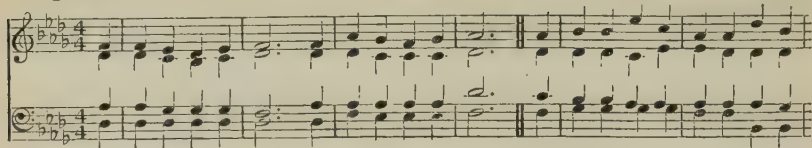
- 1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow ;
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive
When and wherever strown.
- 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength ;
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.
- 7 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry ' Harvest Home.'

James Montgomery.

St. John.

66.66.88.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



388

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?—ACTS ix. 6.

1 **O**FT when of God we ask
 For fuller, happier life,
 He sets us some new task
 Involving care and strife :
 Is this the boon for which we sought ?
 Has prayer new trouble on us brought ?

2 This is indeed the boon,
 Though strange to us it seems
 We pierce the rock, and soon
 The blessing on us streams;
 For when we are the most athirst,
 Then the clear waters on us burst.

3 We toil as in a field,
 Wherein, to us unknown,
 A treasure lies concealed,
 Which may be all our own ;
 And shall we of the toil complain,
 That speedily will bring such gain ?

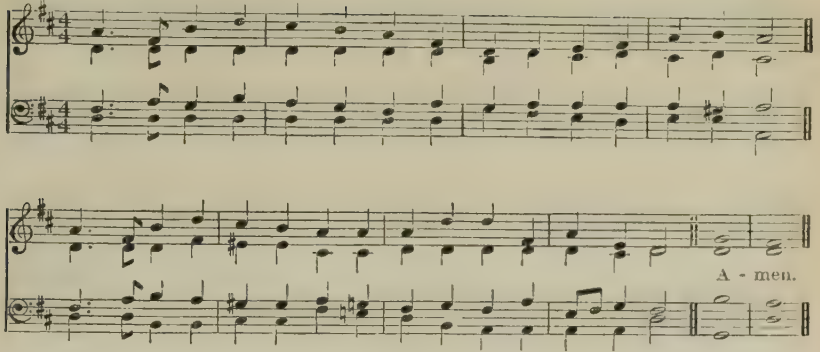
4 We dig the wells of life,
 And God the waters gives ;
 We win our way by strife,
 Then He within us lives :
 And only war could make us meet
 For peace so sacred and so sweet.

T. T. Lynch.

St. Oswald. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

J. B. DYKES.



389

Nevertheless, afterward.—HEBREWS xii. 11.

1 NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard, and waiting long ;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot :
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring ;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

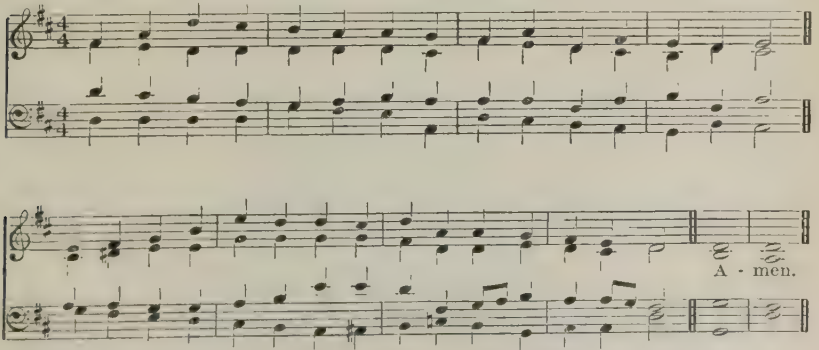
4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife ;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now ;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's ' Enter thou.'

Frances R. Havergal.

All for Jesus. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER.

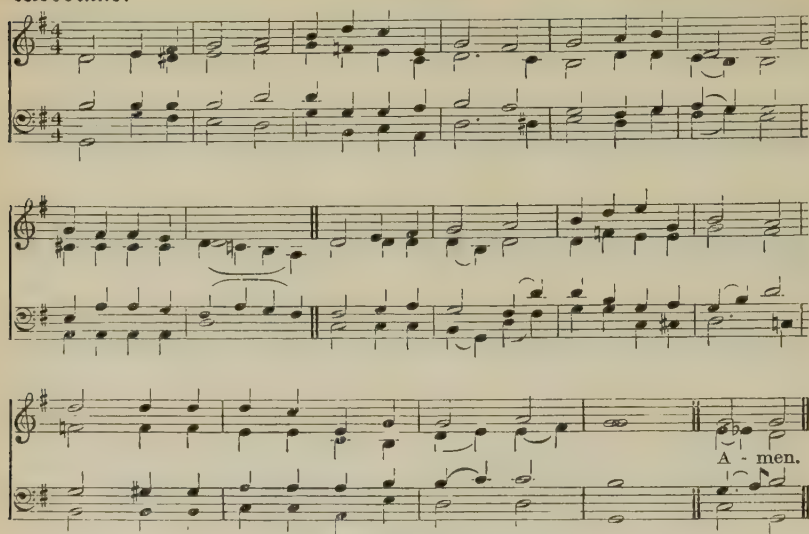


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Woodland.

11.10.11.10.

CAREY BONNER.



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(See also TUNE DAWNING, No. 272, and PERFECT LOVE, No. 682.)

390

In due season we shall reap if we faint not.—GALATIANS vi. 9.

- 1 **L**ORD of the reapers, hear our lowly pleading,
Thine are the fields that stand all harvest-white ;
Thine is the love that human souls are needing,
Ere falls the dusk that deepens into night.
- 2 Oft have we prayed, with longing and beseeching,
Fruit for our toil and glory for Thy cross ;
Yet slow the reaping, slow the task of reaching
Far distant souls whose distance is their loss.
- 3 Oft have we asked, entreating much and hoping,
Only to know our toil was not in vain ;
Wisdom to find the hearts in darkness groping ;
Patience to lead them gently home again.
- 4 Soon o'er our harvest field the twilight stealeth,
Low on its margin stands the solemn sun ;
Rising to Thee the reapers' prayer appealeth,
' Grant us full sheaves before the day is done ' ;
- 5 ' So when Thy morning floods the land with glory,
Good will it be to meet and see Thee then !
Learn all the triumphs of Thy love's sweet story,
Lord of the reapers ! Hope of sinful men ! '

F. Goldsmith French.

Magister.

87.87.77.

LOWELL MASON.

(See also Tune GOUNOD, No. 156.)

391

Patient waiting for Christ.—2 THESSALONIANS iii. 5.

1 **M**ASTER, speak ! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth ;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;
What hast Thou to say to me ?

2 Speak to me by name, O Master !
Let me know it is to me ;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the rock.

3 Master, speak ! though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart ;
Master, speak ! for oh, Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart ;
Knowest all its truest need ;
Speak, and make me blest indeed.

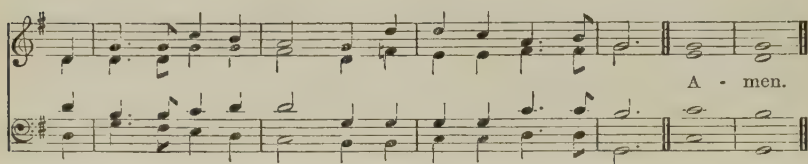
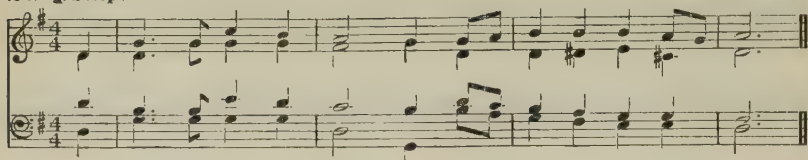
4 Master, speak ! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;
Master, speak, O speak to me !

Frances R. Havergal.

St. Philip.

7.6.7.6.

From F. F. von FLOTOW.



(See also Tune ST. ALPHEGE, No. 233.)

(11) ZEAL AND COURAGE.

392 *The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—PSALM xxvii. 1.*

1.

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help is near.

2.

Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

3.

Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.

4.

His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery.

Silschester.

S.M.

C. H. A. MALAN.



393

He saw them toiling.—MARK vi. 43.

- 1 **B**ELIEVE not those who say
The upward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way
And faint before the truth.
- 2 It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy ;
But he who seeks that blest abode
Must all his powers employ.
- 3 Arm—arm thee for the fight !
Cast useless loads away ;
Watch through the darkest hours of night ;
Toil through the hottest day.
- 4 To labour and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above
And keep thy conscience pure,—
- 5 Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight ;
What matter who should whisper blame,
Or who should scorn or slight ?
- 6 If but thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of His love,
The earnest of His rest.

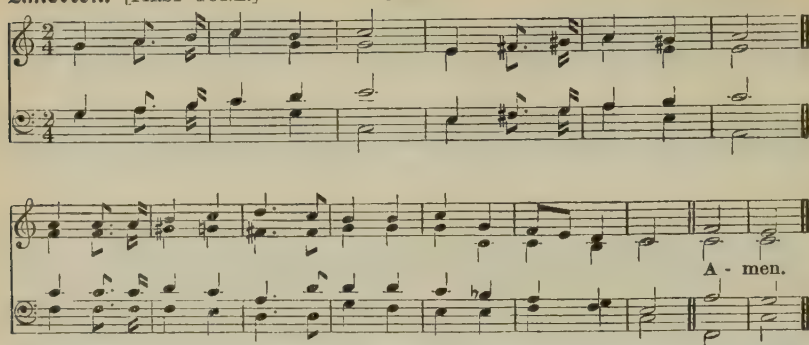
Anne Brontë.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Amerton. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

W. HAYNES.



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394

Put on the whole armour of God.—EPHESIANS vi. 11.

1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ arise,
And put your armour on
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son ;

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power :
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care ;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

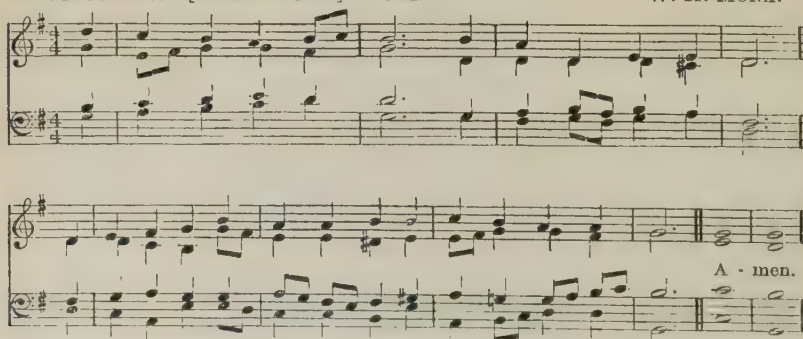
6 Then, having all things done,
And every conflict passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

C. Wesley.

St. Ethelwald. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

W. H. MONK.

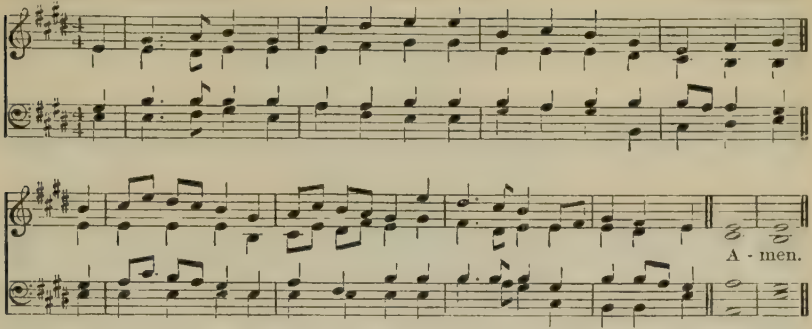


(Taken as a D.S.M., see Tune DIADEMATA, No. 142.)

Samson. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

HANDEL



395 *Thy youth is renewed like the eagle.—PSALM cii. 5 (R.V.)*

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint,—
- 3 Thee, mighty God! Whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall faint away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

I. Watts.

396 *Stedfast, unmoveable.—1 COR. xv. 58.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, though storm on storm
appear,
Let not our faith forego her hold;
Deliver us from craven fear,
And make us steadfast, firm, and bold.
- 2 Out of our weakness make us strong,
Arm us as in the ancient days;
Loose in Thy cause each stammering tongue,
And perfect, e'en in us, Thy praise.
- 3 Come, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord;
O Father, Son, and Spirit, come;
Be mindful of Thy changeless word,
And make the faithful soul Thy home.
- 4 If we can witness, Lord, for Thee,
Let us despise our fleeting breath;
Give us the opening heaven to see,
And make us faithful unto death.

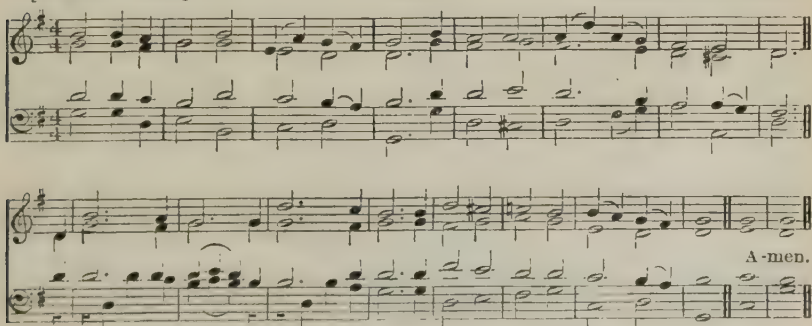
C. Wesley.

Ely (or Accrington.)

[SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

WILLIAM MOORE.



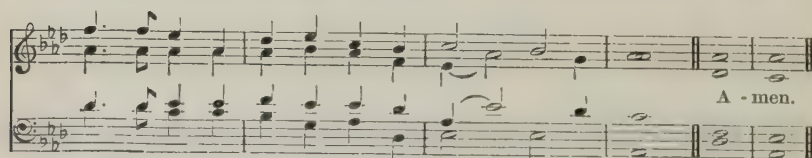
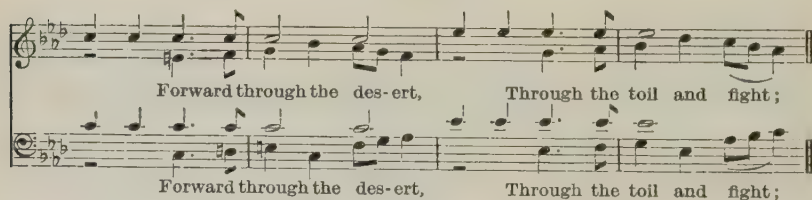
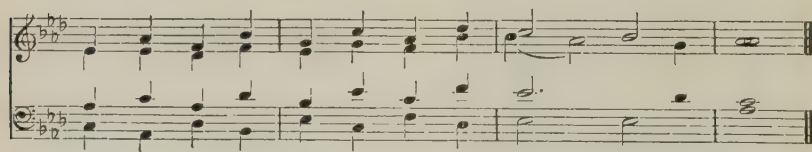
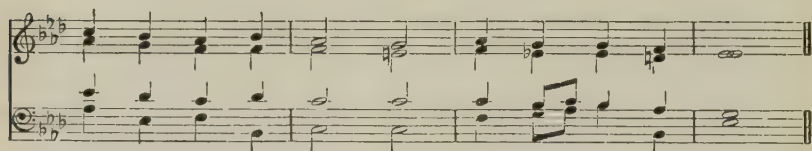
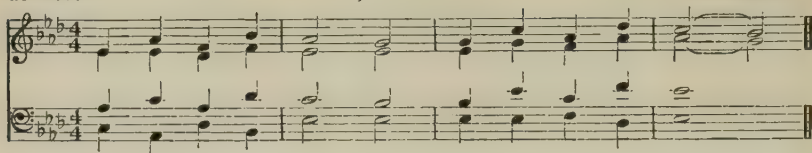
(See also Tune LUTHER'S CHANT, No. 486.)

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Rachie.

6.5., twelve lines.

CARADOG ROBERTS.



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- 1 'FORWARD!' be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.
- 2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace,
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face:
Forward, all the lifetime,
Climb from height to height;
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.
- 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray:
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.
- 4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching forward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.
- 5 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold,
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims, to your country
Forward into light!

H. Alford.

St. Gertrude. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5., twelve lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

A - men.

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398

I press toward the mark for the prize.—PHILIPPIANS iii. 14.

1 **O**NWARD! Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before;
 Christ, the royal Master
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle
 See! His banners go.
 Onward! Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod:
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope, in doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward! Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain :
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward ! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

4 Onward then, ye people !
Join our happy throng ;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song,
'Glory, praise, and honour,
Unto Christ the King !'
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward ! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

S. Baring-Gould.

Haydn. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., twelve lines. Adapted from F. J. HAYDN.

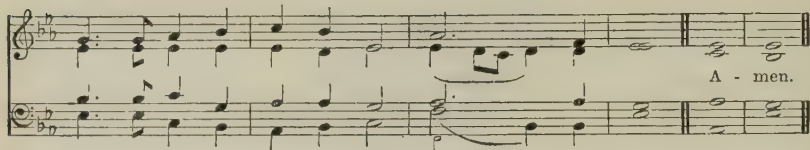
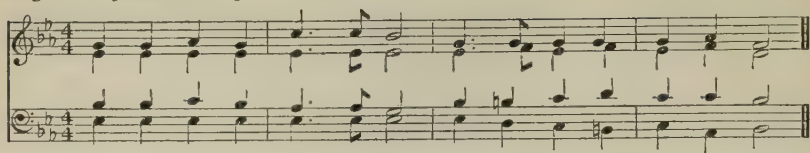
A - men.

(See also Tune SCIVS TIBI, No. 382.)

Vigilate. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.3.

W. H. MONK.



399 *Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober.*—1 THESS. v. 6.

1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian angel say
'Thou art in the midst of foes :
Watch and pray.'

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours :
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one :
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
' Watch and pray.'

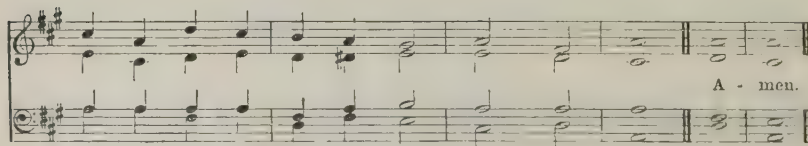
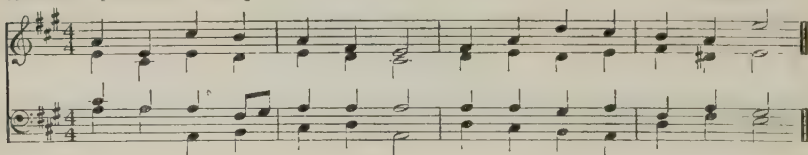
5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord.
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word,
' Watch and pray.'

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down :
Watch and pray.
Charlotte Elliott.

Samos. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.3.

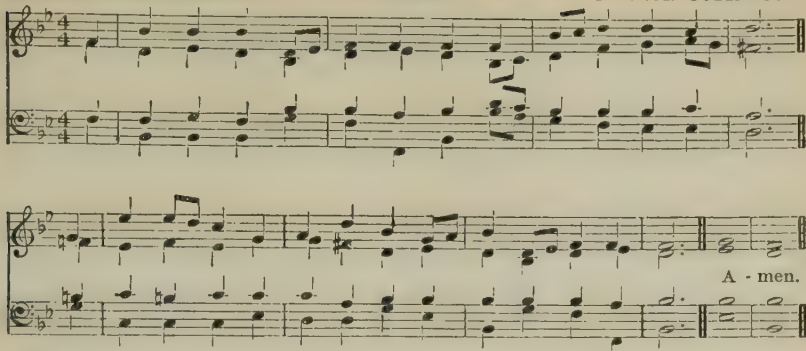
W. H. HAVERGAL.



Worfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



400 *So run, that ye may obtain.—*
1 COR. ix. 24.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

P. Doddridge.

401 *Endure hardness, as a good soldier*
of Jesus Christ.—2 TIM. ii. 3.

1 **A** RE we the soldiers of the cross,
The followers of the Lamb ?
And shall we fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name ?

2 No ! we must fight if we would reign ;
Increase our courage, Lord :
We'll bear the toll, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they're slain :
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

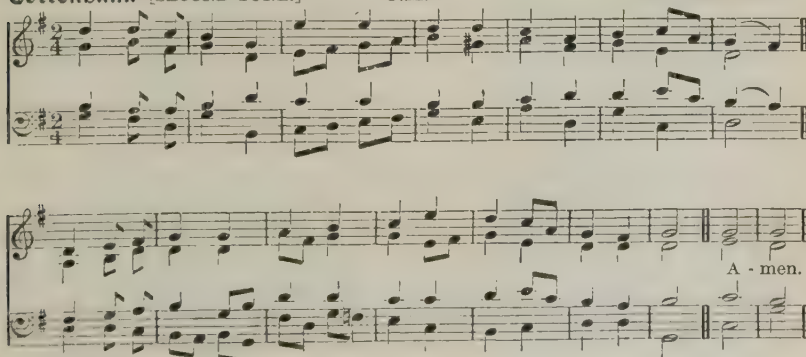
4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

I. Watts.

Tottenham. [SECOND TUNE.]

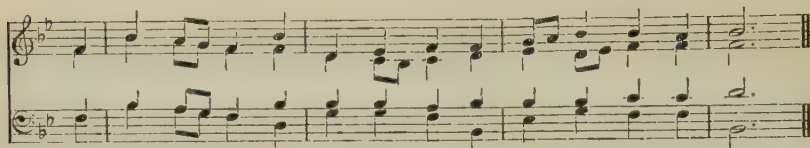
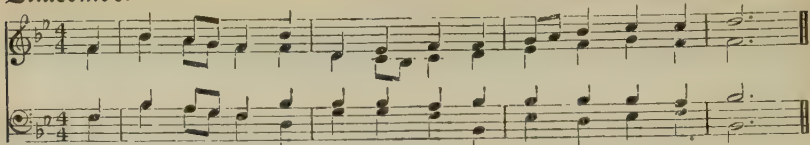
C.M.

T. GREATORREX.



Ellacombe.

C.M. D. Württemberg Gesangbuch, 1784.



(See also Tune ST. ANNE, No. 44.)

402

He went forth conquering, and to conquer.—REV. vi. 2.

1 **T**HE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in His train ?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below ;
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save :
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in his train ?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
knew,
And mocked the cross and flame :
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to
feel :
Who follows in their train ?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed :
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

R. Heber.

Holy War.

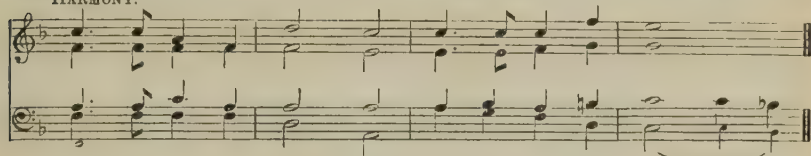
6.5., eight lines.

J. BOOTH.

UNISON.



HARMONY.



403 *We wrestle . . . against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world.—EPHESIANS vi. 12.*

1 CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Compass thee around ?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss ;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin ?
Christian, never tremble,
Never be downcast ;
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch and pray and fast.

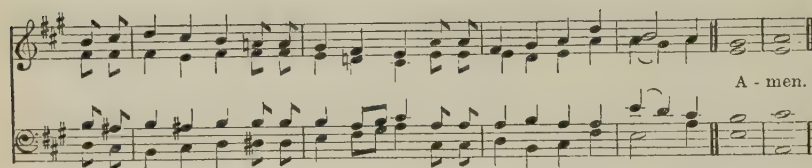
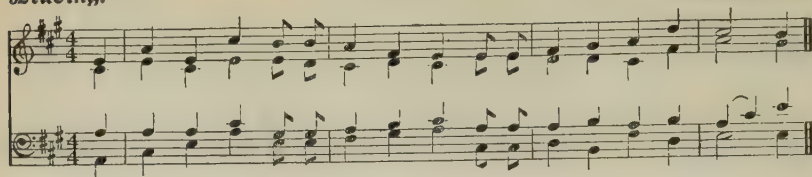
3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair ?—
' Always fast and vigil ?
Always watch and prayer ? '
Christian, answer boldly,
' While I breathe I pray '
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 ' Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true ;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too :
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne.'
Andrew of Crete, tr. J. M. Neale.

Grading.

9.8.10.8.

J. A. BATCHELOR.



A - men.

404

They shall fight because the Lord is with them.—ZECH. x. 5.

- 1 **M**ARCH on, march on, O ye soldiers true,
In the cross of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord His own is guiding.
- 2 We march to fight with the powers of night
That hold the world in sorrow ;
And the broken heart shall be healed of its smart,
And arise to a joyful morrow.
- 3 We fight against wrong with the weapon strong
Of the Love that all hate shall banish ;
And the chains shall fall from the down-trodden thrall
As the thrones of the tyrants vanish.
- 4 O'er the realms of night shall our standard bright
Arise, their darkness clearing ;
And the souls that were dead to the Lord Who bled
Shall revive at His glad appearing.
- 5 Long, long is the fight, but the God of light
Is ever watching near us ;
And prayers that rise to the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us.
- 6 Till the sunrise broad of the day of God
Shall shine on the victors' glory,
And earth at rest, in her Lord confessed,
Shall rejoice in the finished story.

Mrs. Ella S. Armitage.

New York.

7.6., eight lines.

G. J. WEBB.

(See also Tunes FAIRFORD, No. 553, and DUFFIELD, No. 791.)

405 *Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.—1 COR. XVI. 13.*

1 STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !

Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner ;
It must not suffer loss :
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !

The trumpet-call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day :
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !

Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer ;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus

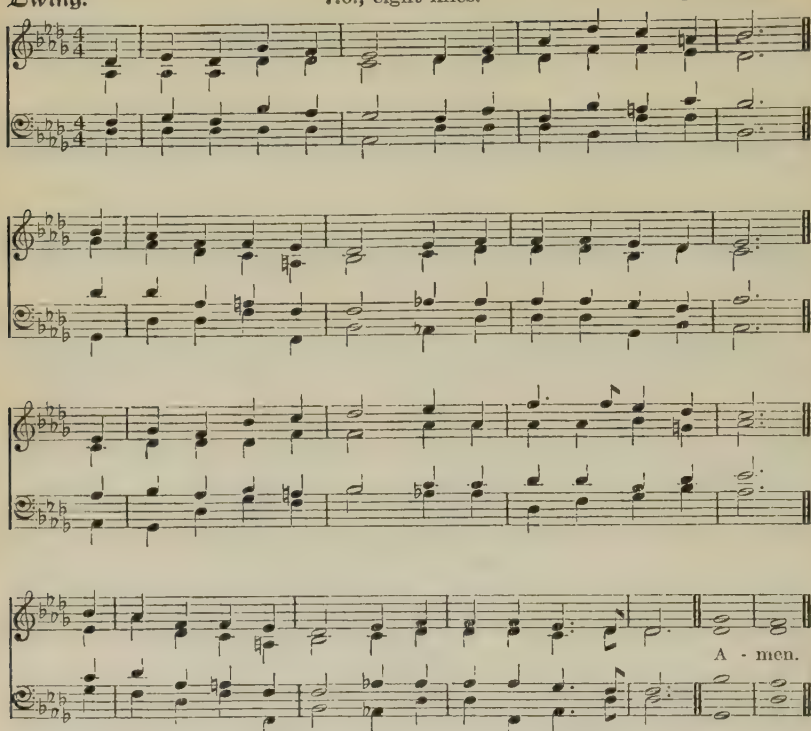
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield.

Ewing.

7.6., eight lines.

A. EWING.



(For this Tune in Key D, see No. 447.)

406

Boldly say, The Lord is my Helper.—HEBREWS xlii. 6.

1 **O** GREAT Lord Christ, my Saviour,
Thou goest forth to war !
Against Thee surge the foemen—
They muster from afar !
I hear Thy clear voice ringing
Above the eager fight,
'Come hither, son, and serve Me,
And wield the arms of light.'

2 I see amid the darkness,
Where tides of battle toss,
Aloft Thy broad white banner,
Marked with the blood-red cross :
And all around are marshalled
The men whose hearts are pure :
Through Thine anointing Spirit
They shall, O Christ, endure.

3 But I am all unstable
As a wind-shaken reed ;
Forgotten vow and failure
And sins my way impede :
Behold, they are as scarlet
Before Thy holy face :
I cannot tell their number ;
I can but trust Thy grace.

4 Yet would I, Lord, press near Thee,
And share Thy toil divine—
Thy love's long patient vigil
Ere lights of morning shine !
My Captain, O my Captain,
Stretch forth Thy nail-pierced hand,
And claim me by that token
One of Thy soldier band !

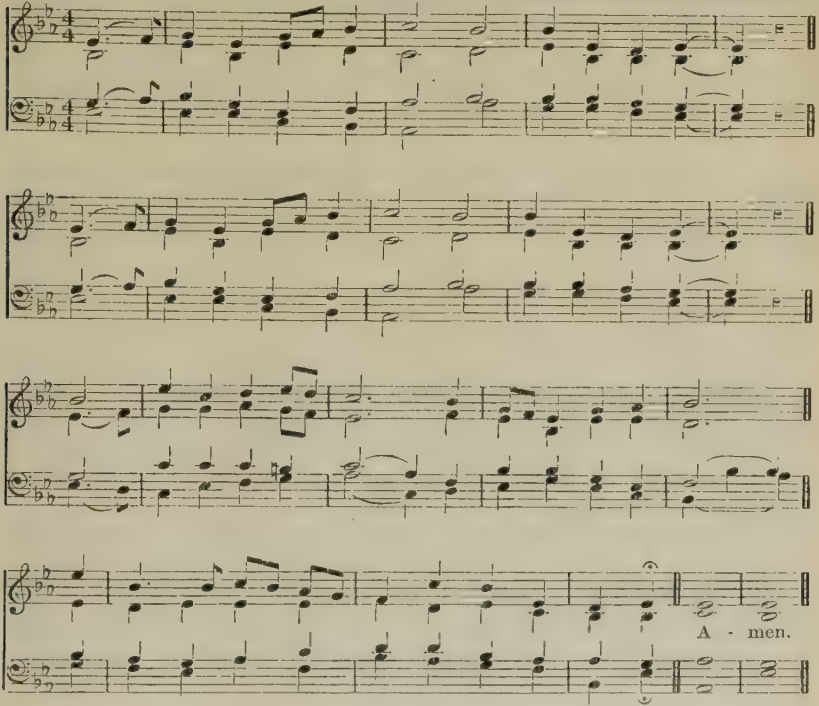
Alfred H. Vine.

From 'The English Hymnal.' By permission of the Oxford University Press.

Monks Gate.

65.65.66.65.

Adapted from an
English Traditional Melody.



(See also TUNE BUNYAN, No. 786.)

(Tradition has it that the Tune BUNYAN was the original melody for these verses.)

407

Songs in the house of my pilgrimage.—PSALM cxix. 54.

1 WHO would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather,
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

2 Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

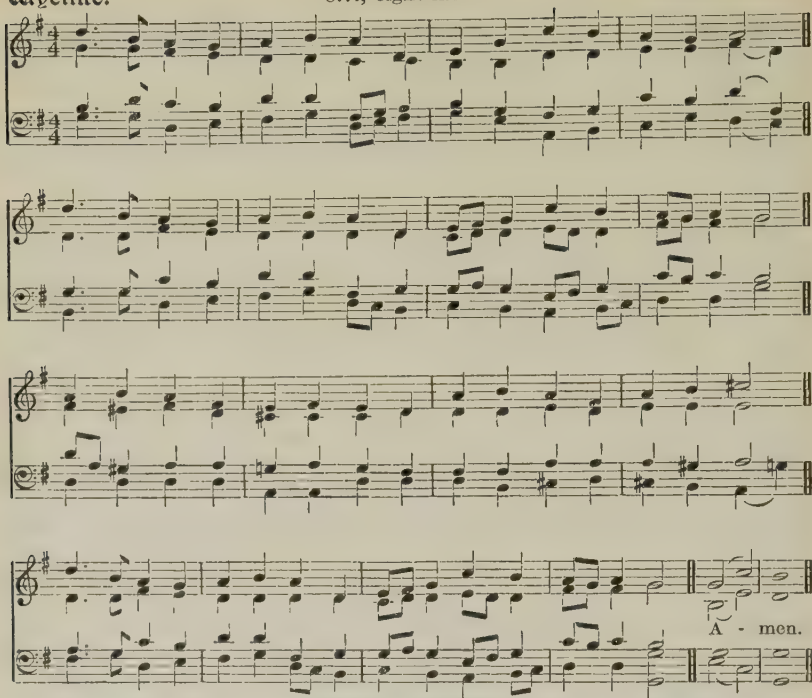
3 Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit:
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say,
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

John Bunyan.

Wycliffe.

8.7., eight lines.

E. B. LESLIE.



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(See also Tune AUSTRIA, No. 29.)

408

He must reign.—1 CORINTHIANS XV. 25.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 'GOD is with us, God is with us,'
 So our brave forefathers sang,
 Far across the field of battle,
 Loud their holy war-cry rang;
 Never once they feared nor faltered,
 Never once they ceased to sing—
 'God is with us, God is with us,
 Christ our Lord shall reign as King!'</p> | <p>3 Speed the cross through all the nations,
 Speed the victories of love,
 Preach the gospel of redemption
 Wheresoever men may move;
 Make the future in the present,
 Strong of heart, toil on and sing,
 'God is with us, God is with us,
 Christ our Lord shall reign as King!'</p> |
| <p>2 Great the heritage they left us,
 Great the conquests to be won,
 Armèd hosts to meet and scatter,
 Larger duties to be done.
 Raise the song they nobly taught us,
 Round the wide world let it ring,
 'God is with us, God is with us,
 Christ our Lord shall reign as King!'</p> | <p>4 Soon the struggle will be over,
 Soon the flags of strife be furled,
 Downward from his place, defeated,
 Shall the enemy be hurled:
 Onward, then, with ranks unbroken,
 Sure of triumph, shout and sing,
 'God is with us, God is with us,
 Christ our Lord shall reign as King!'</p> |

Walter J. Mathams.

Faith.

86.86.88.86.

German Air.

A - men.

409

God Himself is with us for our Captain.—2 CHRONICLES xiii. 12.

1 MY faith, it is an oaken staff,
 The trav'ller's well-loved aid ;
 My faith, it is a weapon stout,
 The soldier's trusty blade :
 I'll travel on, and still be stirred
 By silent thought or social word ;
 By all my perils undeterred
 A soldier-pilgrim staid.

2 I have a Captain, and the heart
 Of every private man
 Has drunk in valour from His eyes,
 Since first the war began :
 He is most merciful in fight,
 And of His scars a single sight
 The embers of our failing might
 Into a flame can fan.

3 I have a Guide, and in His steps
 When travellers have trod,
 Whether beneath was flinty rock
 Or yielding grassy sod,
 They cared not, but with force unspent,
 Unmoved by pain, they onward went,
 Unstayed by pleasures, still they bent
 Their zealous course to God.

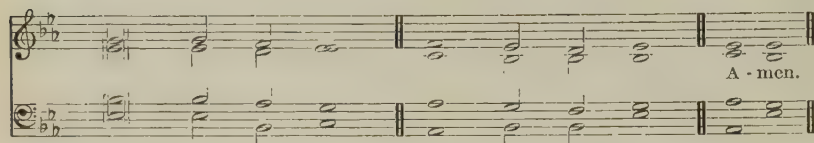
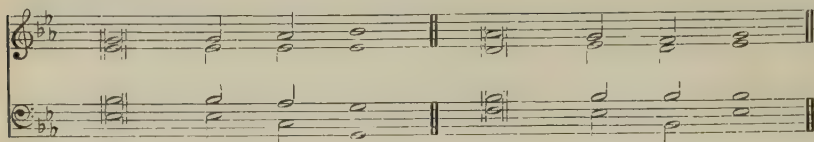
4 My faith, it is an oaken staff,
 O let me on it lean ;
 My faith, it is a trusty sword,
 May falsehood find it keen :
 Thy Spirit, Lord, to me impart,
 O make me what Thou ever art,—
 Of patient and courageous heart,
 As all true saints have been.

T. T. Lynch.

Troyte's Chant.

8.8.8.4.

A. H. D. TROYTE.



410 *God . . . shall Himself perfect, stablish, strengthen you.—1 PETER v. 10. (R.V.).*

1 **M**Y God, my Father, make me strong,
When tasks of life seem hard and long,
To greet them with this triumph song—
Thy Will be done.

2 Draw from my timid eyes the veil,
To show, where earthly forces fail,
Thy power and love must still prevail,
Thy Will be done.

3 With confident and humble mind,
Freedom in service I would find,
Praying through every toil assigned,
Thy Will be done.

4 Things deemed impossible I dare,
Thine is the call and Thine the care,
Thy wisdom shall the way prepare,
Thy Will be done.

5 All power is here and round me now,
Faithful I stand in rule and vow,
While 'tis not I but ever Thou;
Thy Will be done.

6 Heaven's music chimes the glad days in,
Hope soars beyond death, pain, and sin,
Faith shouts in triumph, Love must win,
Thy Will be done.

F. Mann.

Courage, Brother!

8.7., eight lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

Trust in God,
trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.' A - men.

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(See also Tune ST. OSWALD, No. 118.)

411

Be strong and of a good courage.—JOSHUA i. 6.

- 1 **C**OURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;—
'Trust in God, and do the right.'
Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely; strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.
- 2 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

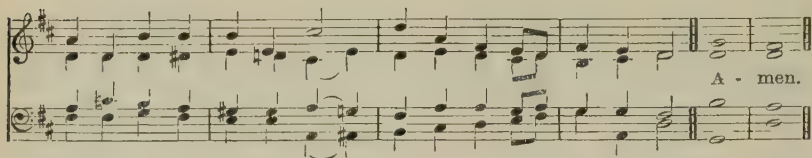
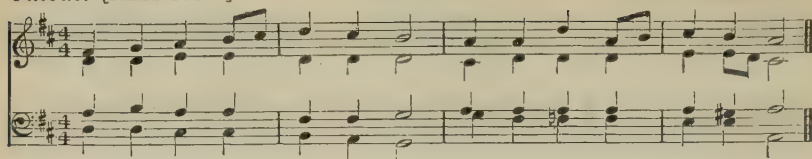
Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion:
Trust in God, and do the right.

- 3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
Trust in God, and do the right.
Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
'Trust in God, and do the right.'
Norman Macleod.

Valour. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

H. FORD BENSON.



412

Be thou faithful unto death.—REVELATION ii. 10.

1 **M**UCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

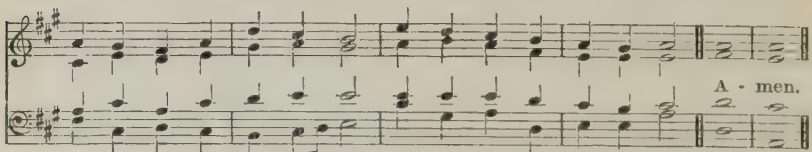
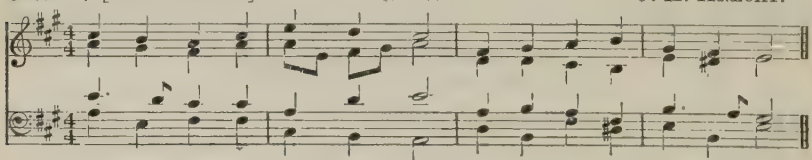
6 Onward, then, to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

H. Kirke White and Fanny S. Fuller-Maitland.

Vienna. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT.



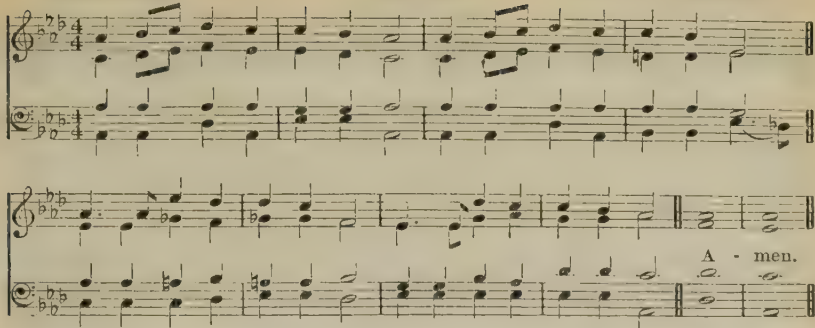
(For this Tune in Key G, see No. 123.)

Woodward's Litany.

[FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

W. W. WOODWARD.



(12) DIVINE GUIDANCE (Songs of Pilgrimage).

413 *By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land.*—HEB. xi. 29.

- 1 **W**HEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He Who bids us forward go
Cannot fail the way to show.
- 2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied,
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.
- 3 Though it be the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.
- 4 Night with Him is never night,
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.
- 5 Be it ours, then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear,
Where He calls us, there to go,
What He bids us, that to do.

T. Kelly.

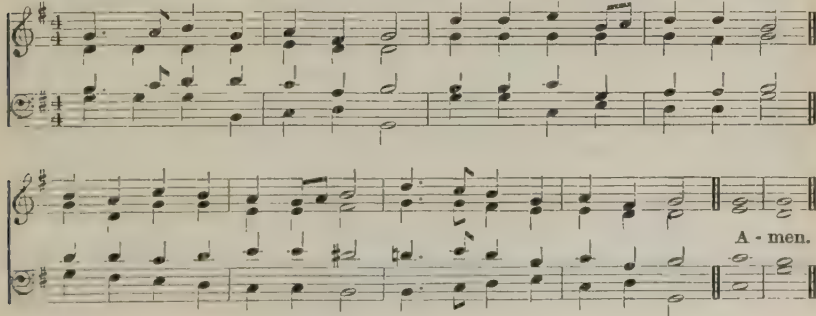
414 *The ransomed of the Lord shall ... come to Zion with songs.*—ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lift your eyes, you sons of light
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

J. Cennick.

St. Martin. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7. Old French Melody, 12th Century.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Lead, Kindly Light.

[FIRST TUNE.]

10.4.10.4.10.10.

A. SULLIVAN.

Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, lead Thou me on; the night is dark, and

Keep Thou . . my feet ;
I am far from home ; lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to

see the dis-tant scene ; one step e-nough for me. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that

Thou shouldst lead me on ; I loved to choose and see my path ; but now lead Thou me on ; I

loved the ga - rish day,
loved the ga-rish day, and, spite of fears, pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on o'er moor and

cres. and with the morn those angel
fen, o'er crag and tor-reut, till the night is gone; and with the morn those an - gel
cres. *f*
dim. *pp* *Slower.*
fa - ces smile which I have loved long since, and . . lost a - while. A - men.
dim. *pp*

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Sandon. [SECOND TUNE.]

10.4.10.4.10.10.

C. H. PURDAY.

A - men.

415

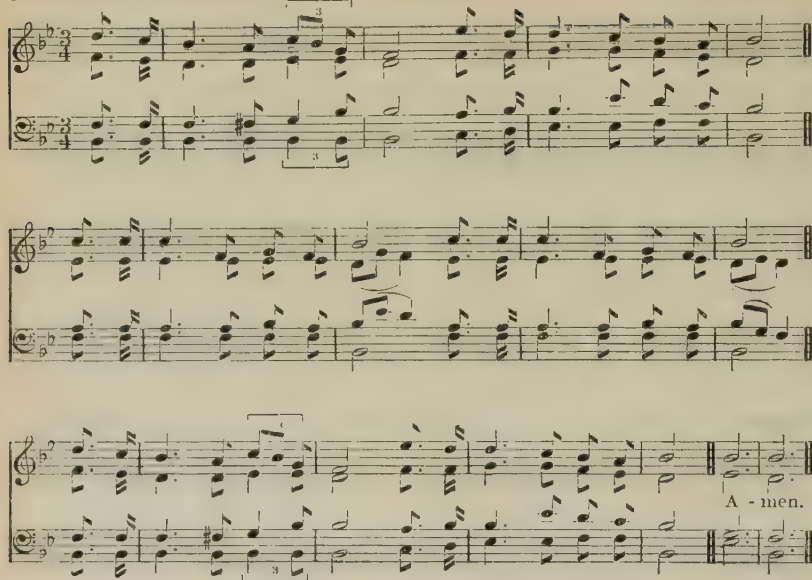
The pillar of the cloud.—Ex. xiii. 22.

- 1 **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me! 7s., six lines.

J. E. GOULD.



416

Let us go over unto the other side.—MARK IV. 35 (R.V.).

1 JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them 'Be still!
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

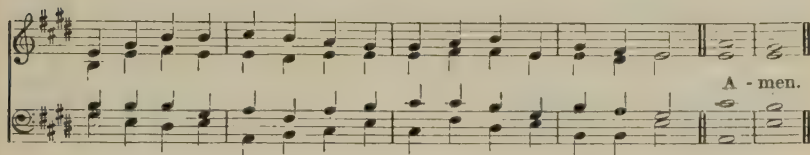
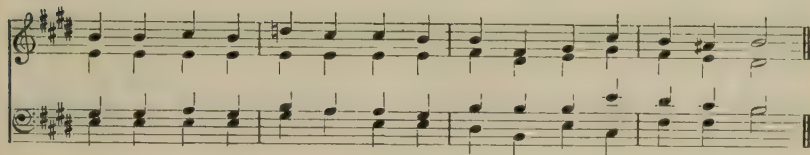
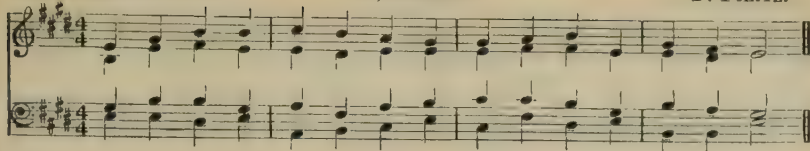
3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
'Fear not—I will pilot thee!'

Edward Hopper.

Mannheim.

8.7., six lines.

F. FILITZ.



(See also Tune FENITON COURT, No. 795.)

417

He led them forth by the right way.—PSALM cvii. 7.

1 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy :
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston.

Caersalem.

87.87.47.

ROBERT EDWARDS.

(See also TUNE DISMISSAL, No. 566.)

418 *O death, I will be thy plagues ; O grave, I will be thy destruction.*—Hos. xiii. 14.

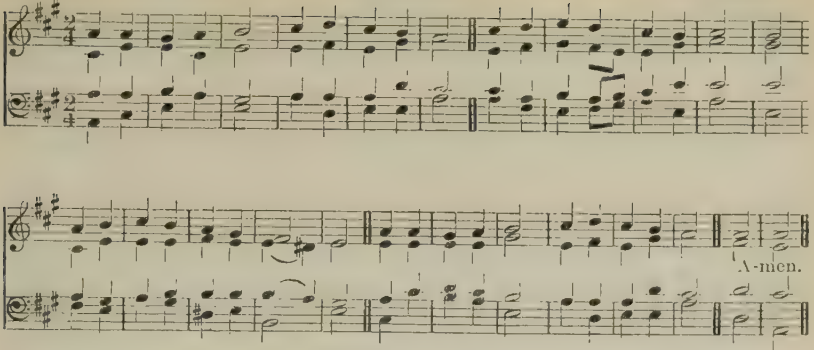
- 1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore,
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

W. Williams (v. 1 alt.).

Spire, [FIRST TUNE.]

55.88.55.

ADAM DRESE.



419

He that hath mercy on them shall lead them.—ISAIAH xlix. 10.

1 JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless :
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience :
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

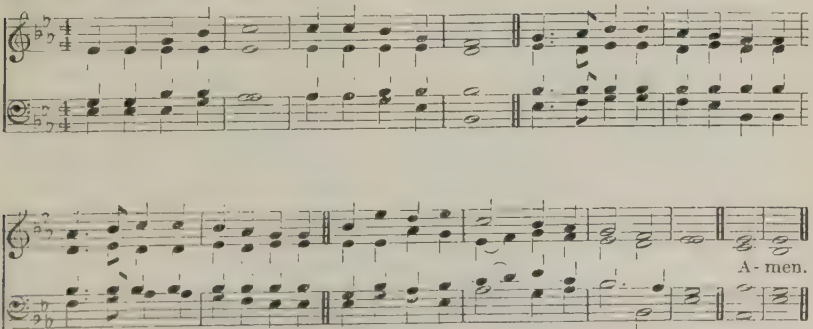
4 Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won ;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

N. L. Zinzendorf, tr. H. L. L.

Fatherland. [SECOND TUNE.]

55.88.55.

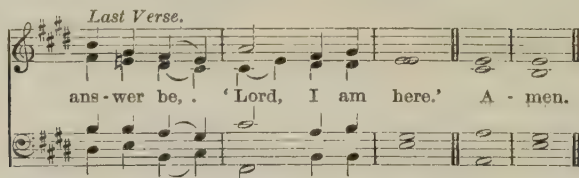
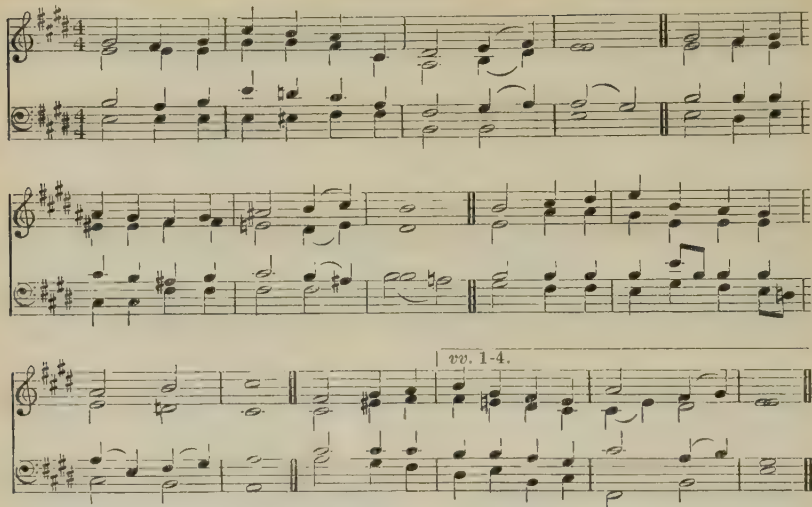
F. C. MAKER.



Adsum.

64.64.10.10.

ERNEST B. LESLIE.



(See also Tune SURSUM CORDA, No. 316.)

420

My soul followeth hard after Thee.—PSALM lxxiii, 8.

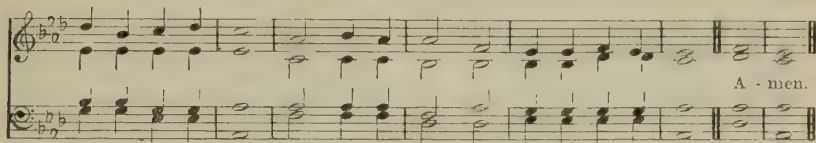
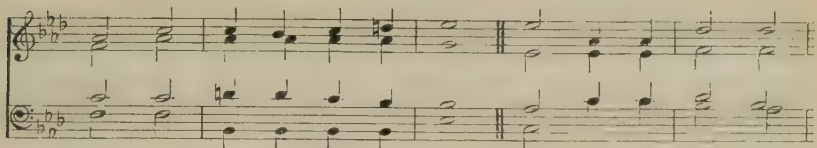
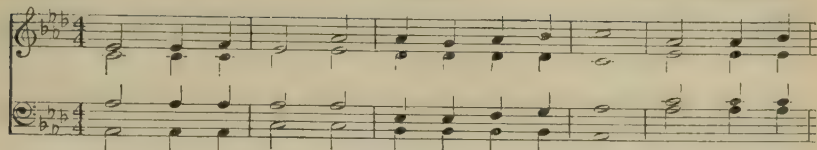
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 CHRIST, of the Upward Way,
My Guide Divine,
Where Thou hast set Thy feet
May I place mine;
And move and march wherever Thou
hast trod,
Keeping face forward up the hill of God.</p> <p>2 Give me the heart, to hear
Thy voice and will,
That without fault or fear
I may fulfil
Thy purpose with a glad and holy zest,
Like one who would not bring less than
his best.</p> | <p>3 Give me the eye to see
Each chance to serve,
Then send me strength to rise
With steady nerve,
And leap at once with kind and helpful
deed
To the sure succour of a soul in need.</p> <p>4 Give me the good stout arm
To shield the right,
And wield Thy sword of truth
With all my might,
That, in the warfare I must wage for
Thee,
More than a victor I may ever be.</p> |
| <p>5 Christ, of the Upward Way,
My Guide Divine,
Where Thou hast set Thy feet,
May I place mine;
And when Thy last call comes serene and clear,
Calm may my answer be, 'Lord, I am here.'</p> | |

Walter J. Mathams.

Ellers.

10.10.10.10,

E. J. HOPKINS.



(For unison version in Key G, see No. 563.)

(See also Tunes FFIGYSBREN, No. 271, and LONGWOOD, No. 293.)

421

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock ; Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.—PSALM lxxx. 1.

- 1 **L**EAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace :
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase ;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.
- 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth :
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.
- 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right :
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night ;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

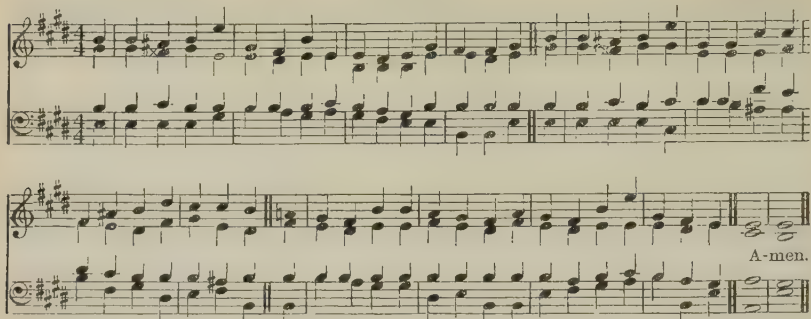
W. H. Burleigh.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Dura. [FIRST TUNE.]

8s., six lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



(See also Tune PENIEL, No. 270.)

422

They . . . declare plainly that they seek a country.—HEBREWS xi. 14.

1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
We hasten through this vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

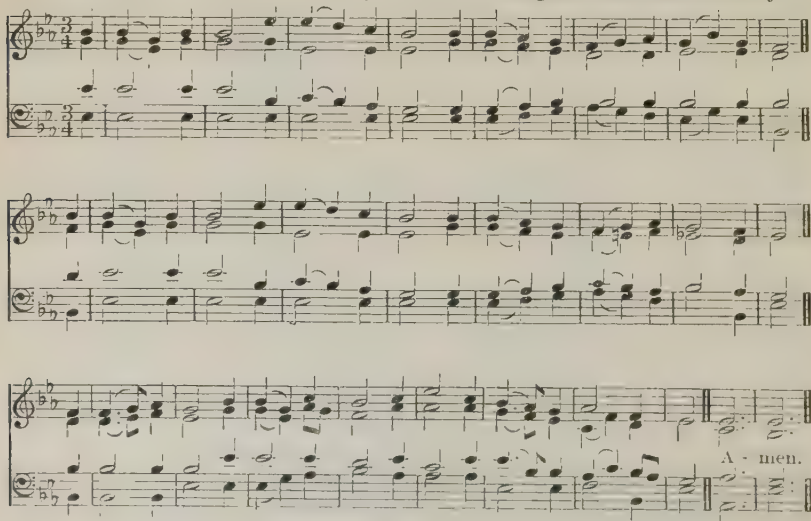
4 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod;
The Church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads, arise
And meet our Captain in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

Stella. [SECOND TUNE.]

8s., six lines.

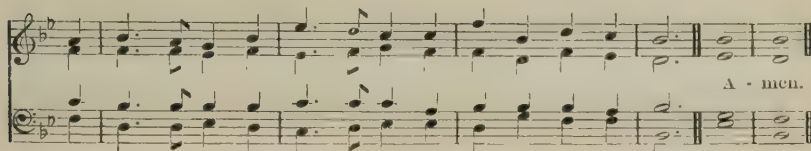
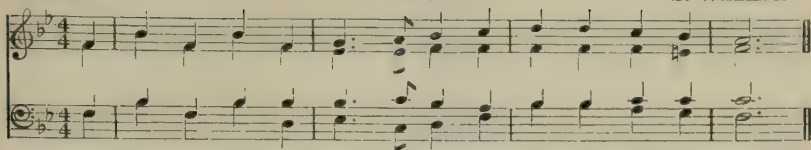
Founded on an
English Traditional Melody.



Brent.

C.M.

S. WEEKES.



(See also Tunes BISHOPTHORPE, No. 91, and WINCHESTER OLD, No. 81.)

423

Your life is hid with Christ in God.—COLOSSIANS iii. 3.

1.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
 Who makes your cause His own ;
 The hope that's built upon His word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.

2.

Though many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm,
 Your life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.

3.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or fainting, shall not die ;
 Jesus, the strength of every saint,
 Will aid you from on high.

4.

Though unperceived by mortal sense,
 Faith sees Him always near,
 A guide, a glory, a defence :
 Then what have you to fear ?

5.

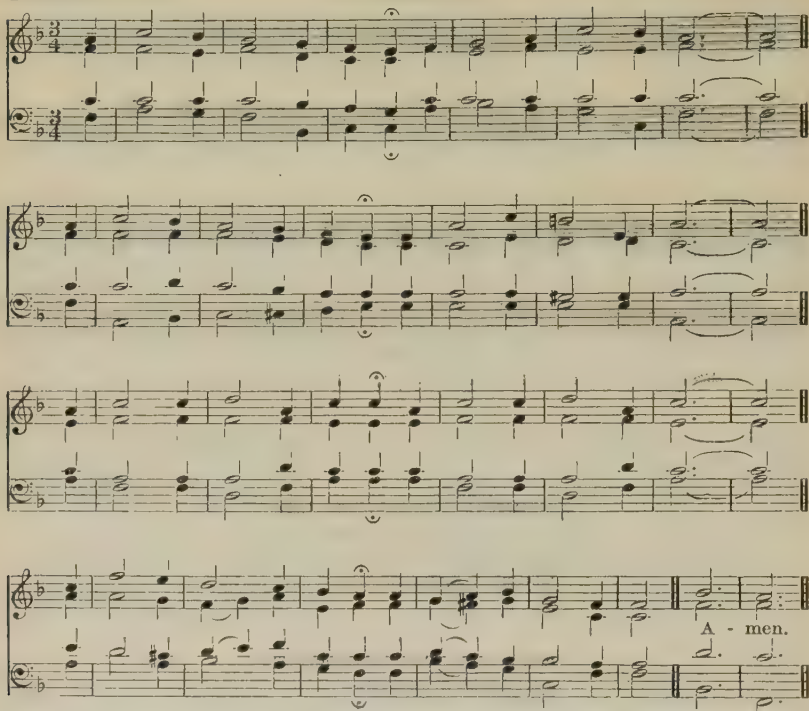
As surely as He overcame,
 And triumphed once for you,
 So surely you that love His Name
 Shall triumph in Him too.

John Newton.

Pentam.

7.6., eight lines.

DAVID JENKINS.



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(See also Tunes CARA PATRIA, No. 561, and AURELIA, No. 680.)

424

Fear not, little flock.—LUKE xii. 32.

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here;
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No woe shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

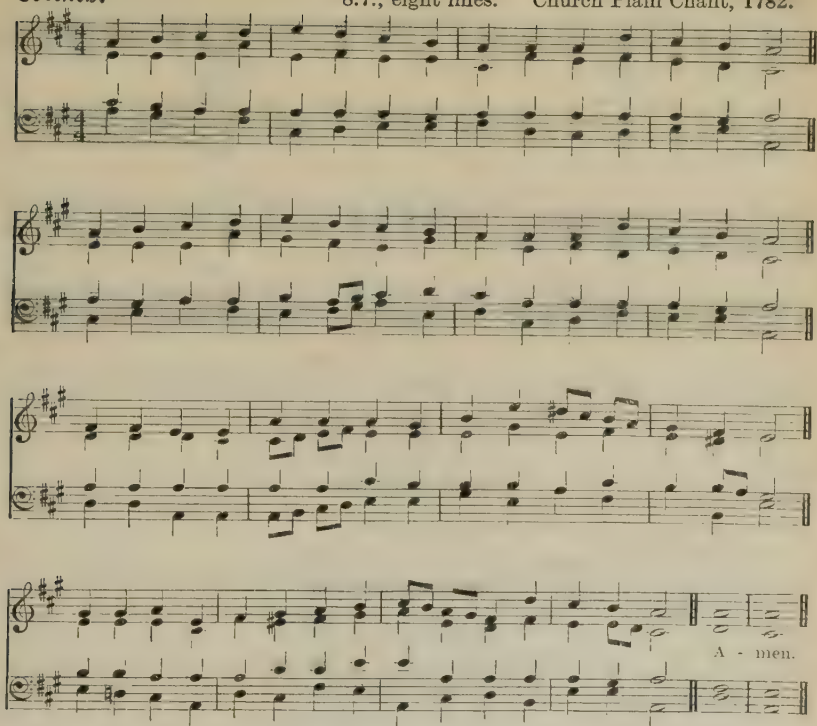
3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

Corinth.

8.7., eight lines.

Essay on the
Church Plain Chant, 1782.



425

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 SAMUEL vii. 12.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
O the vast, the boundless treasure,
Of my Lord's unchanging love !</p> | <p>2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.</p> |
|--|--|

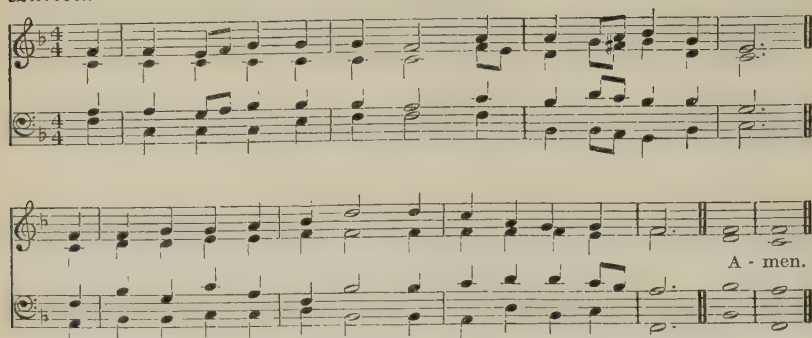
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee :
Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love :
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson (altd.).

Barton.

7.6.7.6.

J. H. KNECHT.



426

Strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—HEBREWS xi. 13.

- 1 **O** HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head !
- 2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men ;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then !
- 3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due ;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—
- 5 What are they but the heralds
To lead you to His sight ?
What are they but the effluence
Of uncreated light ?
- 6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—
- 7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?
- 8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize !

Joseph of the Studium, tr. J. M. Neale.

Defendamus.

UNISON.

8.7., eight lines.

LAURANCE E. TANNER.

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(Or as six single verses to Tune ST. OSWALD, No. 118; or STUTTGART, No. 717.)

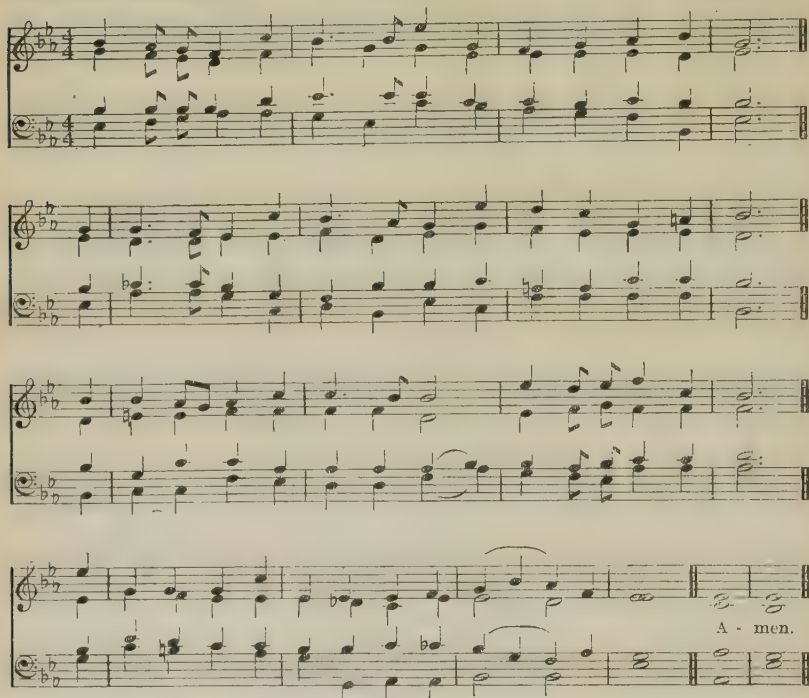
427

He led them on safely, so that they feared not.—PSALM lxxviii. 53.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.</p> | <p>2 One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One the object of our journey,
One the faith that never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;</p> |
|--|---|

- 3 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.
Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

B. S. Ingemann, tr. S. Baring-Gould.



(13) HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

428 *Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.—ROMANS v. 5.*

1 **A**FTER the darkness, lo, the light
Shall all the past repair;
The perfect bliss, the spotless sight,—
It is not here, but there;
So still I sing in every state,
Always, where'er I be:
'Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
He loveth thee.'

2 Oh, but for Him I could not sing,
However fair my lot;
For dark night droops, and dark things
Round me on every spot; {spring
But now I sing with joy elate,
Always, where'er I be:
'Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
He loveth thee.'

3 And now, whatever things I see,
The mighty or the fair,
I know the best is waiting me,
For perfect things are there;
A child of grace, and not of fate,
I sing, where'er I be:
'Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
He loveth thee.'

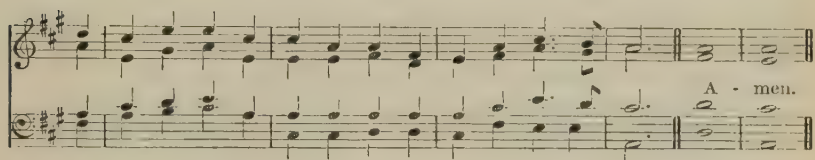
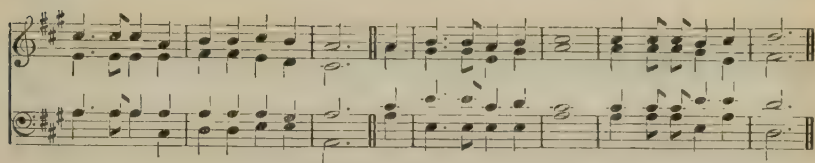
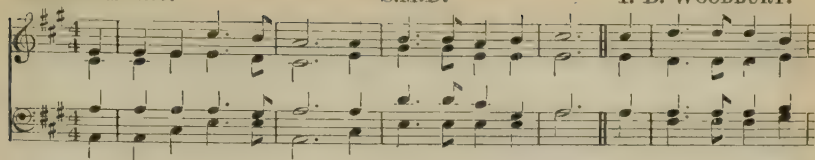
4 My God will end where He began,
His end cannot be pain;
The glory of the Incarnate Son
Must be eternal gain;
So, there in His eternal state,
His meaning thou shalt see:
Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
He loveth thee.'

E. Paxton Hood.

Nearer Home.

S.M.D.

I. B. WOODBURY.



v. 2, ll. 5, 6.



429

*So shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 THESS. iv. 17.*1 **F**OR ever with the Lord!

Amen, so let it be:

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,

Absent from Him I roam,

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear!
 Ah! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.

3 For ever with the Lord!

Father, if 'tis Thy will,

The promise of that faithful word

E'en here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,

Then can I never fail;

Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;

Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 'For ever with the Lord!'

James Montgomery.

St. Cecilia. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.6.6.6.

L. G. HAYNE.

430

Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—ROMANS xiii. 11.

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er :
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I have been before :

2 Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea ;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Where pilgrims leave the cross,
And victors gain the crown.

4 But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
Rolls the deep unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 O if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink ;
If I am nearer home,
Nearer than now I think ;

6 Jesus, in Whom I trust,
Perfect my feeble faith,
That I may calmly cross
That unknown stream of death !

Phoebe Cary (altd.).

St. Columb's. [SECOND TUNE.]

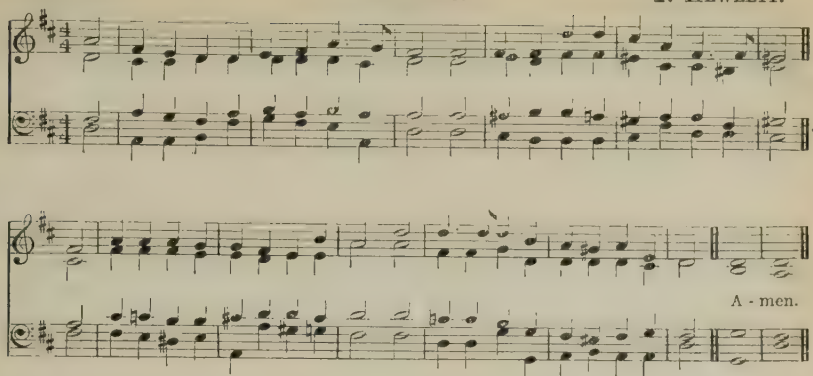
6.6.6.6.

FRANK E. NEWTON.

Dalkeith.

10.10.10.10.

T. HEWLETT.



431

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.—PSALM II. 12.

- 1 **W**EARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in ;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land,
Before the whiteness of that throne appear ?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day ;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
' Repent, believe, thou shalt be loosed from all.'
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear :
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 O Great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- 6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord ;
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown ;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.
- 7 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like ointment sweet, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. Stone.

Pilgrims. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.10.11.10.9.11.

H. SMART.

A - men.

432

An innumerable company of Angels.—HEBREWS xii. 22.

- 1 **H**ARK, hark, my soul ! angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more !
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come' ;
 And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home :
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Angelic Songs.

[SECOND TUNE.]

11.10.11.10.9.11.

J. WALCH.

(See also HELVETIA, No. 792.)

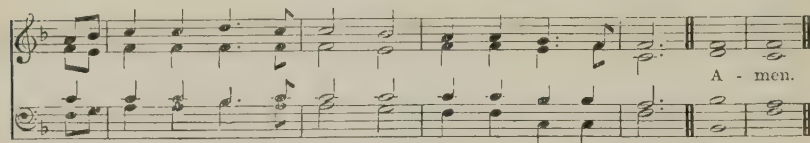
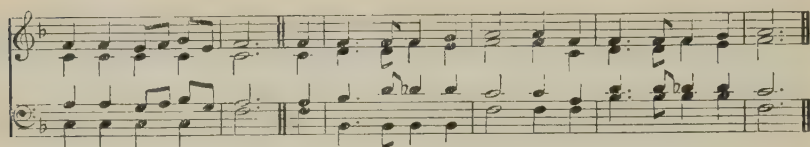
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee :
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !
- 4 Rest comes at length : though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past :
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last :
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !
- 6 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping ;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love :
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

F. W. Faber.

Rutherford.

76.76.76.75.

Lausanne Psalter.



433

Thy land, O Immanuel.—ISAIAH viii. 8.

1 **T**HE sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks ;
 The summer morn I've sighed for,
 The fair, sweet morn, awakes :
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
 But dayspring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

2 The King there, in His beauty,
 Without a veil is seen ;
 It were a well-spent journey,
 Though seven deaths lay between :
 The Lamb, with His fair army,
 Doth on Mount Zion stand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

3 O Christ, He is the Fountain,
 The deep, sweet well of love ;
 The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above :
 There, to an ocean fulness,
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

4 With mercy and with judgment,
 My web of time He wove ;
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted with His love ;
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned,
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

5 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face ;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of grace,
 Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His pierced hand :
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Immanuel's land.

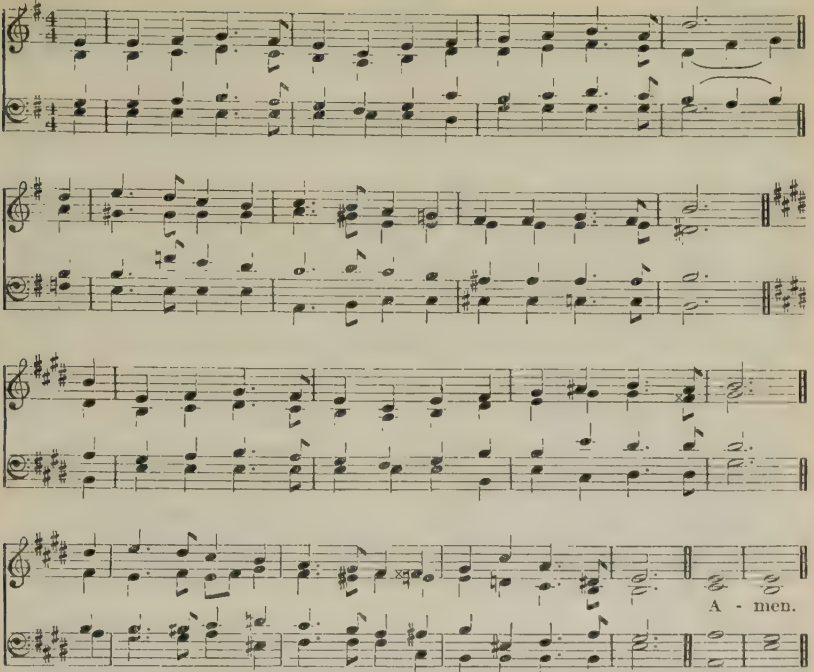
6 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
 'Gainst storm and wind and tide ;
 Now, like a weary traveller
 That leaneth on his guide,
 Amid the shades of evening,
 While sinks life's lingering sand,
 I hail the glory dawning
 From Immanuel's land.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

Queenswood.

C.M.D.

SIDNEY HANN.



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(See also Tune ST. LEONARD'S, No. 290.)

434 *He is not the God of the dead, but of the living.*—MARK xii. 27 (R.V.).

1 IT singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all—
 A song of those who answer not
 However we may call;
 They throng the silence of the breast,
 We see them as of yore—
 The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet
 Who walk with us no more.

2 'Tis hard to take the burden up
 When these have laid it down:
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown.
 But Oh 'tis good to think of them,
 When we are troubled sore:
 Thanks be to God that such have been.
 Though they are here no more.

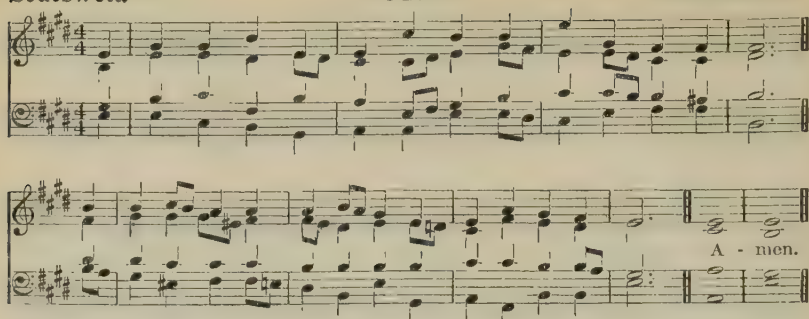
3 More home-like seems the vast unknown
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare.
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore;
 Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
 Our God for evermore.

J. W. Chadwick.

Southwell.

C.M.

H. S. IRONS.



435

The holy city, new Jerusalem.—REVELATION xxi. 2.

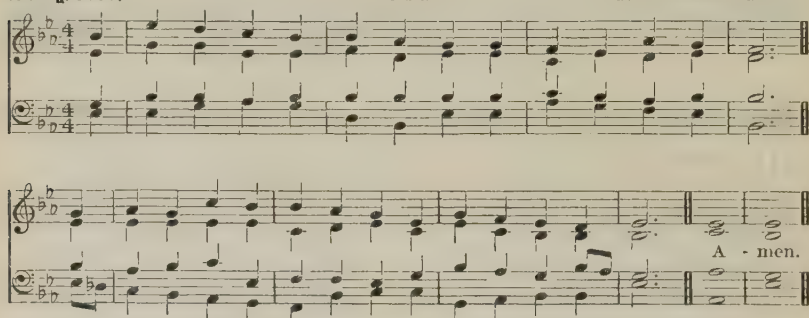
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?</p> <p>2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold, [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?</p> <p>3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats, through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes</p> | <p>4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.</p> <p>5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.</p> <p>6 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.</p> |
|---|---|

Hymn of VIIIth century.

St. Peter.

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



(Or to St. JAMES, No. 161.)

(14) VICTORY OVER DEATH (Funeral Services.)

436

A crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give.—

2 TIMOTHY iv. 8.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry,
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.</p> <p>2 We bless Thee for his* every step
In faithful following Thee ;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.</p> | <p>3 We thank Thee that the way-worn sleeps
Thee sleep in Jesus blest ;
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.</p> <p>4 We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard ;
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward.</p> |
|---|--|

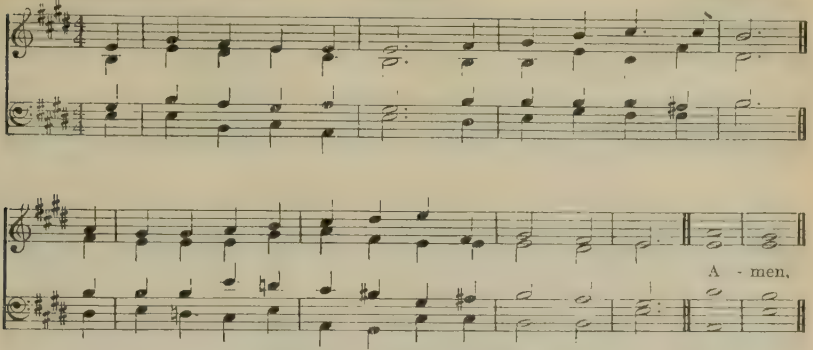
* or her.

G. Rawson.

Via Crucis. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.6.6.6.

J. BARNBY.



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437

At home with the Lord.—2 CORINTHIANS v. 8 (R.V.).

1 **H**USH, blessèd are the dead
In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on His breast.

2 O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light
Whom here they loved unseen.

2 Ours only are the tears,
Who weep around their tomb;
The light of bygone years,
And shadowing years to come.

4 Their voice, their touch, their smile,
Those love-springs flowing o'er,—
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

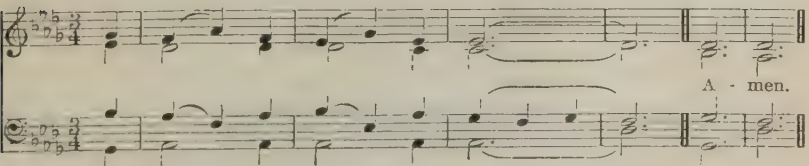
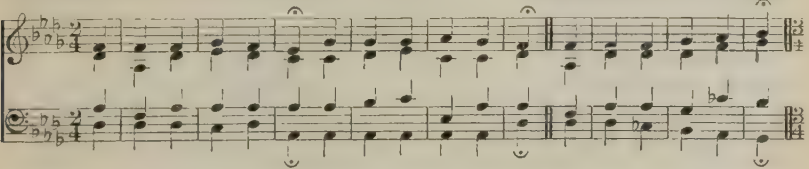
5 O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

6 But soon, at break of day,
His calm Almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
Awake! Arise! Rejoice!

E. H. Bickersteth.

Dolomite Chant. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.6.6.6.

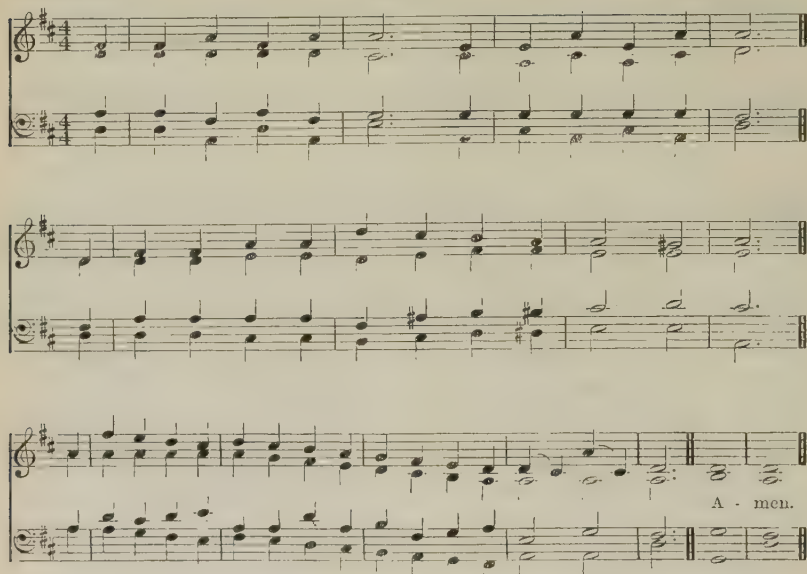
Austrian Melody.
Harmonised by J. T. COOPER.



Safe home.

66.66.88.

A. SULLIVAN.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

438

He that overcometh.—REVELATION iii. 5.

1 **S**AFE home, safe home in port !
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provision short.
And only not a wreck :
But O the joy upon the shore
To tell the voyage perils o'er !

2 The prize, the prize secure !
The athlete nearly fell ;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well :
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

3 No more the foe can harm ;
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp :
And yet how nearly had he failed ;
How nearly had that foe prevailed !

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned ;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end :
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

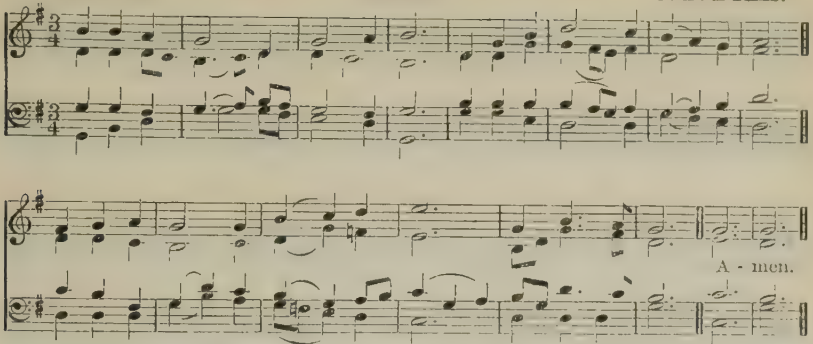
5 The exile is at home ;
O nights and days of tears !
O longings not to roam !
O sins and doubts and fears !
What matters now grief's darkest day ?
The King has wiped those tears away.

*Joseph of the Studium,
tr. J. M. Neale.*

Almsgiving.

8.8.8.4.

J. B. DYKES.



(See also Tune, IN MEMORIAM, No. 269.)

439 *His servants shall serve Him ; and they shall see His face ; and His Name shall be in their foreheads.—REVELATION xxii. 3, 4.*

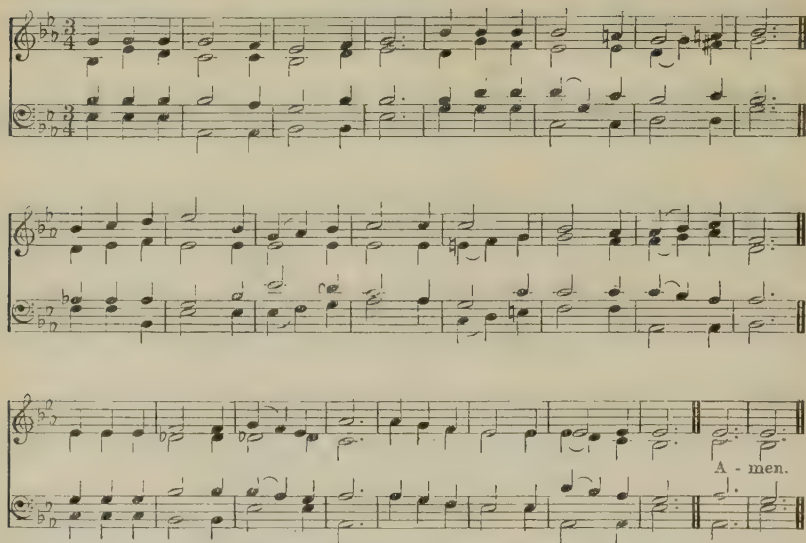
- 1 **F**OR those we love within the veil
Who once were comrades of our way,
We thank Thee, Lord, for they have won
To cloudless day.
- 2 And life for them is life indeed,
The splendid goal of earth's strait race,
And where no shadows intervene,
They see Thy face.
- 3 Not as we knew them any more,
Toilworn and sad with burdened care,
Erect, clear-eyed, upon their brows
Thy Name they bear.
- 4 Free from the fret of mortal years,
And knowing now Thy perfect will,
With quickened sense and heightened joy
They serve Thee still.
- 5 O fuller, sweeter is that life,
And larger, ampler is the air !
Eye cannot see nor heart conceive
The glory there ;
- 6 Nor know to what high purpose Thou
Dost yet employ their ripened powers,
Nor how at Thy behest they touch
This life of ours.
- 7 There are no tears within their eyes,
With love they keep perpetual tryst ;
And praise and work and rest are one
With Thee, O Christ.

W. Charter Piggott.

St. Chrysostom.

8s., six lines.

J. BARNBY.



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440

All live unto Him.—LUKE xx. 38.

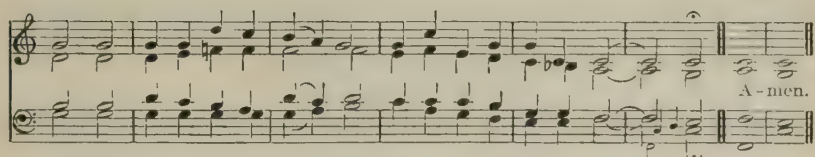
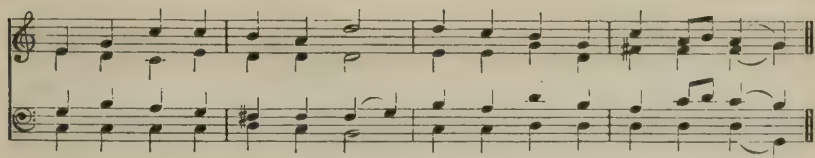
- 1 **G**OD of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies ;
All souls are Thine ;—we must not say
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.
- 2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their works,
their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.
- 3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree :
Not dead, but living unto Thee.
- 4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just :
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.
- 5 O Giver unto man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Quickener of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin ;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee !

J. Ellerton.

Requiescat.

77.77.88.

J. B. DYKES.



If there is no accompaniment the small notes may be sung.

441

Them that are asleep.—1 THESS. iv. 13.

1 NOW the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past ;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried ;
There its hidden things are clear ;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade,
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There the penitents who turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace ;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

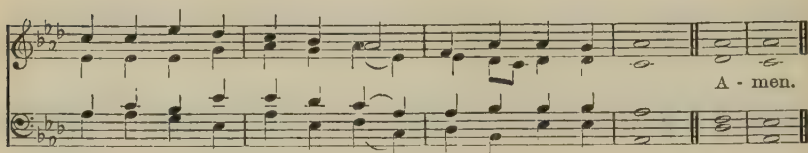
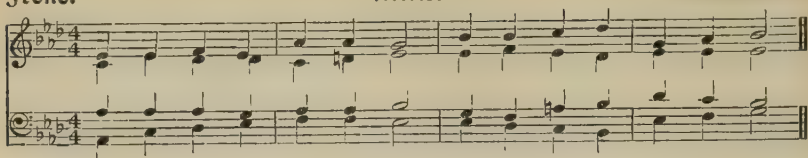
6 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Calmly now the words we say ;
Left behind, we wait in trust,
For the Resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. Ellerton.

3rene.

7.7.7.5.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



442 *Ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance.*—HEBREWS x. 34.

1 **W**HEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
Peace for evermore.

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore.

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of Life, be ours Thy crown,—
Life for evermore.

J. Ellerton.

Victory.

8.8.8., with Hallelujah.

From PALESTRINA.
Adapted by W. H. MONK.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Org.

A - men.

443

Lord of both the dead and the living.—ROMANS xiv. 9 (R.V.).

1.

O LORD of life, where'er they be,
Safe in Thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto Thee :
Hallelujah !

2.

All souls are Thine, and here or there
They rest within Thy sheltering care ;
One providence alike they share :
Hallelujah !

3.

Thy word is true, Thy ways are just ;
Above the requiem ' Dust to dust '
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust :
Hallelujah !

4.

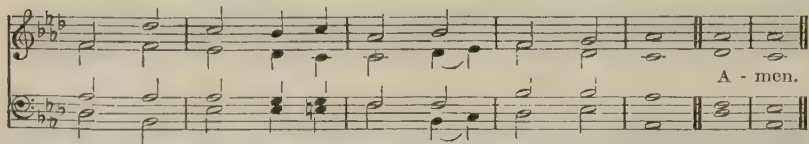
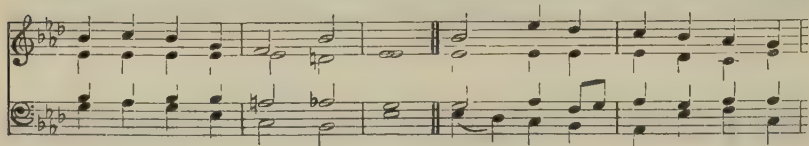
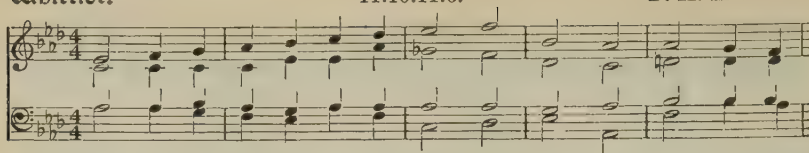
O happy they in God who rest !
No more by fear and doubt oppress,
Living or dying, they are blest :
Hallelujah !

F. L. Hosmer.

Whittier.

11.10.11.6.

F. K. MARCH.



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(15) FINAL BLESSEDNESS.

444

To be with Christ is far better.—PHILIPPIANS I. 23.

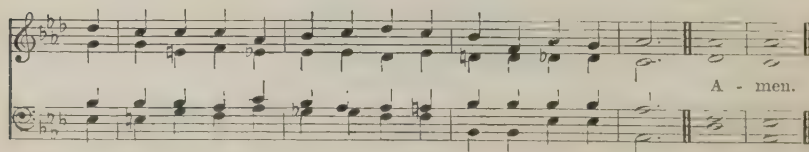
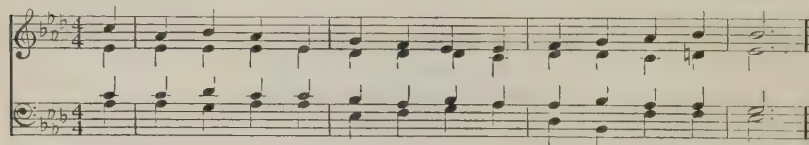
- 1 WHEN on my day of life the night is
falling, [blown,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,
- 2 Thou Who hast made my home of life so
pleasant, [decay;
Leave not its tenant when its walls
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.
- 3 Be near me when all else is from me
drifting,— [shade and shine,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
Thy love which answers mine.
- 4 I have but Thee, my Father; let Thy
Spirit [hold;
Be with me then to comfort and up-

- No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I
Nor street of shining gold. [merit,
- 5 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy
abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,—
- 6 Some humble door among Thy many
mansions, [striving cease,
Some sheltering shade where sin and
And flows for ever through heaven's green
expansions
The river of Thy peace.
- 7 There from the music round about me
stealing [song,
I fain would learn the new and holy
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of
The life for which I long. [healing,
J. G. Whittier.

St. Marguerite. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

E. C. WALKER.



445

Redeemed from the earth.—REVELATION xiv. 3.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,

- Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

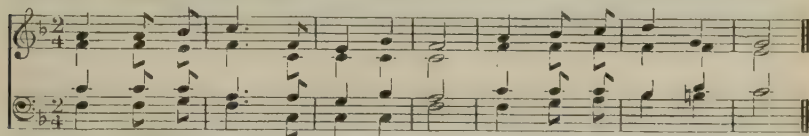
I. Watts.

Copyright. By permission of John T. Park, The Cross, Stainland, Yorks.

Lloyd. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

CUTHBERT HOWARD.



(See also Tune TOTTENHAM, No. 401.)

446

The good land that is beyond Jordan.—DEUT. iii. 25.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain;
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

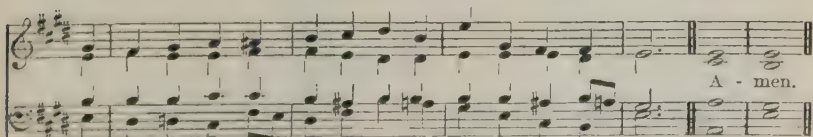
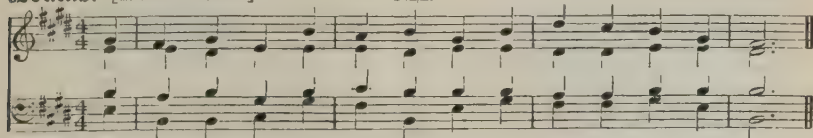
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes,
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

I. Watts.

Beulah. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

C. M. GARRETT.

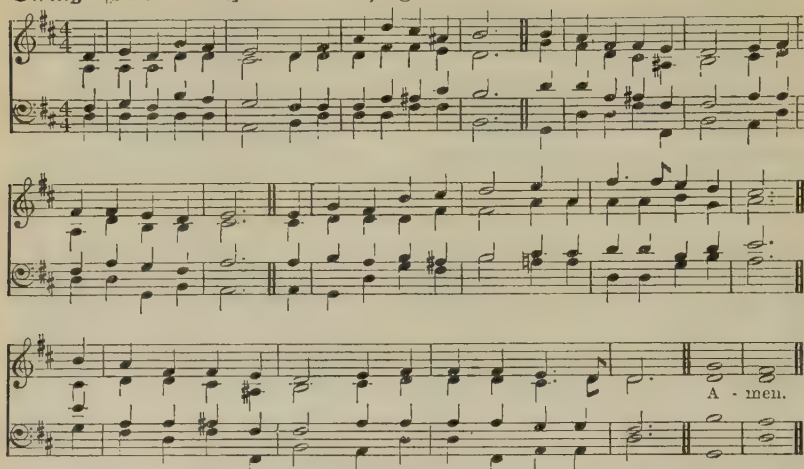


(Or as an eight-lined Hymn, see Tune PROSPECT, No. 790.)

Ewing: [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

A. EWING.



(For this Tune in Key D flat, see No. 406.)

447 *He shall wipe away every tear, . . .
and death shall be no more.—*
REV. XXI. 4 (R.V.).

1 **B**RIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And He, Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
Yes, God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We there shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.
Bernard of Morlaix, tr. J. M. Neale.

448 *The glory of God did lighten it, and
the Lamb is the light thereof.—*
REV. XXI. 23.

1 **J**ERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.
Bernard of Morlaix, tr. J. M. Neale.

Meirionydd. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

W. LLOYD.

A - men.

(See also Tune MUNICH, No. 46.)

449

Having the glory of God.—REVELATION xxi. 11.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep:
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.</p> <p>2 O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 The cross is all thy splendour,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.</p> | <p>3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced,
 The saints build up thy fabric,
 And the Corner-stone is Christ.</p> <p>4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.</p> |
|---|---|
- 5 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I e'er see thy face?
 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I e'er win thy grace?
 Exult, O dust and ashes!
 The Lord shall be thy part;
 His only, His for ever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Morlaix, tr. J. M. Neale.

Alford.

76.86.76.86.

J. B. DYKES.

450

The glory which shall be revealed in us.—ROMANS viii. 18.1 **T**EN thousand times ten thousand,In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints

Throng up the steeps of light :

'Tis finished, all is finished,

Their fight with death and sin ;

Fling open wide the golden gates,

And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs

Fills all the earth and sky !

What ringing of a thousand harps

Bespeaks the triumph nigh !

O day for which creation

And all its tribes were made !

O joy, for all its former woes

A thousandfold repaid !

3 O then what raptured greetings

On Canaan's happy shore,

What knitting severed friendships up,

Where partings are no more !

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle

That brimmed with tears of late ;

Orphans no longer fatherless,

Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,

Thou Lamb for sinners slain :

Fill up the roll of Thine elect,

Then take Thy power and reign ;

Appear, Desire of nations,

Thine exiles long for home ;

Show in the heavens Thy promised sign ;

Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

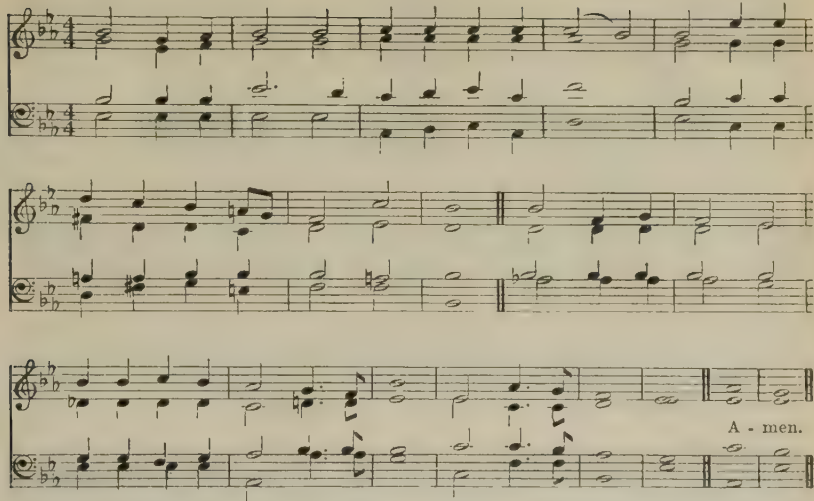
H. Alford.

Pro omnibus Sanctis.

[FIRST TUNE.]

10.10.10.4.

J. BARNBY.

451 *Considering the issue of their life. imitate their faith.*—HEBREWS xiii. 7 (R.V.).

- 1 **F**OR all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Hallelujah !
- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Hallelujah !
- 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Hallelujah !
- 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine,
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Hallelujah !
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Hallelujah !
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Hallelujah !
- 7 But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day :
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Hallelujah !
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Hallelujah !

W. W. How.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

From the 'English Hymnal.' By permission of the Oxford University Press.

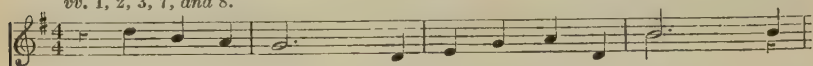
Sine Nomine. [SECOND TUNE.]

UNISON.

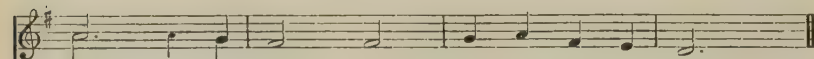
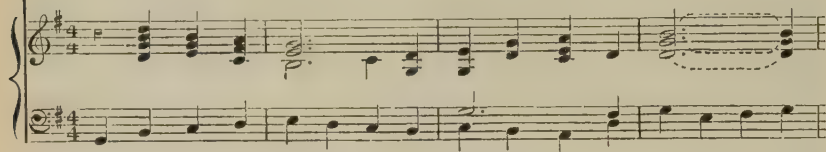
vs. 1, 2, 3, 7, and 8.

10.10.10.4.

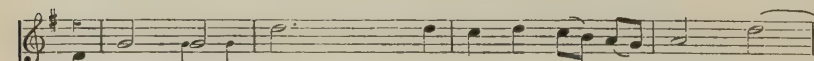
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.



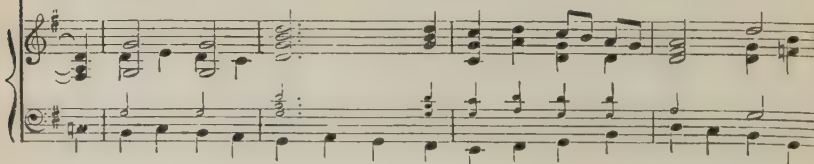
1. For all the saints	who from their la - bours rest.	Who
2. Thou wast their Rock,	their Fort - ress, and their Might;	
3. O may Thy sol -	diers, faith - ful, true, and bold,	
7. But lo! there breaks	a yet more glo - rious day:	The
8. From earth's wide bounds,	from o - cean's far - thest coast,	Through



Thou	by faith	be -	fore the world con - fessed,
Thou,	Lord, their Cap -	tain	in the well-fought fight;
Fight	as the Saints	who	no - bly fought of old,
Saints	tri - umph -	ant	rise in bright ar - ray;
gates	of pearl	streams	in the count - less host,



Thy Name,	O	Je - -	sus, be for ev - er blest.	} Hal -
Thou,	in the dark	- -	ness drear, their one true Light.	
And win,	with them,	- -	the vic - tor's crown of gold.	
The King	of Glo - -	ry pass - es on His way.		
Sing - ing to	Fa - -	ther, Son, and Ho - ly	Ghost.	



FINAL BLESSEDNESS.

le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
W. W. How.

HARMONY.
A - men.

HARMONY.
vv. 4, 5, and 6.

4. O blest com - mu - nion, fel - low - ship di - vine! We fee - bly strug - gle,
5. And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long, Steals on the ear the
6. The gold - en even - ing brightens in the west; Soon, soon to faith - ful

HARMONY.

(small notes v. 6.)

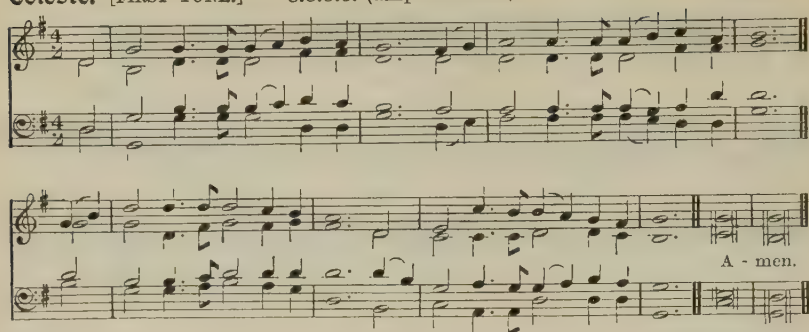
they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in Thee, for all are
dis - tant tri - umph - song, And hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are
war - riors com - eth rest, Sweet is the calm of Pa - ra - dise the

D.C. vv. 7 and 8.

Thine. strong. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
blest.

Celeste. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.8. (amphibrachic).

Anon.



452

May we know . . . whereof thou speakest.—ACTS xvii. 19.

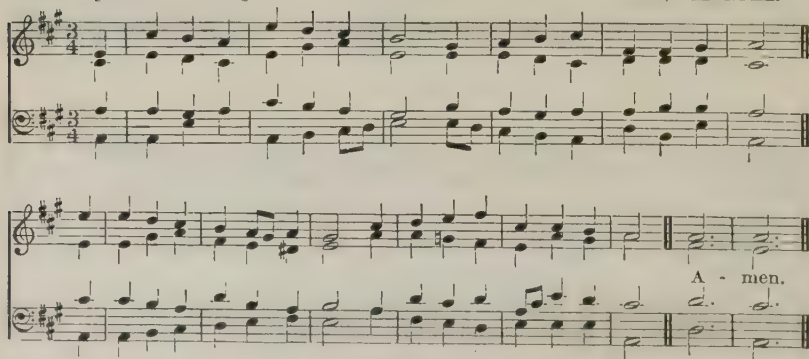
- 1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 4 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare ;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Mrs. Elizabeth K. Mills.

David. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.8.

From HANDEL.



Section 8.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Rex Gloria.

8.7., eight lines.

H. SMART.

(See also Tunes, HYFRYDOL, No. 143, DEERHURST, No. 124, and AUSTRIA, No. 29.)

(1) ITS UNITY, PRIVILEGES, AND CONFLICTS.

453

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.—PSALM lxxxvii. 3.

1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
Grace, which like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

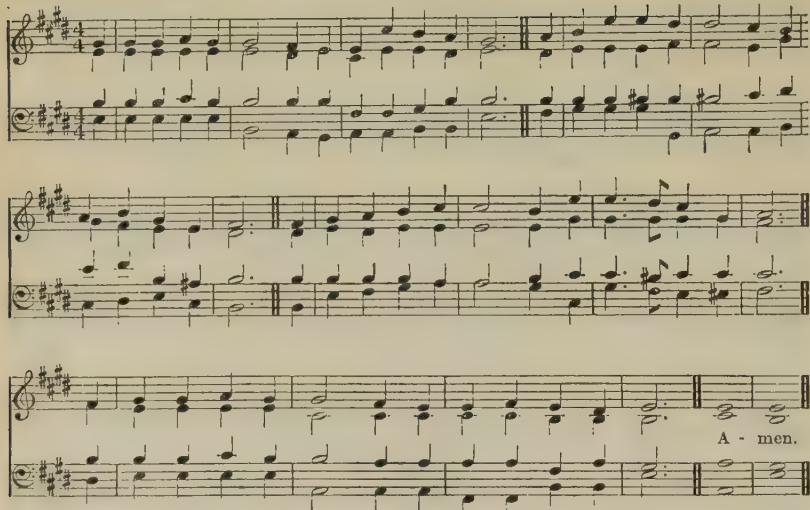
John Newton.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Aurelia.

7.6., eight lines.

S. S. WESLEY.



(For this Tune in Key E flat, see No. 680.)

454

He is the Head of the Body, the Church.—COLOSSIANS i. 18.

1 **T**HE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord :
She is His new creation
By water and the word ;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride ;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth.
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, ' How long ? '
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toll and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

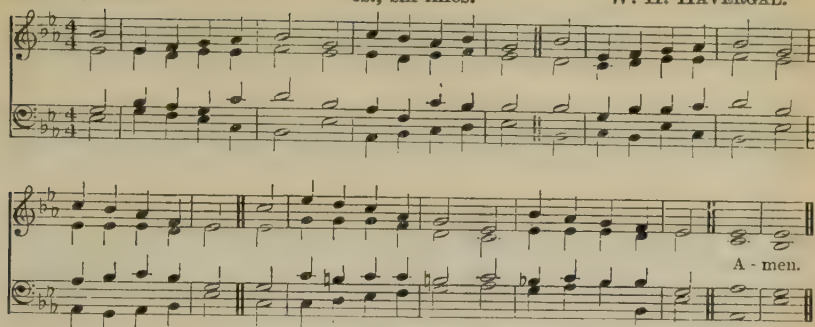
5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone.

Baca.

6s., six lines.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



(See also Tune OLD 120TH, No. 247.)

455

For behold, the kingdom of God is within you.—LUKE xvii. 21.

1 O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem !

2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God ! thou art.

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

4 Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.

5 Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His Name gathered are,
He in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

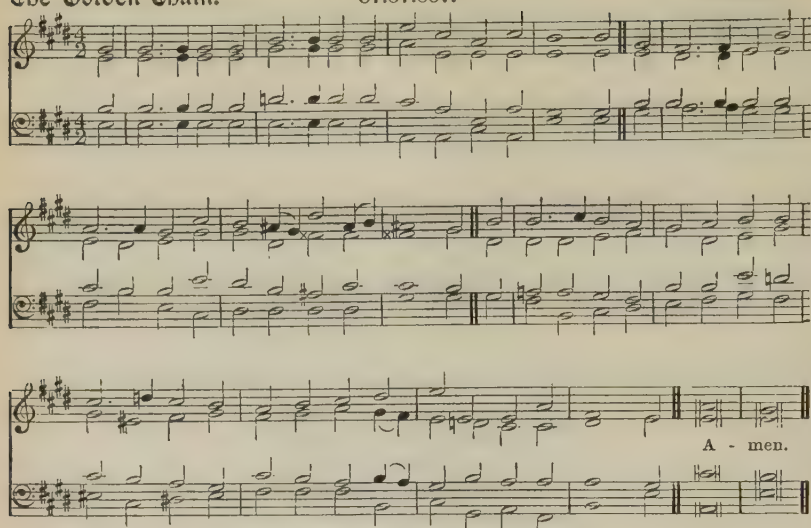
F. T. Palgrave.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

The Golden Chain.

87.87.887.

J. BARNBY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
(See also Tune LUTHER'S HYMN, No. 12.)

456

He is . . . my father's God, and I will exalt Him.—EXODUS xv. 2.

1 **W**E come unto our fathers' God :
Their Rock is our salvation :
The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation :
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they
brought ;
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

2 The fire divine, their steps that led,
Still goeth bright before us ;
The heavenly shield, around them spread,
Is still high holden o'er us :
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that
renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing ;
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing ;
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring ;
Their song to us descendeth :
The Spirit Who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth.
His song in them, in us, is one ;
We raise it high, we send it on,—
The song that never endeth !

5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour !
Unbroken be the golden chain !
Keep on the song for ever !
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver !

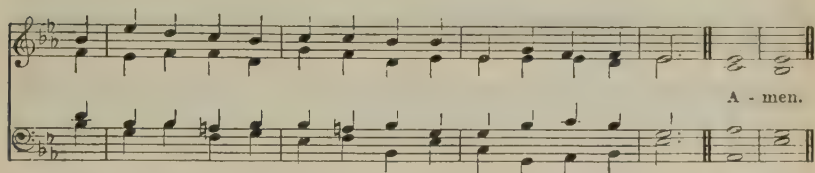
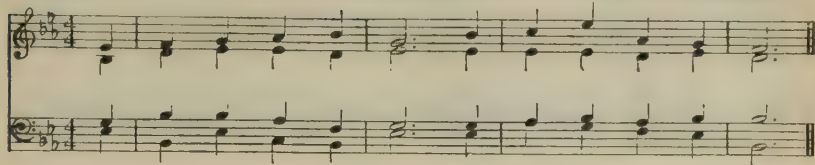
T. H. Gill.

ITS UNITY, PRIVILEGES, AND CONFLICTS.

Franconia. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

KÖNIG'S Choralbuch.



457

Let brotherly love continue.—HEBREWS xiii. 1.

1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

4 When for awhile we part,
This thought will soothe our pain,
That we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

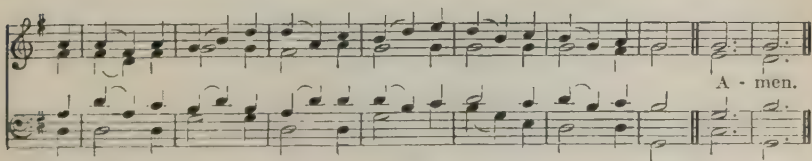
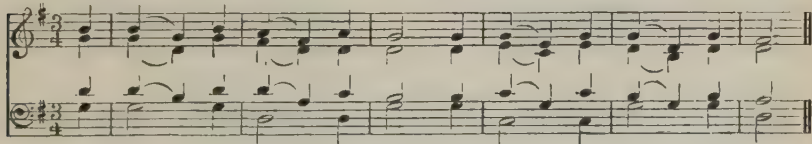
6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett (v. 4 alld.).

Dennis. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

HANS G. NÄGELI.



THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Maidstone.

7s., eight lines.

W. B. GILBERT.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

(See also Tune BURLEIGH, No. 99.)

458

Be of the same mind in the Lord.—PHILIPPIANS iv. 2.

1 LORD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the Church below,
Steadfast may we cleave to Thee,
Love, the mystic union be :
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine ;
Lead us through the paths of peace
On to perfect holiness.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide ;
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil ;
Never from our office move ;
Needful to each other prove ;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.

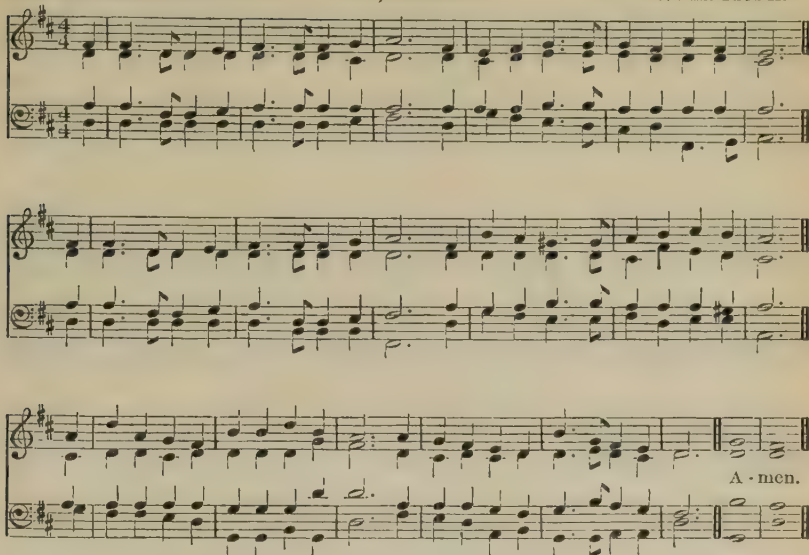
3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy :
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee :
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void :
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art All in all.

C. Wesley.

Unde et Memores.

10s., six lines.

W. H. MONK.



459

That they all may be one.—JOHN xvii. 21.

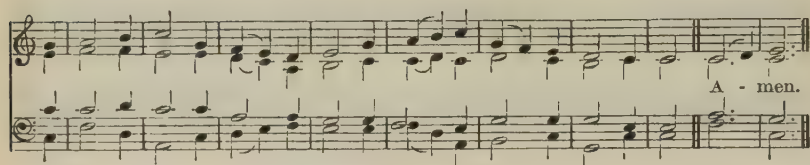
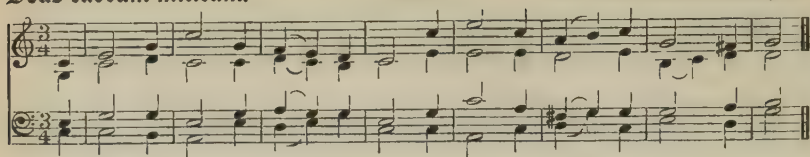
- 1 **E**TERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way ;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day ;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Theo.
- 2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son ;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
As one with Thee, to Whom we ever tend ;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.
- 3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.
- 4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,—
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine ;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word ;
We ask no victories that are not Thine :
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

J. W. Chadwick.

Dens tuorum militum.

L.M.

Grenoble Church Melody.



(Or to LUTHER'S CHANT, No. 486.)

460

Draw near with a true heart in fulness of faith—HEBREWS x. 22.

1 **M**EN true of heart and strong in faith,
Lift up to God your voice on high;
'Tis meet and right ye sons of men,
The King of kings to glorify.

2 Come, Holy Spirit of the Lord,
Thou source of life and strength divine,
Our hearts are temples made for Thee,
Come dwell in them and make them Thine.

3 Shine in our hearts celestial Light,
Be Thou our guide on life's rough way,
We shall not err if Thou dost lead,
And guard our steps from day to day.

4 Life holds in store great things for those
Who walk with God and love the light:
They need no other guide but Thee
To find the Truth and do the Right.

5 Help us to seek what Jesus sought,
Things holy and of lasting worth;
The love that brings good will to men,
The deeds that make for Peace on earth.

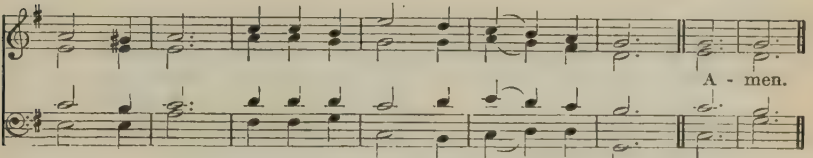
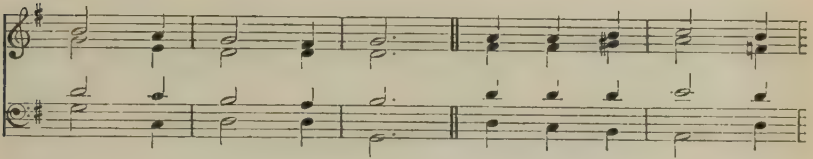
6 Men true of heart and strong in faith,
Praise ye the Father and the Son,
Praise ye the Spirit of the Lord,
The truine God, the Three in One.

J. Waugh Boden.

St. Polycarp.

L.M.

I. J. PLEYEL.



(See also Tunes MELCOMBE and OMBERSLEY, Nos. 475 and 476.)

461

Lo, I am with you alway.—MATTHEW xxviii. 20.

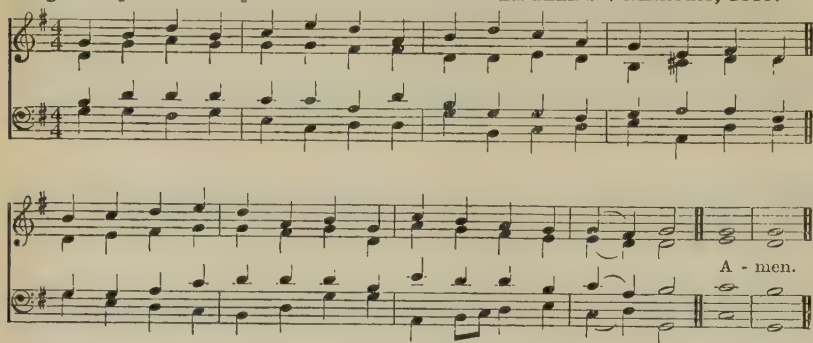
- 1 **H** EAD of the Church and Lord of all,
Hear from Thy throne our suppliant call :
We come the promised grace to seek,
Of which aforetime Thou didst speak.
- 2 'Lo, I am with you'—that sweet word.
Lord Jesus, meekly be it heard,
And stamped with all-inspiring power
On our weak souls this favoured hour.
- 3 Without Thy presence, King of saints,
Our purpose fails, our spirit faints ;
Thou must our wavering faith renew
Ere we can yield Thee service true.
- 4 Thy consecrating might we ask,
Or vain the toil, unblest the task,
And impotent of fruit will be
Love's holiest effort wrought for Thee.
- 5 'Lo, I am with you' ; even so,
Thy joy our strength, we fearless go ;
And praise shall crown the suppliant's call,
Head of the Church, and Lord of all !

Joseph Tritton.

Avignon. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.6. (Trochaic).

TRILLER'S Volkslieder, 1559.



462

Lord, save us, we perish!—MATTHEW viii. 25.

1 **L**O! the storms of life are breaking,
Faithless fears our hearts are
shaking;
For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

2 Lo! the world, from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy Church in pride is swelling;
With Thy word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

3 On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,
Unto Thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

4 Steadfast we, in faith abiding,
In Thy secret presence hiding,
In Thy love and grace confiding;
Lord and Saviour, help us.

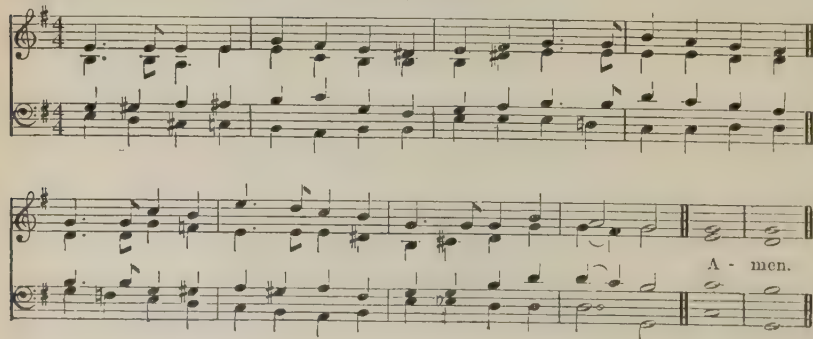
5 By Thy birth, Thy cross, Thy passion
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
By Thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

H. Alford.

Alford. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.6. (Trochaic)

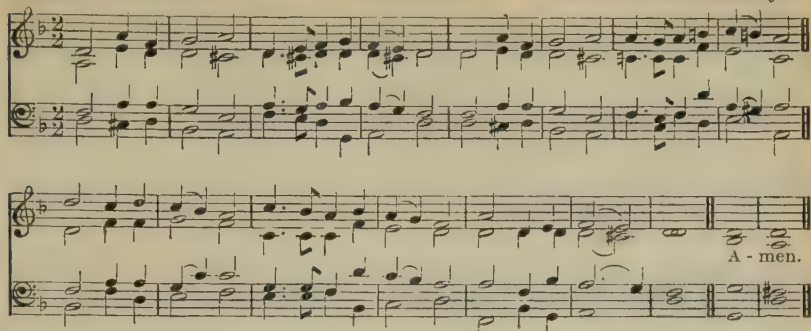
J. BOOTH.



Rouen. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.11.11.5.

Rouen Church Melody.



(See also TUNE INTEGER VITÆ, No. 643.)

463

Save us, O God of our salvation.—1 CHRONICLES xvi. 35.

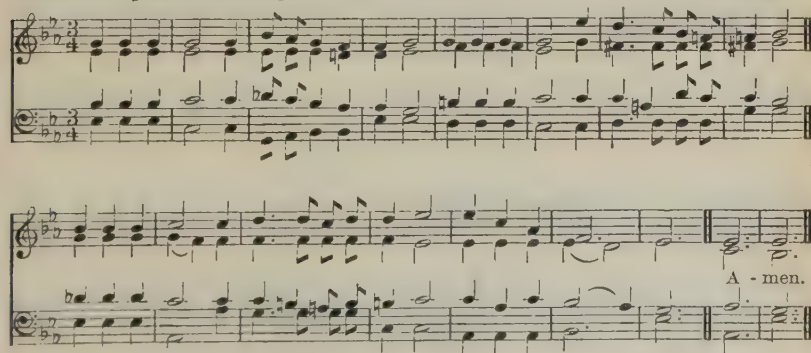
- 1 **L**ORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.
- 2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling ;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling ;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.
- 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell prevailleth
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
- 4 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

From the German, tr. P. Pusey.

Cloisters. [SECOND TUNE.]

11.11.11.5.

J. BARNBY.

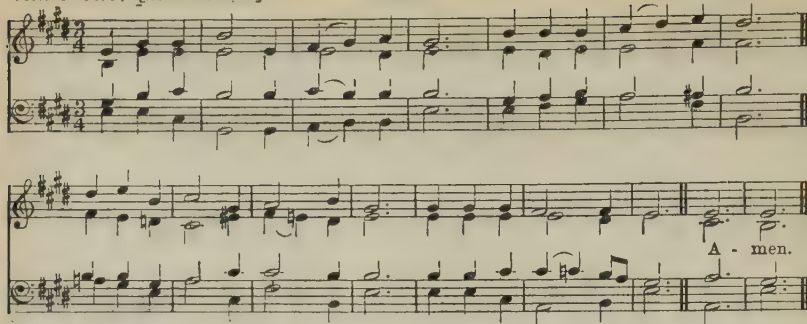


THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Waldrons. [FIRST TUNE]

C.M.

C. E. MILLER.



464 *Ye are come . . . to the spirits
of just men made perfect.—*
HEB. xii. 22, 23.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.
- 5 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before ;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

6 O that we now might grasp our Guide !
O that the word were given !
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

C. Wesley.

465 *Fellow-citizens with the saints.—*
EPH. ii. 19.

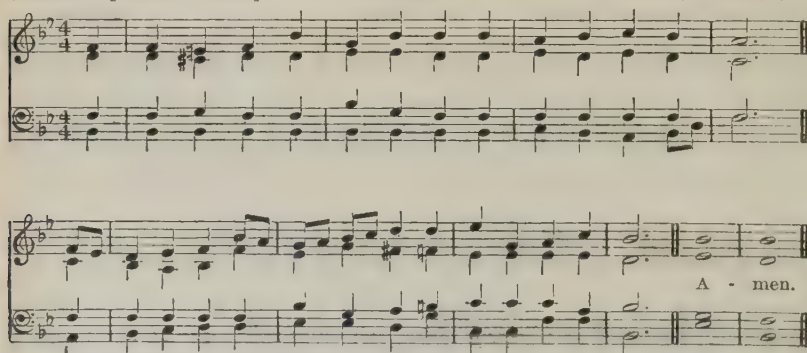
- 1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone ;
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,—
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne ;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace,—
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise :
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

C. Wesley.

Sbaron. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

T. WALLHEAD.

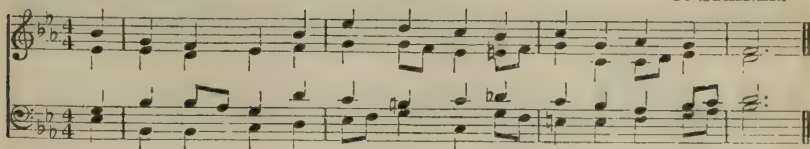


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Sudeley. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

J. STAINER.



(See also Tunes ST. BERNARD, No. 385, HOLY TRINITY, No. 127,
and ST. MARGUERITE, No. 445.)

466 *For them also which shall believe on Me through their word.*—JOHN xvii. 20.

1.

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

2.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

3.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up ;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.

4.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page ;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

5.

O living Church, thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime ;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;
Redeem the evil time !

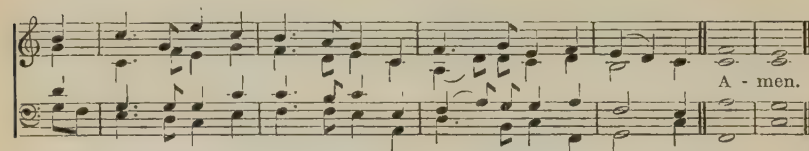
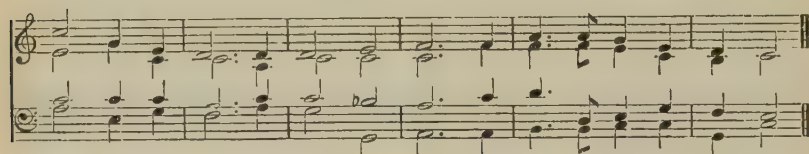
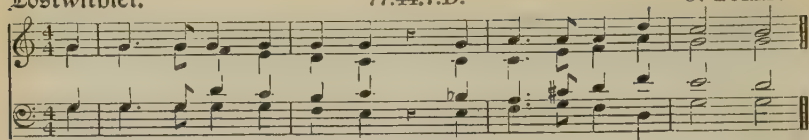
S. Longfellow.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Lostwithiel.

77.44.7.D.

J. TURLE.



467

Head over all things to the church.—EPHESIANS i. 22.

1 **H** EAD of Thy Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee ;
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favour :
The love Divine
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By Thee we shall
Break through them all
Ere death our conflict closes.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us ;
And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to Heaven.

C. Wesley.

Mountain Christians.

14.14.14.14.

J. MANNIN (Adapted).

468

Thou hast a mighty arm.—PSALM lxxxix. 13.

- 1 **F**OR the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God ;
 Thou hast kept Thy pilgrim people by the strength of Thy staff and rod ;
 Thou hast called us to the journey which faithless feet ne'er trod ;
 For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.
- 2 For the love of Christ constraining that bound their hearts as one ;
 For the faith in truth and freedom in which their work was done ;
 For the peace of God's evangel wherewith their feet were shod ;
 For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.
- 3 We are watchers of a beacon whose light must never die ;
 We are guardians of an altar that shows Thee ever nigh ;
 We are children of Thy freemen who sleep beneath the sod ;
 For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.
- 4 May the shadow of Thy presence around our camp be spread ;
 Baptize us with the courage with which Thou blessed our dead ;
 O keep us in the pathway their saintly feet have trod ;
 For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

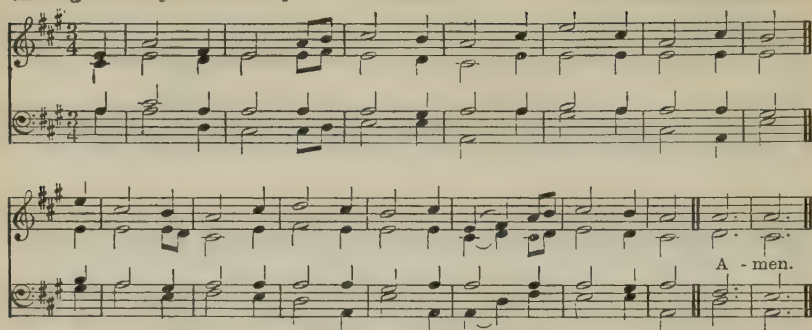
C. Silvester Horne.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Martyrdom. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

HUGH WILSON.



(For other version, see No. 236.)

(2) ITS ORDINANCES—BAPTISM.

469 *I am not ashamed.*—2 TIM. i. 12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause ;
Maintain the honour of His word,
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know His Name ;
His Name is all my trust ;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands ;
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face ;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

I. Watts.

470 *I am Thine, save me, for I have
sought Thy precepts.*—Ps. cxix. 94.

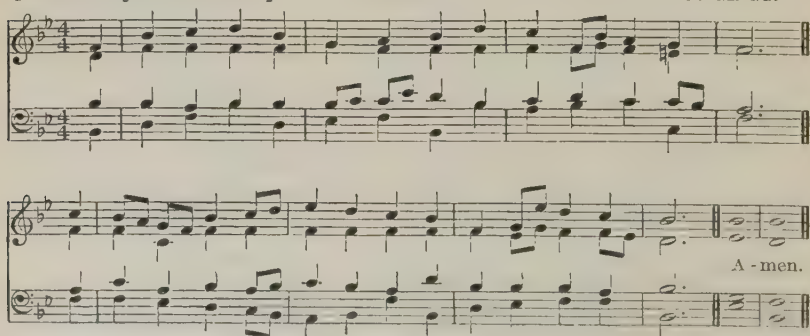
- 1 MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.
- 2 Before the cross of Him Who died
Behold I prostrate fall ;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.
- 4 Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given ;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges.

Tiverton. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

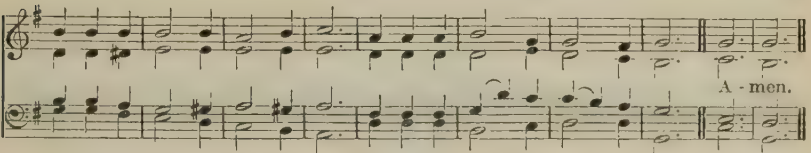
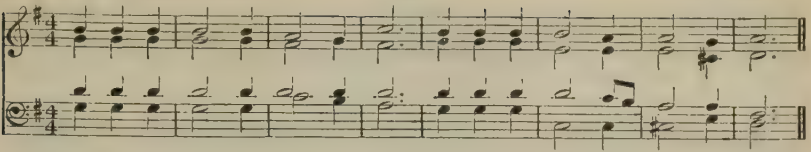
J. GRIGG.



Pentecost. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

W. BOYD.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

471 *Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.—*
 HEBREWS xii. 1, 2.

- 1 **F**IGHT the good fight with all thy might ;
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be
 Thy joy and crown eternally.
- 2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face ;
 Life with its path before us lies ;
 Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside ; upon thy Guide
 Lean, and His mercy will provide,—
 Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not, nor fear ; His arm is near ;
 He changeth not, and thou art dear ;
 Only believe, and thou shalt see
 That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell.

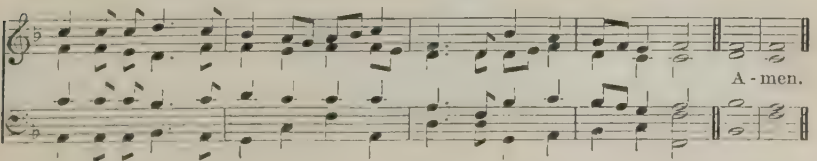
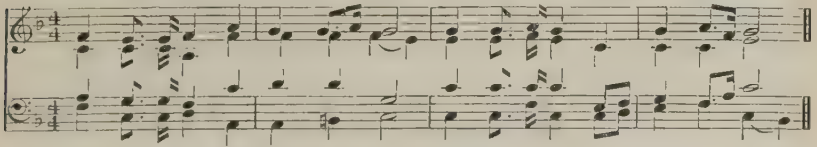
From the 'English Hymnal,' by permission of the Oxford University Press.

Shepton-Beauchamp.

[SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

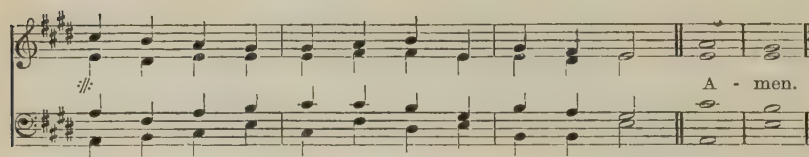
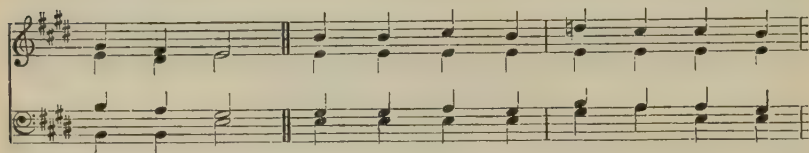
English Traditional Melody.



Mannheim. [FIRST TUNE.]

87., six lines.

F. FILITZ.



472

If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself.—MARK viii. 34.

1.

HAST Thou said, exalted Jesus,
 'Take thy cross and follow Me' ?
 Shall the word with terror seize us ?
 Shall we from the burden flee ?
 Lord, I'll take it,
 And, rejoicing, follow Thee.

2.

Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
 Saviour, of Thy love for me :
 Sweeter still the love that binds me
 In its deathless bonds to Thee :
 O what pleasure,
 Buried with my Lord to be.

3.

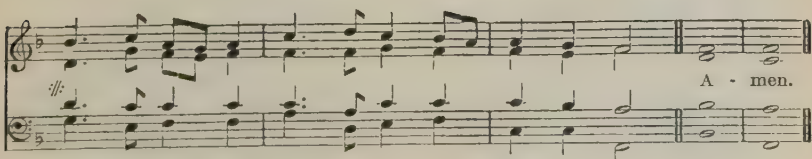
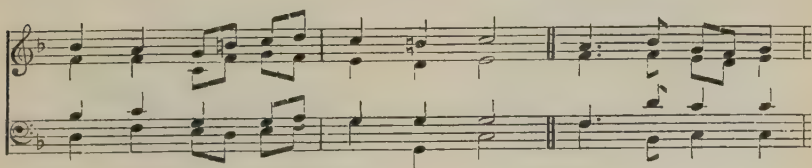
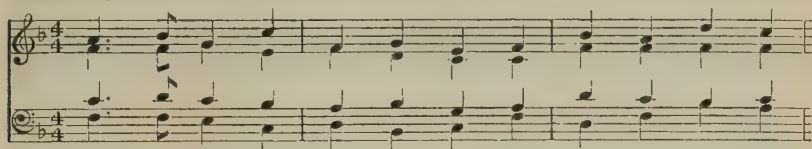
Then, baptized in love and glory,
 Lamb of God, Thy praise I'll sing ;
 Loudly with the immortal story
 All the harps of heaven shall ring :
 Saints and seraphs
 Sound it loud from every string.

John E. Giles.

Lewes. [SECOND TUNE.]

87.87.47.

J. RANDALL.



THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Day of Rest. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

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473 *These . . . follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.*—REVELATION xiv. 4.

1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and My Friend :
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me :
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will ;

O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control ;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone :
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend !

J. E. Bode.

Jesu, Magister Bone.

[SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

J. B. DYKES.

A - men.

(Or to AURELIA, No. 454, or GREENLAND, No. 192.)

474

If we died with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him.—

ROMANS vi. 8 (R.V.).

1 **A**ROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine open grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of gladness,
To keep Thy blest command :
So Thee in faith we follow,
And trace Thy path of love,
Through the strange, solemn waters
Up to Thy throne above.

2 Lord Jesus, we remember
The coldness of Thy tomb,
The silence and the darkness,
The grave-clothes in the gloom :
After Thy cross and passion,
The deep sleep came at last ;
O'er the eternal radiance
The mortal shadow passed.

3 But now Thou art arisen :
Thy travail all is o'er ;
Once Thou for sin hast suffered,
And Thou wilt die no more :
Crowned with immortal honour,
Because of that dark bed,
Give us to share Thy triumph,
Thou first-born from the dead !

4 Into Thy death baptizèd,
O let us with Thee die :
And clothe us with Thy risen life,
And wholly sanctify :
So, freed from the old nature,
And ransomed by Thy blood,
May we pass on to glory,
Alive with Thee to God.

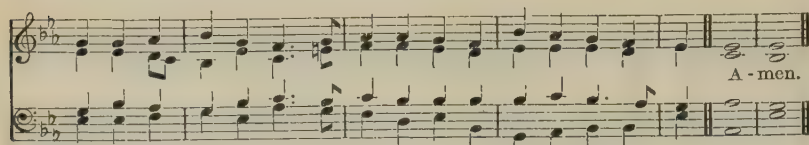
James G. Deck.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Melcombe, [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

S. WEBBE.



(For this Tune in Key F, see No. 612.)

(See also Tune ROCKINGHAM, No. 112.)

475 Ashamed of Me.—MARK viii. 38.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg.

476 They first gave their own selves to the Lord.—2 COR. viii. 5.

1 GLORY to God, Whose Spirit draws
Fresh soldiers to the Saviour's
cause,

Who thus, baptized into His Name,
His goodness and their faith proclaim.

2 For these now added to the host,
Who in their Lord and Saviour boast,
And consecrate to Him their days,
Accept, O God, our grateful praise.

3 Thus may Thy mighty Spirit draw
All here to love and keep His law;
Themselves His subjects to declare,
And place themselves beneath His care.

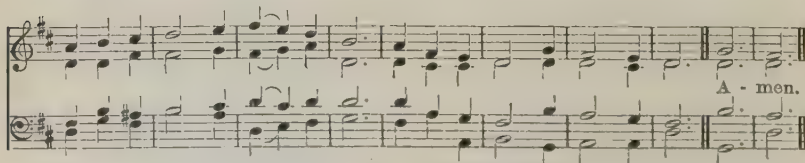
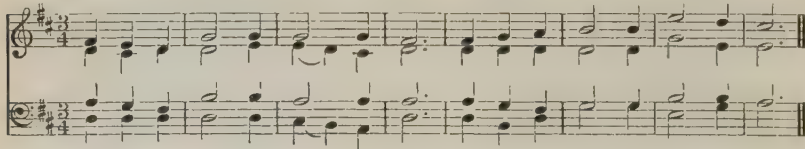
4 Lead them at once their Lord to own,
To glory in His cross alone;
And then, baptized, His truth to teach,
His love to share, His heaven to reach.

Baptist W. Noel.

Ombersley, [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.



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(See also Tune SAMSON, No. 395.)

477

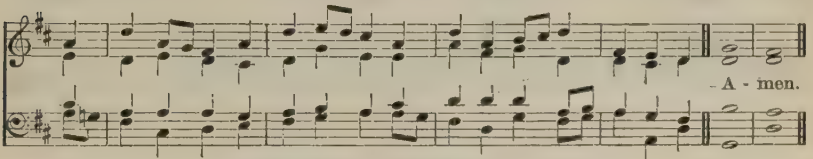
I come in the name of the Lord of Hosts.—1 SAMUEL xvii. 45.

- 1 **L**ORD of the brave, who call'st Thine
own
In love's fair name to fearless war,
Behold us where God's musters are,
His viewless banner o'er us blown.
- 2 Lo! we that dare the all-holy fight,
Our soldier oath we pledge to-day.
Our soldier hands 'neath Thine we lay,
Dread Captain of the hosts of Light.
- 3 To-day we dare. To-morrow who
Can guard the soldier faith unshamed?
For valour faints as valour flamed.
We dare: 'tis Thou must make us do.
- 4 This soul of youth that springs to prove
Heaven's knighthood on heaven's olden
foe,
O God in Man, 'tis Thine to know,
'Tis Thine, O Man in God, to love.
- 5 Thy love be ours, when war is nigher,
Thy love that knows, our helper be;
Ah! King, for in the touch of Thee,
The heart that faints is heart of fire.
- 6 In love's fair name to battle sore,
Lord of the brave, lead on Thine own,
The viewless banner o'er us blown,
A host of Christ for evermore.

*J. H. Skrine.***Festus.** [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

FREYLINGHAUSEN'S Gesangbuch.



- A - men.

(See also Tune DEUS TUORUM, No. 460.)

478

He went on his way rejoicing.—ACTS viii. 39.

- 1 **O** HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him Who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

P. Doddridge.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Ebenezer (or Ton-y-Hotel).

HARMONY OR UNISON. 8.7., eight lines.

THOMAS J. WILLIAMS.

The musical score is written for eight lines of music, organized into five systems. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring triplet rhythms. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The score concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the final measures.

(See also Tune BETHANY, No. 317.)

We have left all, and have followed Thee.—MARK x. 28.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee :
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be :
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought or hoped or known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition !
 God and heaven are still mine own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
 And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me ;
 Show Thy face and all is bright.

- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me !
 Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee !

- 4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care :
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 What a Father's smile is thine,
 What a Saviour died to win thee :
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

- 5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

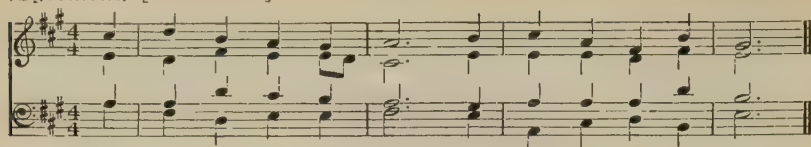
H. F. Lyte.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Egremont, [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

J. LANGRAN.



480 *Buried with Him in baptism,
wherein also ye are risen with Him.*
—COLOSSIANS ii. 12.

- 1 DEAR Master, in Thy way
Our willing feet shall tread ;
What joy Thy mandate to obey,—
Our great and glorious Head !
- 2 Thy all-abounding grace
Has banished sin and night ;
And in the glory of Thy face
We see the eternal light.
- 3 By Thy direction led,
With gladness we confess
That we to sin's dark power are dead,
And risen to righteousness.
- 4 The closing waters hide
Our former world, and we,
Seeking through death our Saviour's
Rejoice to die with Thee. [side,
- 5 And as we rise again,
Be this confession given,
That we have risen with Christ to reign—
The Lord of earth and heaven.
- 6 So would we die to live,
And live no more to die ;
Our risen lives, O Christ, receive,
And seal them in the sky.

J. Thomas.

481 *And now, why tarriest thou? Arise,
and be baptized, and wash away
thy sins, calling on the Name of the
Lord.*—ACTS xxii. 16.

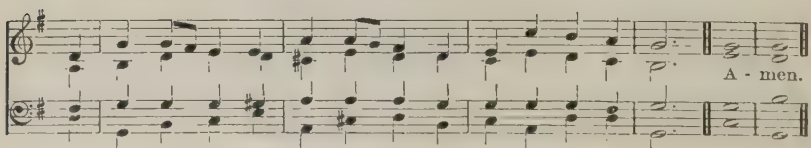
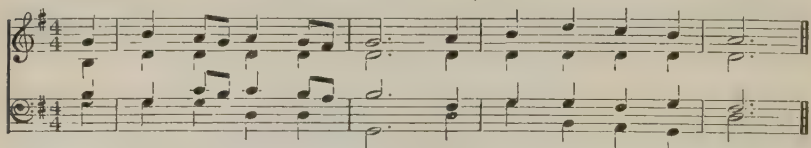
- 1 STAND, soldier of the Cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's Name.
- 2 Arise and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away :
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avowed to-day.
- 3 No more thine own, but Christ's,—
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled,—
- 4 In God's whole armour strong,
Front hell's embattled powers :
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.
- 5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet !

E. H. Bickersteth.

Cambridge. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

R. HARRISON.

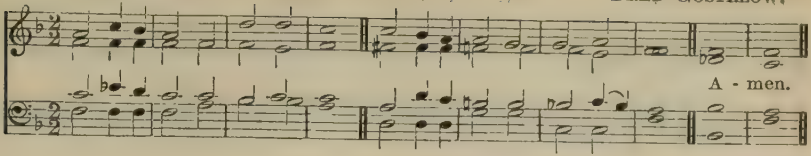


(For this Tune in key A, see No. 75.)

Frant. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.

FRED GOSTELOW.

**Cartmel. [SECOND TUNE.]**

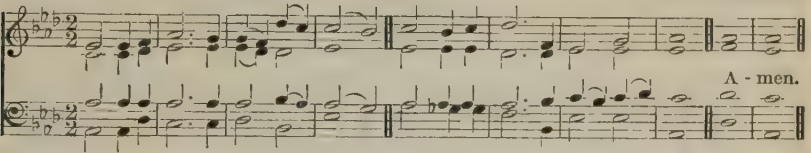
8.8.

J. LANGRAN.

**Hunsdon. [THIRD TUNE.]**

8.8.

C. E. SMITH.

**During the Administration.**

482 *If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.—COL. iii. 1.*

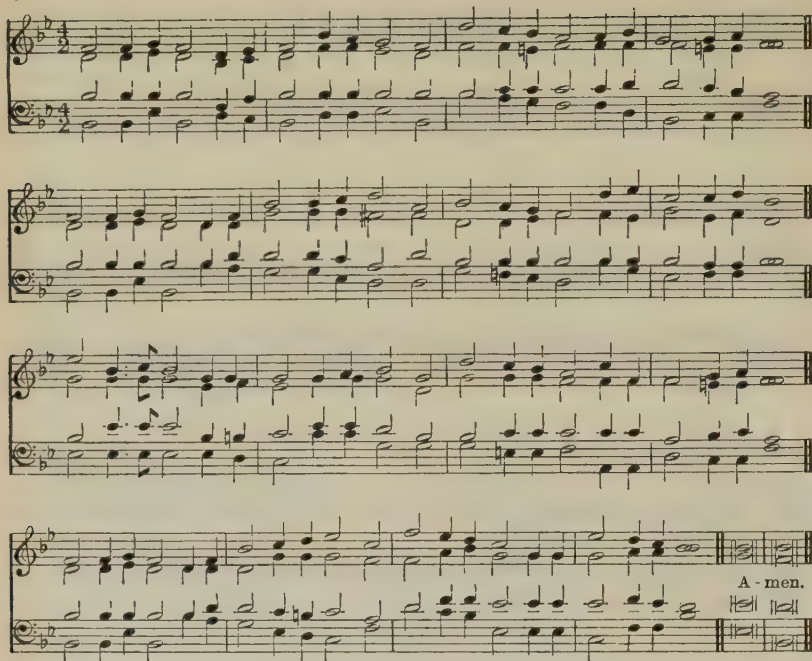
- 1 **B**URIED with Christ ! Our glad hearts say
Come see the place where once He lay.
- 2 Risen with Him ! Allured by Love,
Henceforth we seek the things above.
- 3 Walking with Him ! A life how blest,
Strengthened with might, girt round with rest !
- 4 In Him abiding ! Living Vine,
We too would bear the fruit divine.
- 5 For Him enduring ! Pain and loss
Are but the shadow of His Cross.
- 6 By Him victorious ! Smile or frown,
We march right onward to a crown.

*W. W. Sidey.**(For other Sentences, see Chant Section, Nos. 129 and 140 to 143.)*

True-hearted.

11.10.11.10. (with Chorus).

J. BOOTH.



483

Caleb . . . wholly followed the Lord God of Israel.—JOSHUA xiv. 14.

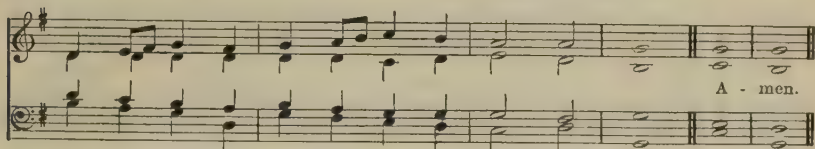
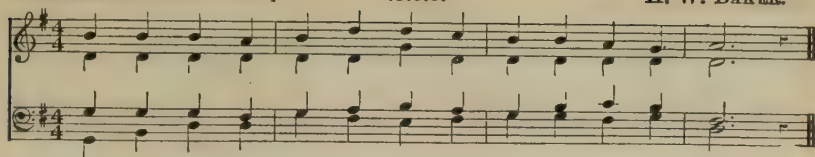
- 1 **T**RUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
 King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be :
 Under Thy standard exalted and royal,
 Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee.
 Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
 Song of our spirits rejoicing and free ;
 ' True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
 King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be ! '
- 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted ! fullest allegiance
 Yielding henceforth to our glorious King,
 Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
 Freely and joyously now would we bring.
 Peal out the watchword, and silence it never, &c.
- 3 True-hearted ! Saviour, Thou knowest our story ;
 Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
 Sinful and treacherous, yet, for Thy glory,
 Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.
 Peal out the watchword, and silence it never, &c.
- 4 Whole-hearted ! Saviour, beloved and glorious,
 Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone
 Over our wills and affections victorious,
 Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.
 Peal out the watchword, and silence it never, &c.

Frances R. Havergal.

Stephanos. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

H. W. BAKER.



484

If the Lord be God, follow Him.—1 KINGS xviii. 21.

1 **M**ASTER we Thy footsteps follow.
We Thy word obey,
Hear us, Thy dear Name confessing,
While we pray.

2 Now into Thy death baptized,
We ourselves would be
Dead to all the sin that made
Thy Calvary.

3 Rising with Thee, make us like Thee,
In Thy love and care,
In Thy zeal, and in Thy labour,
And Thy prayer.

4 Let the love that knows no failing
Cast out all our fears,
Let Thy pure and faithful spirit
Fill our years.

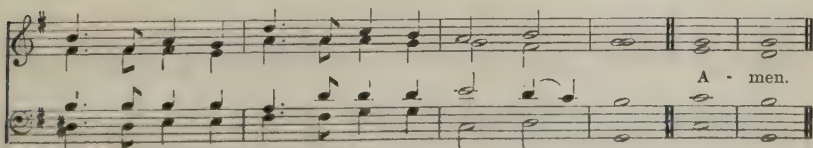
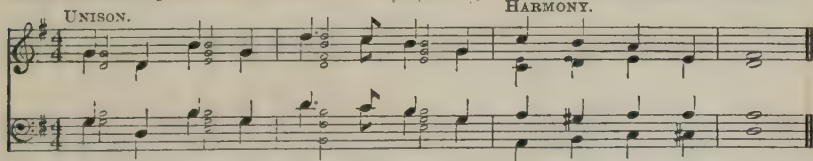
5 Till we hear the trumpets sounding
On the other side,
And for ever, in Thy heaven
We abide.

F. A. Jackson.

Whitstable. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

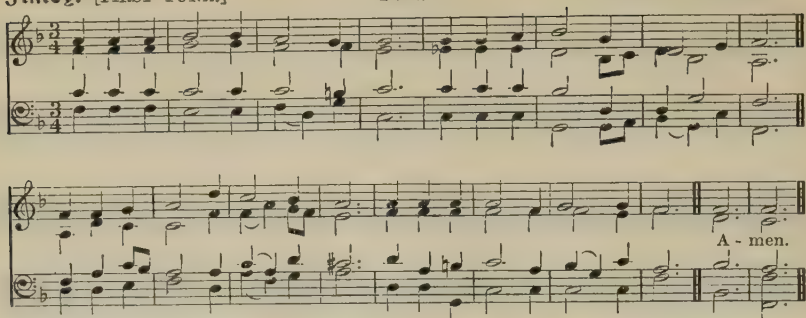
CHARLES VINCENT.



Jikley. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

J. B. DYKES.



(See also Tune ROCKINGHAM, 112.)

(3) THE LORD'S SUPPER.

485 *The table of the Lord.*—MAL. i. 12.

1 **M**Y God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'er-
flow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Why are these emblems still in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's grace alone can give.
P. Doddridge.

486 *Where I am, there ye may be also.*
—JOHN XIV. 3.

1 **L**ET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wayward heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

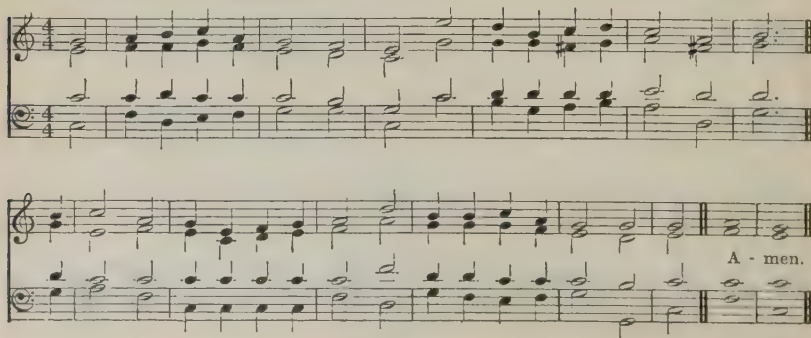
3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, whence none
remove;
Then only will this cleansed heart
Reflect the fulness of Thy love.
Charlotte Elliott.

Luther's Chant. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

C. ZEUNER.



487 *We would see Jesus.*—JOHN xii. 21.

- 1 LORD, in this blest and hallowed hour
Reveal Thy presence and Thy
power ;
Show to my faith Thy hands and side,
My Lord and God, the Crucified.
- 2 Fain would I find a calm retreat
From vain distractions near Thy feet ;
And, borne above all earthly care,
Be joyful in Thy house of prayer.
- 3 Or let me through the opening skies
Catch one bright glimpse of Paradise :
And realise, with raptured awe,
The vision dying Stephen saw.
- 4 But if unworthy of such joy,
Still shall Thy love my heart employ ;
For of Thy favoured children's fare
'Twere bliss the very crumbs to share.
- 5 Yet never can my soul be fed
With less than Thee, the living Bread ;
Thyself unto my soul impart,
And with Thy presence fill my heart.

Josiah Conder.

488 *They shall enter into the King's
palace.*—Ps. xlv. 15.

- 1 JESUS, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee ;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received Thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,—
Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy Name
At the great supper of the Lamb.
- 5 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day !
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
His Father's glory all His own.

I. Watts.

Wimington. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

FRANCIS DUCKWORTH.

The musical score is written for a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes, along with rests and a fermata at the end of the first line. The tempo is marked 'L.M.' (Lento Moderato).

A - men.

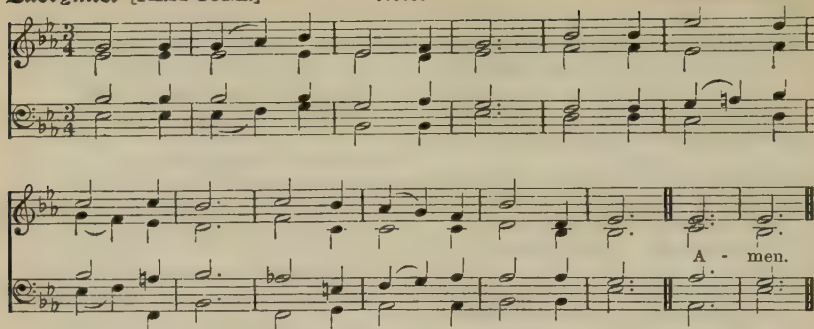
Composer's Copyright. Used by permission.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Lacrymæ. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.

A. SULLIVAN.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

489

And in the evening He cometh with the twelve.—MARK xiv. 17.

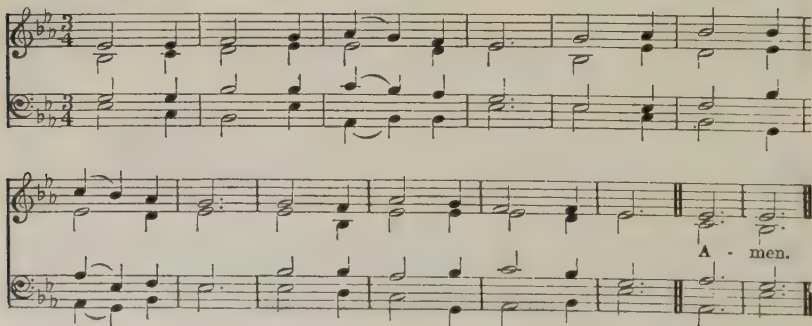
- 1 JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.
- 2 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.
- 3 While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.
- 5 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Grant us, Lamb of God, Thy peace.
- 6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land.

R. H. Baynes.

St. Philip. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.

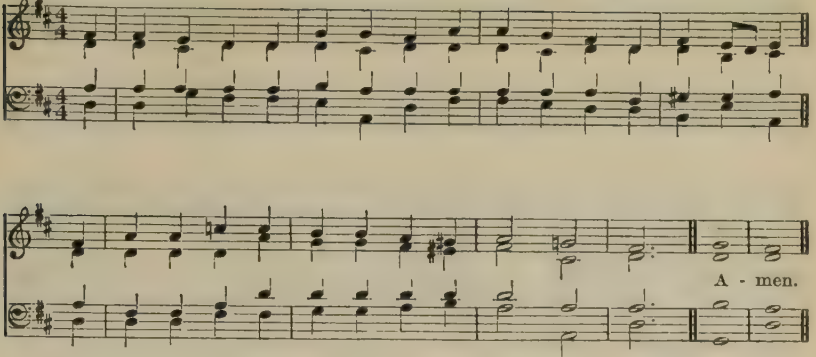
W. H. MONK.



In Memoriam.

8.8.8.4.

F. C. MAKER.



490

Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.—1 CORINTHIANS xi. 26.

1 **B**Y Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is seen, in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 The drops of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal-night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

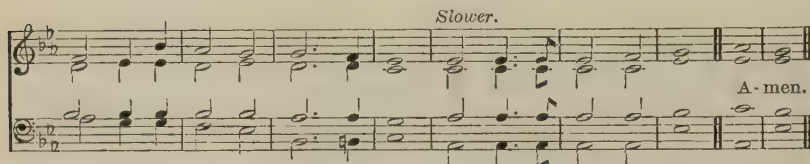
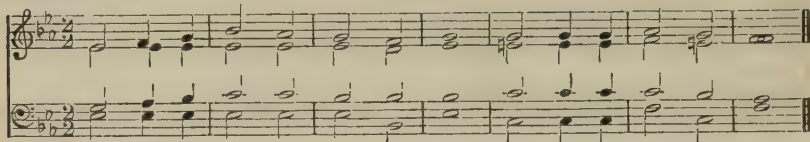
G. Rawson.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Merton. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. P. JEWSON.



491 *Not my feet only, but also my hands
and my head.*—JOHN xiii. 9.

- 1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

C. Wesley.

492 *The words that I have spoken unto
you are spirit and are life.*—
JOHN vi. 63.

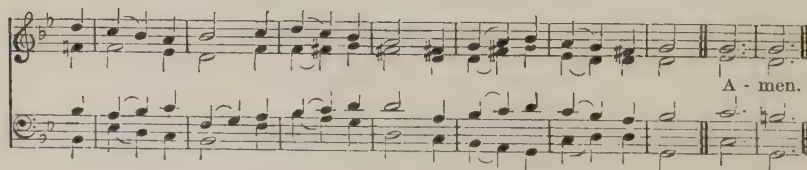
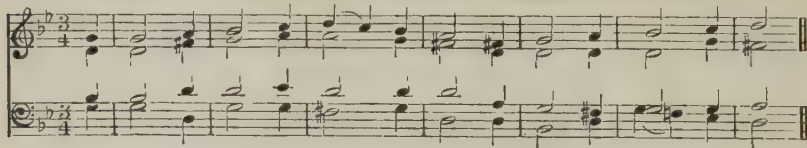
- 1 **O** JESUS Christ, the Holy One,
I long to be with Thee ;
O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,
Come and abide with me.
- 2 Now, while the symbols of Thy love
Before Thy saints are set,
And Thou, descending from above,
Their yearning hearts hast met,
- 3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
This lonely heart of mine,
And feed me in this solemn hour
With Thine own bread and wine.
- 4 My meat indeed, my drink indeed,
Art Thou, my gracious Lord :
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
On this Thy precious word ;
- 5 Till nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
My glad and thankful heart
Forgets the things Thou hast denied,
In those Thou dost impart.

Mrs. Saxby.

Burford. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

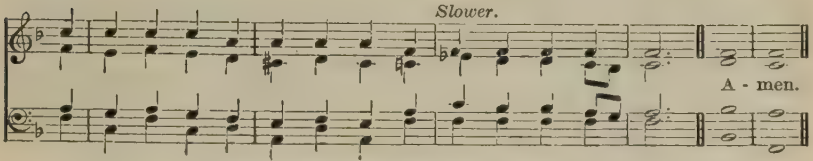
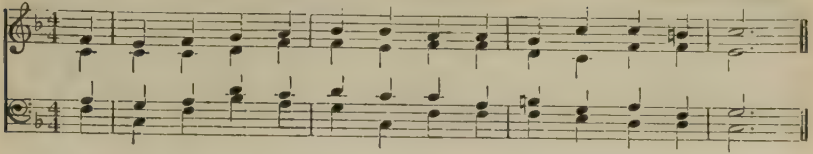
CHETHAM'S Psalmody, 1718.



(See also Tune WAVENEY, No. 661.)

St. John, Westminster. [THIRD TUNE.] C.M.

JAMES TURLE.



(See also Tune HORSLEY, No. 752.)

493

This do in remembrance of Me.—LUKE xxii. 19.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
The testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee,—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Sacrament. [FIRST TUNE.]

9.8.9.8.

E. J. HOPKINS

494

The bread of God is He . . . which giveth life unto the world.—JOHN VI. 33.

1 **B**READ of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead,

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

R. Heber.

Corpus Christi. [SECOND TUNE.]

9.8.9.8.

From a Traditional Melody.

Adapted and harmonized for this work.

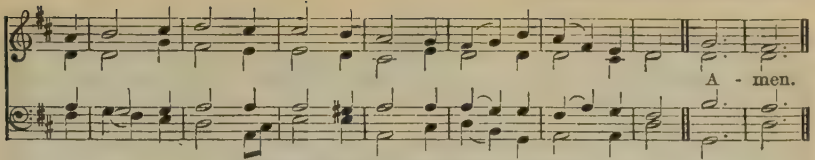
Arrangement and harmony Copyright.

Tuam. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

W. MASON.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.



(See also Tune St. MICHAEL, No. 303.)

495 *The disciples came together to break bread.—ACTS xx. 7.*

- 1 JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word:
Here in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet our Lord.
- 2 Our hearts we open wide
To make the Saviour room;
And lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The sinner's Friend is come.
- 3 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.
- 4 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.

- 5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.
C. Wesley.

496 *Until I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom.—MATT. xxvi. 29.*

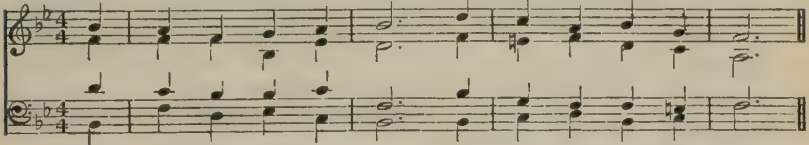
- 1 DEAR Lord, before we part
From Thy sweet earthly feast,
Give us the earnest in our heart
Of Thine eternal rest.
- 2 Lift up our drooping eyes
To the great banquet there;
And ever for the crowning prize
Our waiting souls prepare.
- 3 So each a glorious seat
Shall in Thy Kingdom claim;
And there, in heavenly triumph, eat
The Supper of the Lamb.
G. Rawson.

Harenza. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

Kirchen Gesäng, Cologne, 1619.

ART. W. H. HAVERGAL.



497

This do in remembrance of Me.—1 CORINTHIANS xi. 24.

- 1 NO Gospel like this feast
Spread for Thy Church by Thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.
- 2 All our redemption cost.
All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost,
All it cost Thee, the Son.
- 3 Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.
- 4 For Thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,

The broken heart, the pierced side
To us the Bread of Life.

- 5 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height;
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight:
- 6 From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God;
- 7 Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the Cross, as at the feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee!

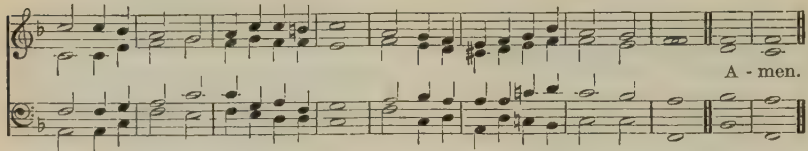
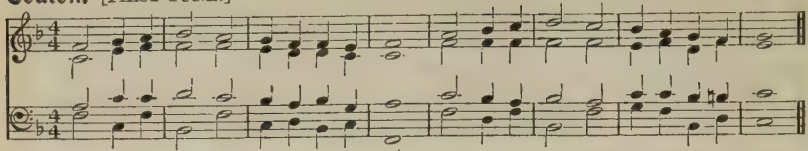
Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Toulon. [FIRST TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

From Genevan Psalter.



498

Called into the fellowship of His Son.—1 CORINTHIANS i. 9 (R.V.).

PART I.

- 1 **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace, [lean.
And all my helplessness upon Thee
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song ;
This is the heavenly table spread for me ; [prolong
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

PART II.

- 4 Too soon we rise : the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone ;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever ; still my Shield and Sun.
- 5 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

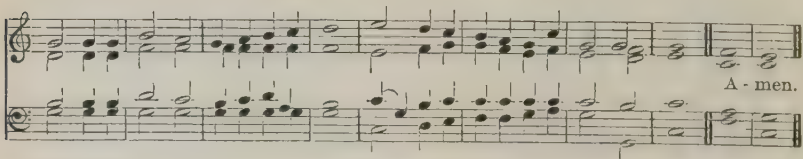
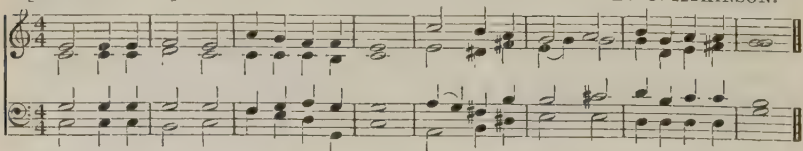
H. Bonar.

Morecambe (or Bellespont).

[SECOND TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

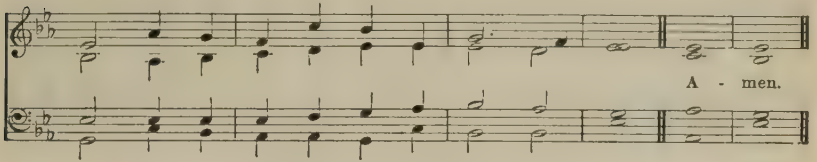
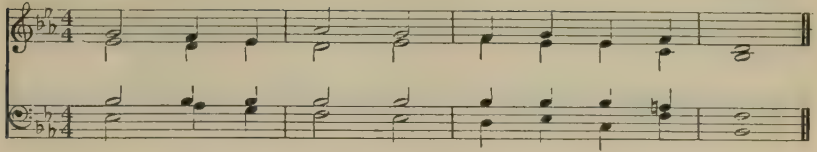
F. C. ATKINSON.



Coena Domini.

10.10.

A. SULLIVAN.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

499 *They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.—ACTS iv. 13.*

1.

O CHRIST, our God, Who with Thine own hast been,
Our spirits cleave to Thee, the Friend unseen.

2.

Vouchsafe that all who on Thy bounty feed
May heed Thy love, and prize Thy gifts indeed.

3.

Make every heart that is Thy dwelling-place
A watered garden filled with fruits of grace.

4.

Each holy purpose help us to fulfil;
Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still.

5.

Illuminate our minds, that we may see
In all around us holy signs of Thee;

6.

And may such witness in our lives appear,
That all may know Thou hast been with us here.

7.

O grant us peace, that by Thy peace possessed
Thy life within us we may manifest.

8.

So shall we pass our days in holy fear,
In joyful consciousness that Thou art near.

9.

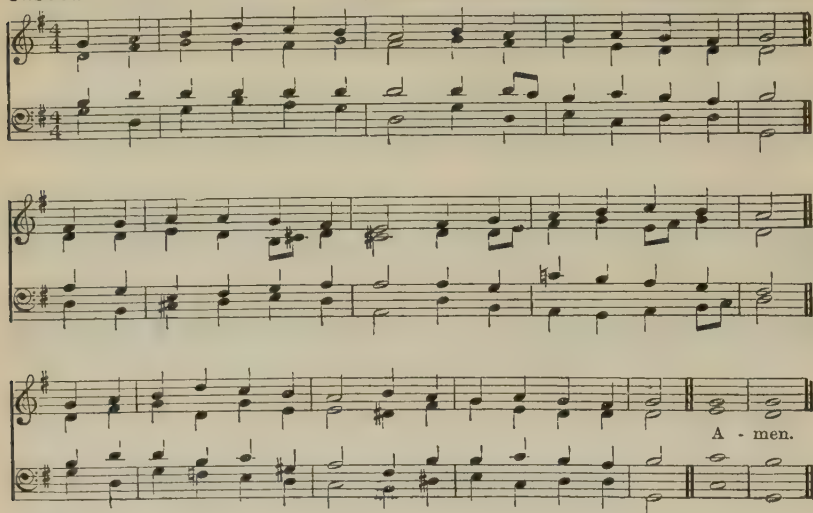
So shalt Thou be for ever, loving Lord,
Our Shield and our exceeding great Reward.

G. H. Bourne.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Cassel.

7s., six lines. THOMMEN'S Gesangbuch, 1745.



500

A little while and ye shall see Me.—JOHN xvi. 16.

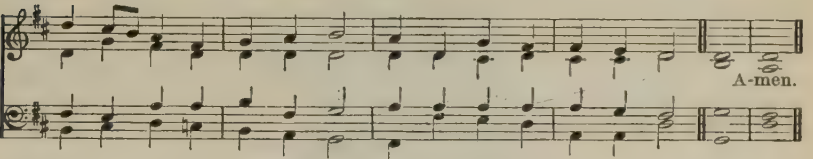
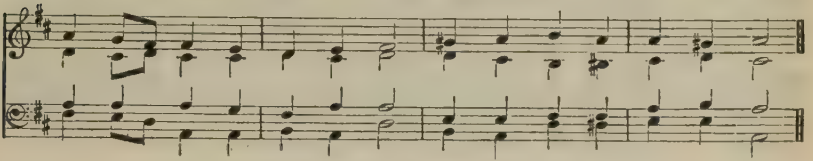
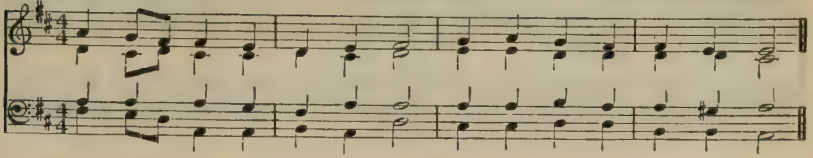
- 1 'TILL He come,' Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the 'little while' between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that 'Till He come.'
- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only till He come.
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb
Only whisper, 'Till He come.'
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread;
Drink the wine and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come.

E. H. Bickersteth.

Bread of Heaven.

7s., six lines.

W. D. MACLAGAN.



(Or to Tune WELLS, No. 225.)

501

My flesh is meat indeed, My blood is drink indeed.—JOHN vi. 55.

1.

BREAD of heaven ! on Thee I feed,
 For Thy flesh is meat indeed ;
 Ever may my soul be fed
 With this true and living Bread ;
 Day by day, with strength supplied,
 Through the life of Him Who died.

2.

Vine of heaven ! Thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice ;
 'Tis Thy wounds my healing give ;
 To Thy Cross I look, and live :
 Thou, my life ! Oh let me be
 Rooted, grafted, built in Thee.

Josiah Conder.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

St. Denys. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.6.6.6.

FRANK SPINNEY.



502

My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee.—PSALM lxxiii. 1.

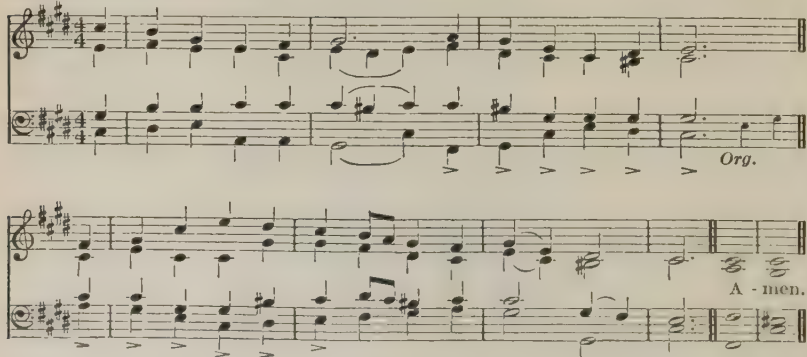
- 1 **I** HUNGER and I thirst ;
Jesu, my manna be ;
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.
- 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply ;
As living souls are fed,
Oh feed me, or I die.
- 3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove ;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.
- 4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began ;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God ;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.
- 5 For still the desert lies
My fainting soul before ;
O living waters rise
Within me evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Guildford. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.6.6.6.

CAREY BONNER.



Carey (Surrey).

8s., six lines.

HENRY CAREY.

(See also Tune ST. CATHERINE, No. 178.)

503 *Holding fast the Head, from Whom all the body increaseth.*—COLOSSIANS ii. 19.

1 **O**H lead my blindness by the hand,
 Lead me to Thy familiar Feast,
 Not here or now to understand.
 Yet even here and now to taste,
 How the eternal Word of heaven
 On earth in broken bread is given.

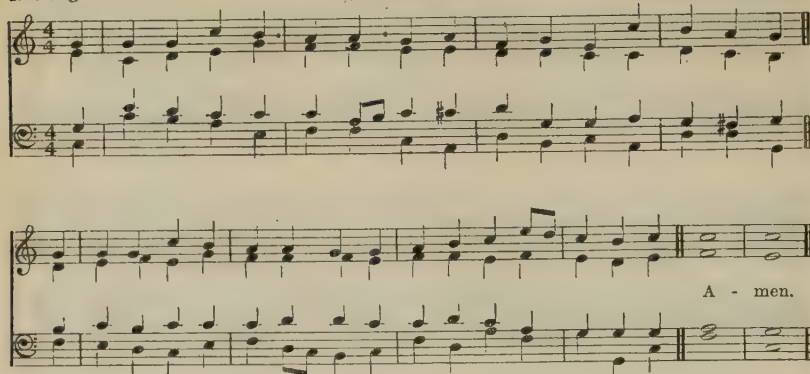
2 We, who with one blest Food are fed,
 Into one body may we grow,
 And one pure life from Thee, the Head,
 Informing all the members flow ;
 One pulse be felt in every vein,
 One law of pleasure and of pain.

W. E. Gladstone.

Main3ct.

L.M.

J. MAINZER.



(See also Tune OMBERSLEY, No. 517)

(4) ITS MINISTERS

Ministers' Meetings: Associations.

504 *Strive together with me in your prayers to God for me.*
—ROMANS XV. 30.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed,
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

B. Beddome.

505 *They asked each other of their welfare.*—EX. xviii. 7.

1 FROM distant places of our land,
Behold us, Lord, before Thee stand;
Our hearts engaged to Thee, we raise
United prayer, united praise.

2 Blest be the hand whose guardian power
Has kept us to this present hour;
Blest be the grace that bids us meet
Before Thy throne, in union sweet.

3 Through toils and trials we have come
And grief has veiled the lot of some;
But now, exulting in Thy care,
We meet each others' joy to share.

4 We meet, O God, that through our land
The churches planted by Thy hand,
From error, weakness, discord free,
May bloom, like gardens blest by Thee.

5 We meet, abroad the news to send
Of Christ the Lord, the sinner's Friend,
Till to the earth's remotest bound
Has pealed the soul-reviving sound.

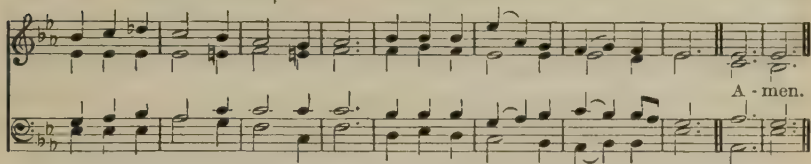
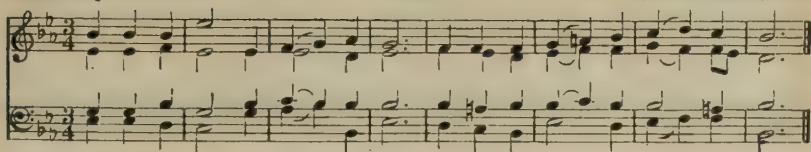
6 Smile on us, Lord, and in this place
Display the glory of Thy face;
Here to our gathered tribes be given
A gladdening antepast of heaven.

W. L. Alexander.

Antwerp.

L.M.

W. SMALLWOOD.



(For this Tune in Key E, see No. 6.)

506

Brethren, pray for us.—1 THESS. v. 25.

- 1 SPIRIT of Christ, Thy grace be given
To those who lead Thine host, that they
With might may wield the sword of heaven,
And feel Thee on their weary way.
- 2 Oft as at morn or soothing eve
Over the holy fount they lean,
Their fading garland freshly weave,
Or fan them with Thine airs serene.
- 3 Spirit of light and truth! to Thee
We trust them in that musing hour,
Till they, with open heart and free,
Teach all Thy word in all its power.
- 4 When foemen watch their tents by night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
Spirit of counsel and of might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.
- 5 And Oh! when worn and tired they sigh
With that more fearful war within,
When passion's storms are loud and high,
And, brooding o'er remembered sin,
- 6 The heart dies down,—O Mightiest then,
Come ever true, come ever near,
And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy fear!

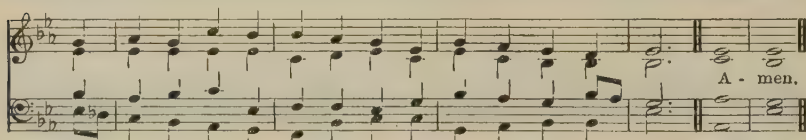
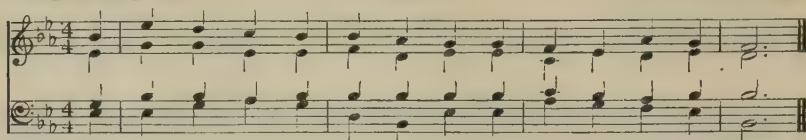
J. Keble (v. 1 altd.).

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

St. Peter. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



507 *I have therefore whereof I may glory
through Jesus Christ.*
—ROM. xv. 17.

- 1 WE thank Thee, Lord, for using us
For Thee to work and speak;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.
- 2 We thank Thee, Lord, that some true
rays
Of Thine from us have shone
Into a world so dark as ours,
However faint and wan.
- 3 We bless Thee for each seed of truth
That we through Thee have sowed
Upon this waste and barren earth,—
The living seed of God;
- 4 For those to whom through us Thou hast
Some heavenly guidance given;
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven;
- 5 For every note of Christian song,
However poorly sung;
For lips that sought to speak but truth,
And for a willing tongue.

H. Bonar.

508 *Ye are My witnesses, saith the
Lord.*—ISA. xliii. 10.

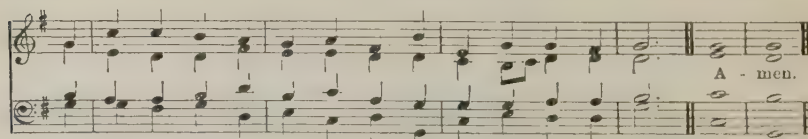
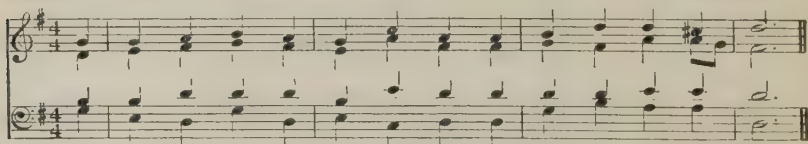
- 1 WE thank Thee, gracious God, for all
Of witness there hath been
From us, in any path of life,
Though silent and unseen.
- 2 For solace ministered perchance
In days of grief and pain;
For peace to troubled, weary souls,
Not spoken all in vain.
- 3 Oh! honour higher, truer far
Than earthly fame could bring,
Thus to be used, in work like this,
So long, by such a King!
- 4 Lord, keep us still the same as in
Remembered days of old;
O keep us fervent still in love,
'Mid many waxing cold.
- 5 Help us, O Christ, to grasp each truth
With hand as firm and true
As when we clasped it first to heart,
A treasure fresh and new.
- 6 Thy Name to name, Thyself to own
With voice unfaltering,
And face as bold and unashamed
As in our Christian spring.

H. Bonar.

Farrant. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

R. FARRANT.

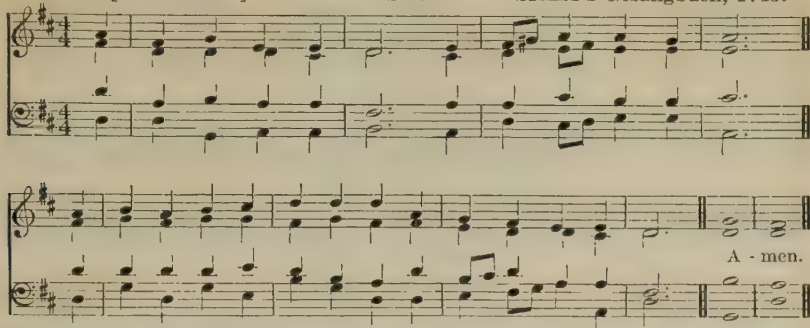


THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Swabia. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

SPIESS's Gesangbuch, 1745.



(5) THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Missionary Hymns : The Jews.

(See also Section IV. (8) 'Jesus the King'; Section V. 'Work of the Holy Spirit'; and Section VII. (11) 'Christian Service'.)

509 *Seek ye the Kingdom of God.—*
LUKE xii. 31.

- 1 COME, Kingdom of our God,
Blest reign of light and love,
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign;
Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, Kingdom of our God.
And make the broad earth Thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace Divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from Life's glad tree;
And in its shade, like brothers, rest,
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, Kingdom of our God,
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless His own.

John Johns.

510 *O Lord, revive Thy work.—*
HAB. iii. 2.

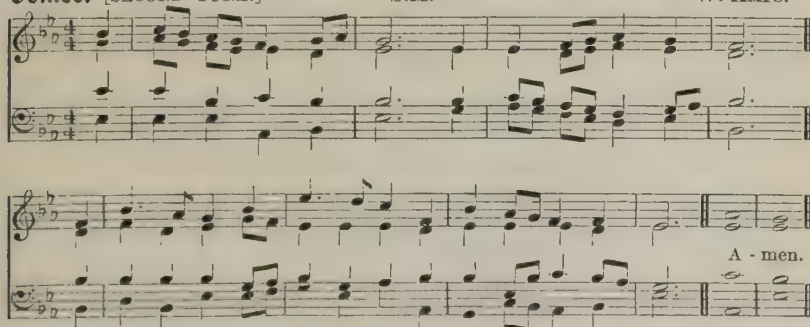
- 1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead
And make Thy people hear.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine Almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life
O may our spirits be!
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.
- 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Give Pentecostal showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Albert Midlane.

Venice. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

W. AMPS.



(See also Tune DONCASTER, No. 323.)

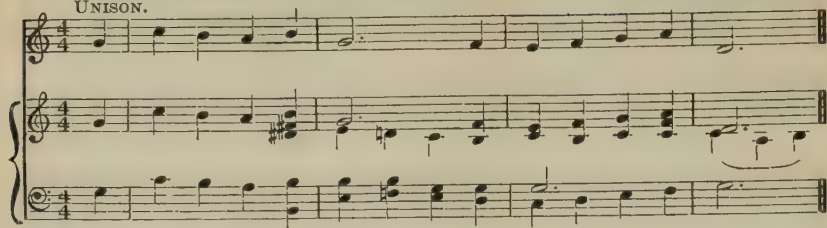
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

St. Isbmael. [FIRST TUNE.]

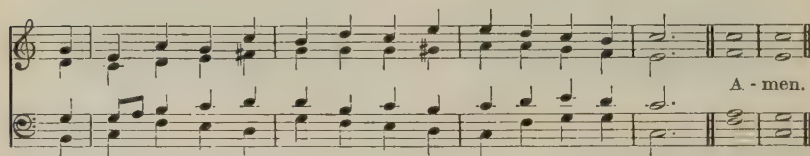
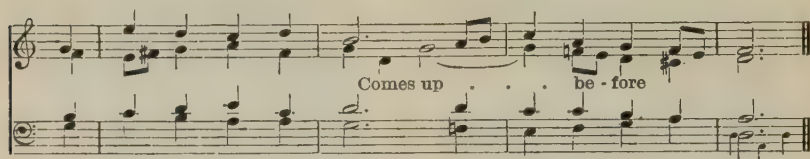
S.M.D.

CHARLES VINCENT.

UNISON.



HARMONY.



511

The church in the wilderness.—ACTS vii. 38.

1 **F**AR down the ages now,
 Much of her journey done,
 The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
 Until her crown be won :
 The story of the past
 Comes up before her view ;
 How well it seems to suit her still,—
 Old, and yet ever new !

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

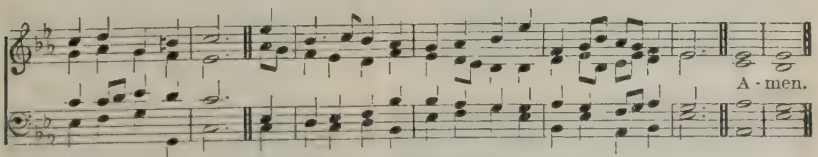
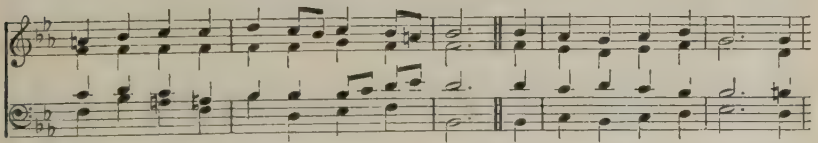
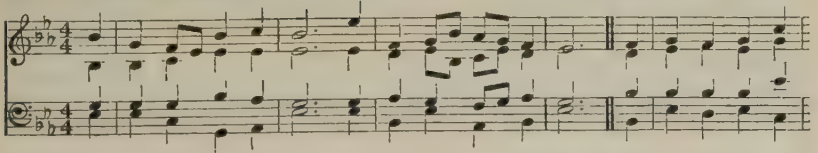
- 2 'Tis the repeated tale
Of sin and weariness ;
Of grace and love still flowing down
To pardon and to bless :
No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.
- 3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill ;
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still :
No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.
- 4 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good :
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood :
Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The Kingdom in our view.

H. Bonar.

Bach. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.D.

From J. S. BACH.



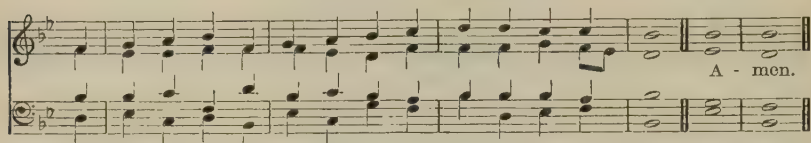
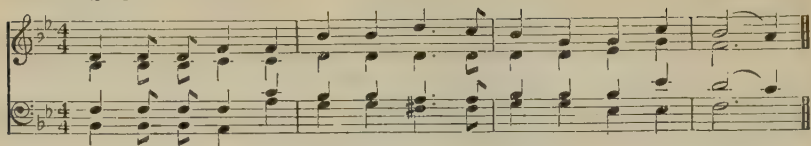
(See also TUNE LEOMINSTER, No. 314.)

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Nativity. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

H. LAHEE.



A - men.

512 Rejoice greatly, O daughter
of Zion.—ZECH. ix. 9.

- 1 JOY to the world ! the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. Watts.

513 The city of our God, God will
establish it for ever.
—Ps. xlviii. 8.

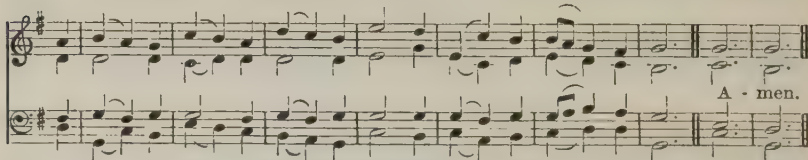
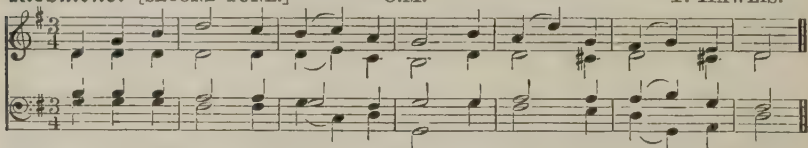
- 1 CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.
- 2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One voice to raise one triumph-song,
One King omnipotent.
- 3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth !
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth !
- 4 How gleam thy watch-fires through the
With never-fainting ray ! (night
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day !
- 5 In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands ;
Unharm'd upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stands.

S. Johnson.

Richmond. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

T. HAWES.



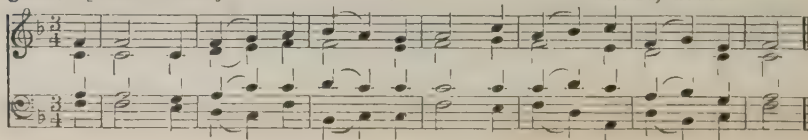
A - men.

(For other version, see No. 72.)

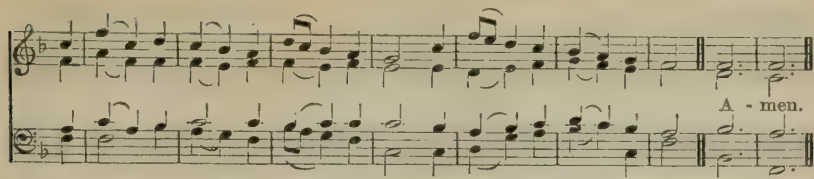
Irish. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

Hymns and Sacred Poems,
Dublin, 1749.



THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.



514 *There shall come a star out of Jacob.*—NUM. xxiv. 17.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.
- 2 Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.
- 4 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans,—
The air, the earth, the sea,—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine :
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

E. Denny.

515 *Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come.*—HAB. ii. 3.

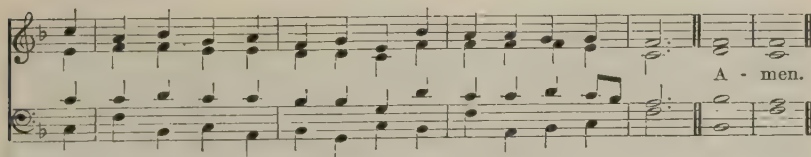
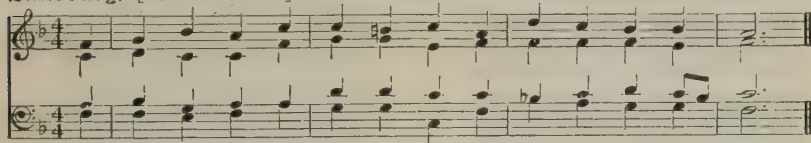
- 1 **T**HY kingdom come ! on bended knee
The passing ages pray ;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.
- 2 But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong ;
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.
- 3 And lo, already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear ;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near :
- 4 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed ;
- 5 When knowledge, hand in hand with
peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad ;—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

F. L. Hosmer.

Salisbury. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.



516 *That they without us should not be made perfect.*—HEB. xi. 40.

- 1 **O**UR God ! our God ! Thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day :
To us Thy radiant steps appear ;
We watch Thy glorious way.
- 2 Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord ;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.
- 3 Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire ?
Doth not He still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire ?
- 4 Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise ;
Be this Thy mighty hour,
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power.
- 5 Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong
On Thy celestial wing ;
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.
- 6 He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears ;
Come, King of grace, Thy people cry,
And bring the glorious years.

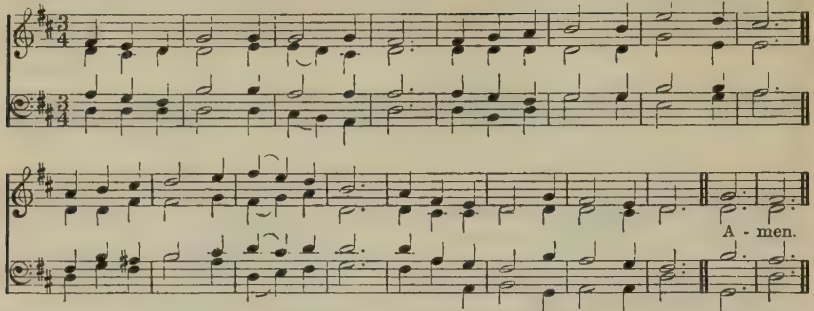
T. H. Gill.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Ombersley. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

517 *He shall have dominion also from sea to sea.—Ps. lxxii. 8.*

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayers be made,
And praises throng to crown His head ;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud ' Amen.'

I. Watts.

518 *I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.—JOEL ii. 28.*

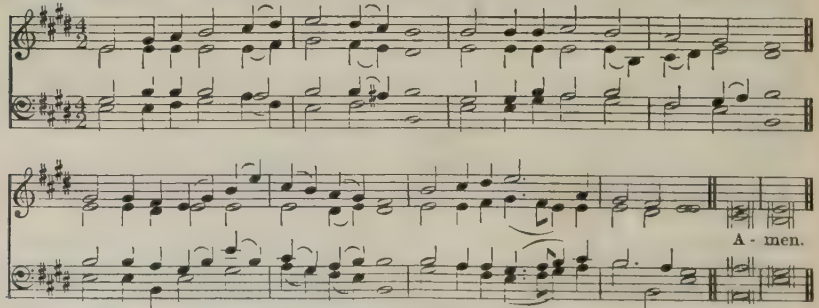
- 1 () SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with
might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery.

Duke Street. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. HATTON.



(For DUKE STREET in Key D, see No. 163.)

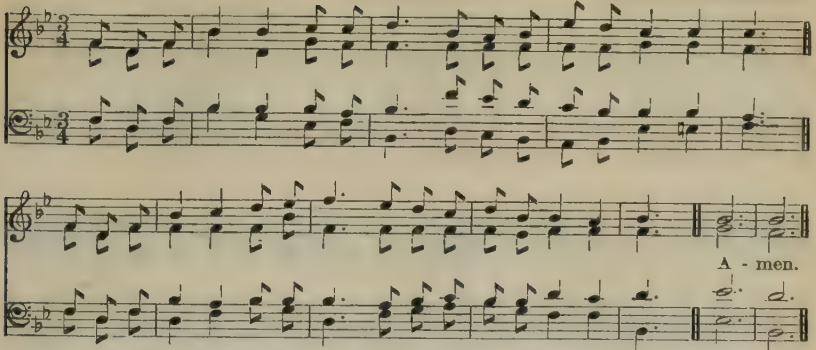
(See also TUNE RIMINGTON, No. 487.)

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH

Niagara. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

R. JACKSON.



519* *I am a great King, saith the Lord of Hosts.—MAL. i. 14.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring:
'The Lord Omnipotent is King'!
- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?
- 3 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns:
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.
- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens
known;
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.
- 6 One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns,—and life and death are yours,
Through earth and heaven one song shall
'The Lord Omnipotent is King!' (ring,
Josiah Conder.

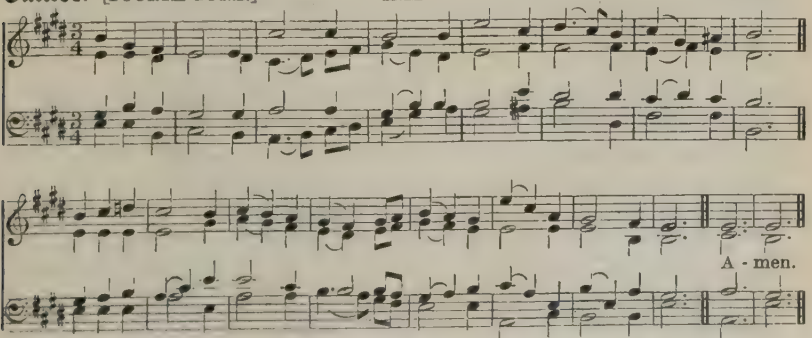
520 *A light to lighten the Gentiles.—LUKE ii. 32.*

- 1 **O** CHRIST, our true and only Light,
Illumine those who sit in night,
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.
- 2 And all who else have strayed from
Thee,
Oh, gently seek! Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share Thy heaven.
- 3 Oh, make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.
- 4 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold,
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.
- 5 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.
J. Heermann, tr. C. Winkworth.

Galilee. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

P. ARMES.



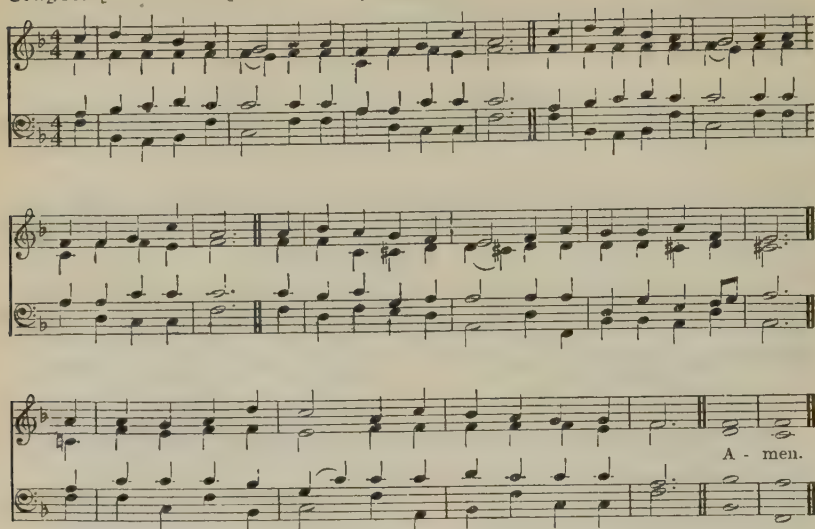
(* This Hymn with HALLELUJAHS may be sung to Tune No. 24.)

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Crüger. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

J. CRUGER.



(See also Tune FAIRFORD, No. 553.)

521

His Name shall endure for ever.—PSALM lxxii. 17.

1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see,
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end;
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

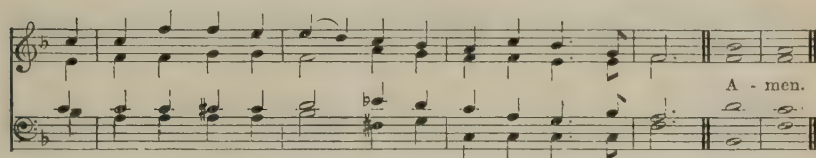
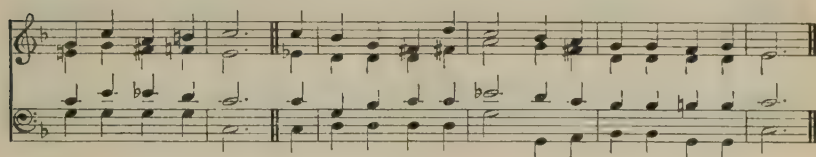
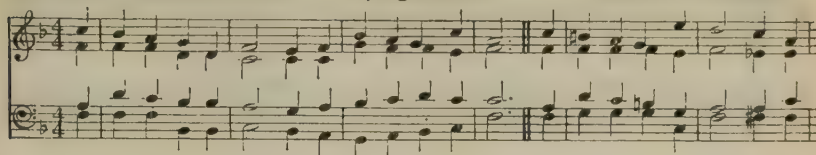
6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

St. Ewen. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



522

Ye that once were far off, are made nigh.—EPHESIANS ii. 13.

1.

LORD God of our salvation,
Whose love has brought us nigh,
Through His humiliation
Who reigns with Thee on high,
Behold us as we gather
Adoring at Thy feet,
And with Thy smile, O Father,
Thy children deign to greet.

2.

We give Thee thanks and blessing
For Thy surpassing gift;
The heart, its Lord possessing,
What lofty hopes uplift!
Since saved of every nation
And kindred, tongue, and tribe,
A countless congregation,
Shall grace to Him ascribe.

3.

Yet are we sad before Thee
For dying souls afar
Who have not seen the glory
Of Jacob's royal Star,
Nor know His wealth of merit
Who did in death atone,
And, through the eternal Spirit,
Hath made His life their own.

4.

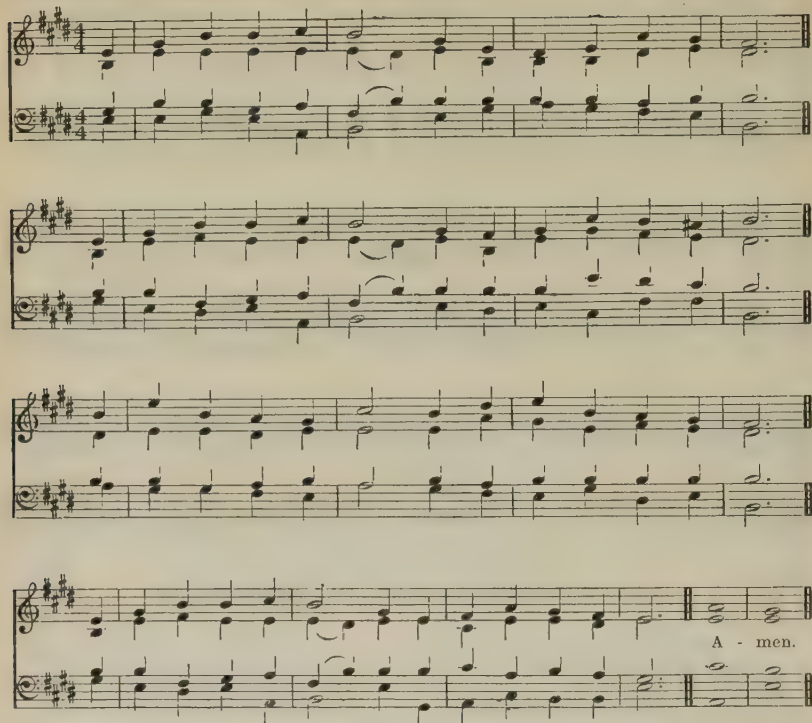
Hear Thou the loving voices
That pray, 'Thy Kingdom come';
In Thee our faith rejoices,
Let not our lips be dumb,
Nor slow to swell the gladness
Of Thy salvation's day,
And tell a world of sadness
Its curse is rolled away.

Joseph Tritton.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Missionary. [THIRD TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines

LOWELL MASON.



523

All flesh shall see the salvation of God.—LUKE iii. 6.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,—
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

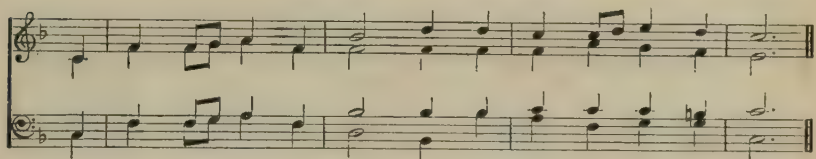
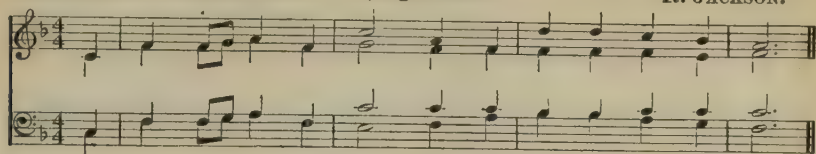
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. Heber.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Lymington. [FOURTH TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

R. JACKSON.



524 *Look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.*—JOHN iv. 35.

1 **L**ORD of the living harvest
That whiteneth o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee ;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared Thy travail
And see Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light ;
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white ;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.

4 Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
Be with us, God the Spirit,
O blessed Three in One !
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now, and for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Jubilate. [FIFTH TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

525

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.—

PROVERBS XXV. 25.

1 O BROTHERS, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise,
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise :
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free ;
The gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of jubilee.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close ;
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes :
Faith is our battle token ;
Our Leader all controls ;
Our trophies, fetters broken ;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

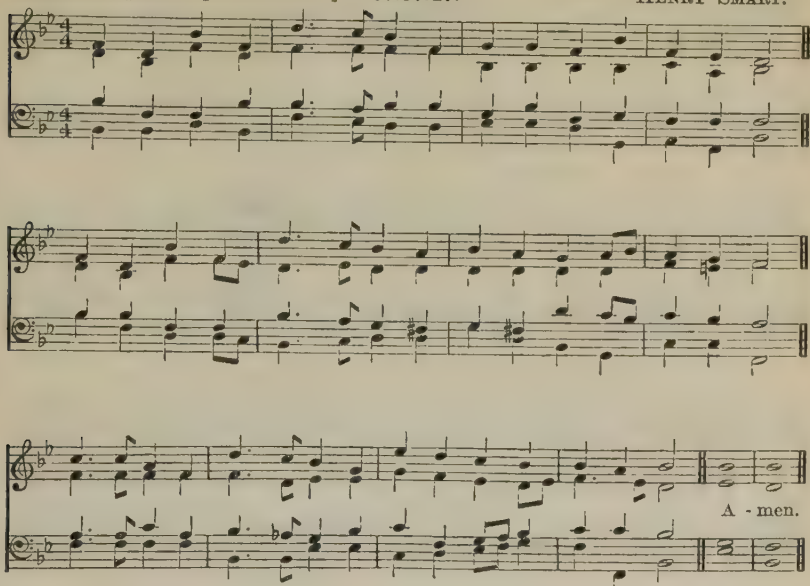
3 'Not unto us,' Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due :
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too :
'Not unto us,' in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore ;
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore !
Still on in conflict pressing,
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

E. H. Rickerstheth.

Regent Square. [FIRST TUNE.] 87.87.47.

HENRY SMART.



526 *In Thy majesty ride prosperously.*
—PSALM xlv. 4.

- 1 **L**ET us sing the King Messiah,
King of righteousness and peace;
Hail Him, all His happy subjects,
Never let His praises cease:
Ever hail Him;
Never let His praises cease.
- 2 How transcendent are Thy glories,
Fairer than the sons of men,
While Thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again:
Blest Redeemer,
How we triumph in Thy reign!
- 3 Gird Thy sword on, mighty Hero,
Make the word of truth Thy car;
Prosper in Thy course majestic;
All success attend Thy war:
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before Thee bow.
- 4 Majesty combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To ensure Thy blessed conquests;
On, great Prince, assert Thy right:
Ride triumphant
All around the conquered globe.
- 5 Blest are all that touch Thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own Thy reign,
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know Thee bless Thy reign.

John Ryland.

527 *Being sent forth by the Holy Ghost.*
—ACTS xiii. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thy servants forth are going,
Each has heard the Master's call,
Seeds of life eternal sowing
In His Name Who died for all;
Oh, sustain them
Till the shades of evening fall.
- 2 Then, where desert sands are glowing
'Neath the noontide's sultry heat,
Living streams shall soon be flowing
'Mid the meadows fair and sweet,
And a harvest
Shall their raptured vision greet.
- 3 Lo! Thy hand is now bestowing
Gifts abundant, rich and free;
Love, her wondrous debt still owing,
Brings Thy gifts again to Thee
That Thy kingdom
May extend from sea to sea.
- 4 Like the south wind gently blowing
Comes Thy Spirit's breath of balm;
List! the sound is louder growing!
Look! the Lord makes bare His arm!
Hallelujah!
Wakes the universal psalm.

W. E. Winks.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Calcutta. [SECOND TUNE.]

87.87.47.

THOMAS CLARK.

Blessed jubilee! blessed jubilee! Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy glorious morning dawn,

Let . . thy glo - rious morn-ing dawn . . .

Let . . thy glorious morning dawn, let thy glorious morning dawn, let thy

glo-rious morning dawn, let thy glo - rious morn - ing dawn. A - men.

528

The people which sat in darkness saw a great light.—MATTHEW iv. 16.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
 Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace:
 Blessèd jubilee!
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

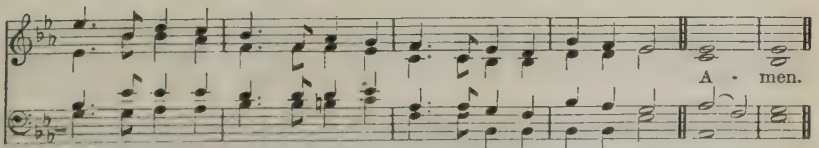
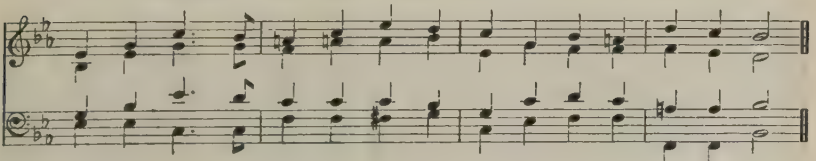
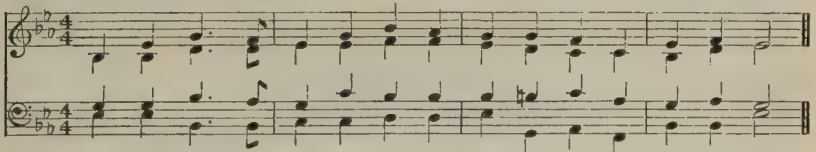
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtained on Calvary :
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light;
 And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
 On their grossest darkness dawn ;
 And the everlasting gospel
 Spread abroad Thy Holy Name
 O'er the borders
 Of the great Immanuel's land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting, wide dominion
 Multiply and still increase :
 Sway Thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

William Williams.

Lewisbam. [THIRD TUNE.]

87.87.47.

J. TILLEARD.



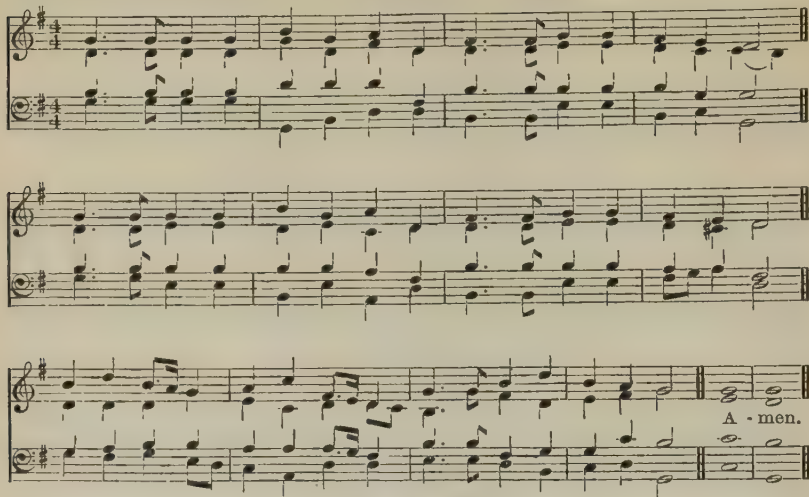
(For this Tune in Key F, see No. 85.)

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Rbuddlan. [FOURTH TUNE.]

8.7., six lines.

Welsh Traditional Melody.



(See also Tune ORIEL, No. 83.)

529

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land.—ISAIAH ix. 18.

1 **J**UDGE eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With Thy living fire of judgment
Purge this realm of bitter things :
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of Thy wings.

2 Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release :
And the city's crowded clangour
Cries aloud for sin to cease ;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

3 Crown, O God, Thine own endeavour :
Cleave our darkness with Thy sword :
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of Thy Word :
Cleanse the body of this empire
Through the glory of the Lord.

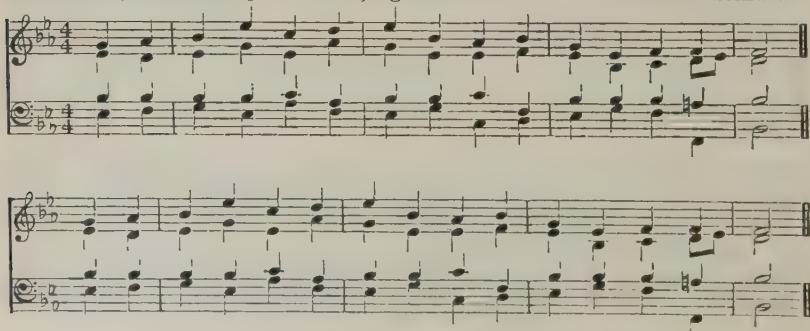
H. Scott Holland.

From the "English Hymnal," by permission of the Oxford University Press.

Everton. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

HENRY SMART.



THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

A - men.

530

What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.—MARK xiii. 37.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping;
 When shall earth Thy rule obey?
 When shall end the night of weeping?
 When shall break the promised day?
 See the whitening harvest languish,
 Waiting still the labourers' toil;
 Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish?
 Shall the strong retain the spoil?</p> | <p>2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
 Millions yet have never heard;
 Can they hear without a preacher?
 Lord Almighty, give the word.
 Give the word; in every nation
 Let the gospel trumpet sound,
 Witnessing a world's salvation,
 To the earth's remotest bound.</p> |
| <p>3 Then the end,—Thy Church completed,
 All Thy chosen gathered in,
 With their King in glory seated,
 Satan bound, and banished sin;
 Gone for ever parting, weeping,
 Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain:
 Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
 Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.</p> | |

H. Downton.

Taben. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

J. H. WILLCOX.

A - men.

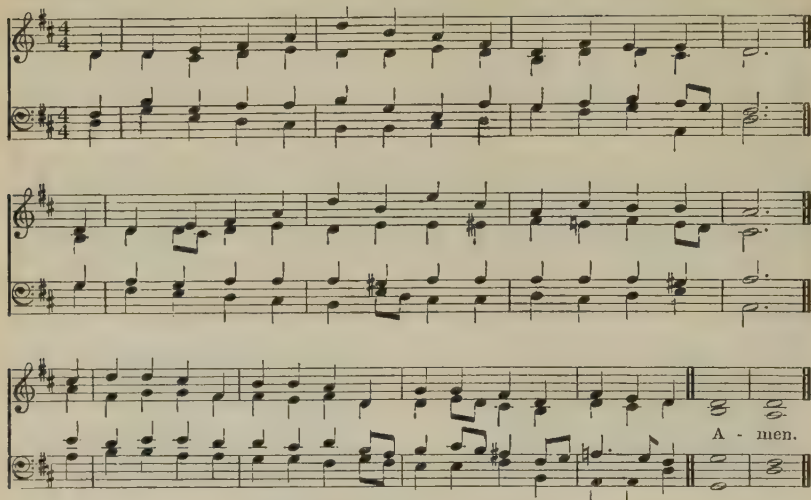
(See also Tune BETHANY, No. 317.)

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Barrogate.

86. 86. 88.

GERARD F. COBB.



(See also Tune PALMYRA, No. 77.)

531

He hath put all things under His feet.—1 CORINTHIANS XV. 27.

- 1 **O** NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled town and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms ;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.
- 2 Lo ! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-belovèd Son ;
He brings a train of brighter years ;
His kingdom is begun ;
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.
- 3 O Father, haste the promised hour
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky,
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul ;
- 4 When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall seek to pattern theirs ;
And He Who conquered death shall win
The nobler conquest over sin.

W. C. Bryant

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Spain.

7s., six lines.

A - men.

(See also Tune HEATHLANDS, No. 330.)

532

All the ends of the earth shall fear Him.—PSALM lxxvii. 7.

1.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face :
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine ;
Fill Thy Church with light divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay
And Thy holy will obey.

3.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

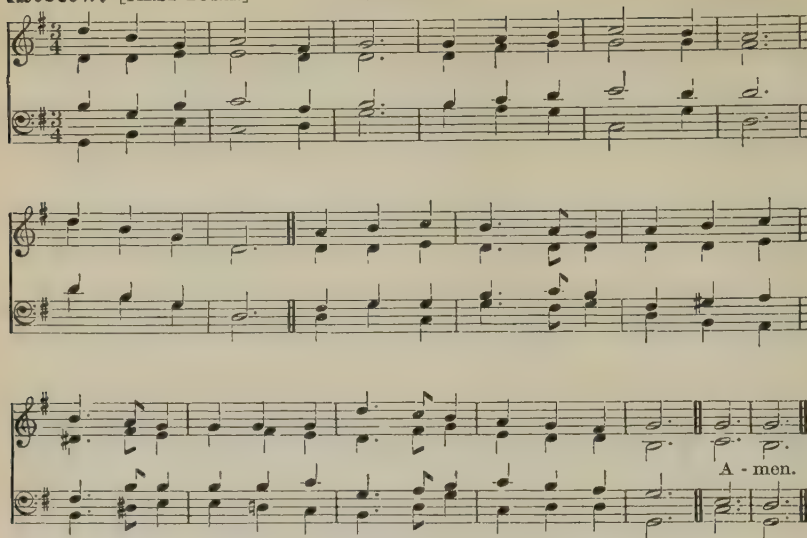
H. F. Lytle.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

MOscow. [FIRST TUNE.]

664.6664.

F. GIARDINI.



(See also Tune KIRBY BEDON, No. 627.)

533

God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him.—
I JOHN iv. 9.

- 1 CHRIST for the world we sing :
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal ;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.
- 2 Christ for the world we sing :
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer ;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.
- 3 Christ for the world we sing :
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord ;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear
For Christ our Lord.
- 4 Christ for the world we sing :
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song ;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

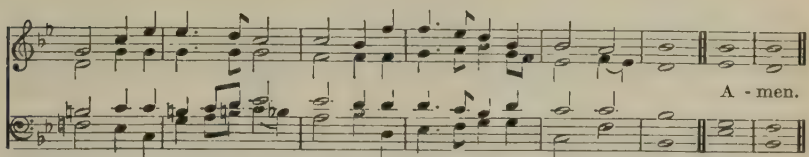
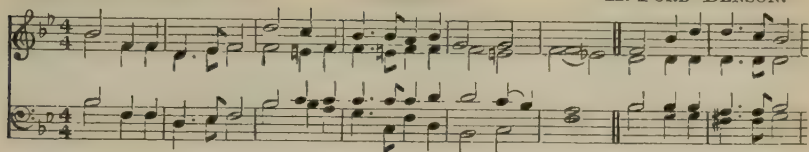
Samuel Wolcott.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Light. [SECOND TUNE.]

664.6664.

H. FORD BENSON.



534

Let there be light.—GENESIS i. 3.

1 **T**HOU Whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight.
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove.
Speed forth Thy flight ;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light.

John Marriott.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Mayfield (Banford).

8.8.8.4.

J. D. MACEY.



(See also Tune AVENUE, No. 14.)

535 *And they shall come from the east and west, and from the north and south,
and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.—LUKE xiii. 29.*

1 **F**ROM north and south and east and west,
When shall the peoples, long unblest,
All find their everlasting rest,
O Christ, in Thee ?

2 When shall the climes of ageless snow
Be with the gospel light aglow,
And all men their Redeemer know,
O Christ, in Thee ?

3 When on each southern balmy coast
Shall ransomed men, in countless host,
Rise, heart and voice, to make sweet boast,
O Christ, in Thee ?

4 Oh when in all the orient lands,
From cities white and flaming sands
Shall men lift dedicated hands,
O Christ, to Thee ?

5 Oh when shall heathen darkness roll
Away in light, from pole to pole,
And endless day by every soul
Be found in Thee ?

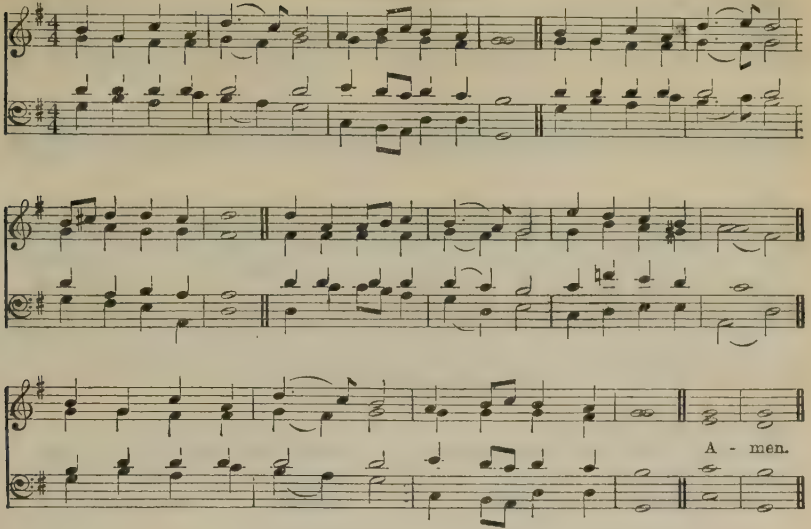
6 Bring, Lord, the long predicted hour,
The ages' diadem and flower,
When all shall find their refuge, tower,
And home in Thee.

G. T. Coster.

Princethorpe.

6.5., eight lines.

W. PITTS.



536

Lo the star went before them.—MATTHEW ii. 9.

1 FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home ;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a Star.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.

3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray ;
Throw Thy radiance o'er them
Guide them on their way.
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.

G. Thring.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Epbraim. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

H. LESLIE.

537 *Take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.—EPHESIANS vi. 17.*

1 **S**OLDIERS of the Cross, arise !
Gird you with your armour bright ;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless, fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky :
Let it float there wide unfurled ;
Bear it onward ; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

5 Guard the helpless ; seek the strayed ;
Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

6 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. How.

Gibbons. [SECOND TUNE.]

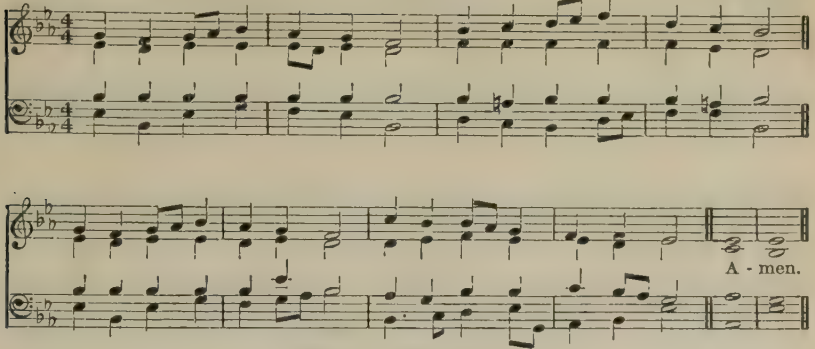
7.7.7.7.

O. GIBBONS.

Allerton. [THIRD TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

H. A. CROSBIE.



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(See also TUNE LUBECK, No. 184.)

538

Till the day dawn, and the day star arise.—2 PETER i. 19.

- 1 **F**ATHER, let Thy kingdom come,—
Let it come with living power;
Speak at length the final word,
Usher in the triumph hour.
- 2 As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When Thy martyrs died for Thee,
Let it come, O God, again.
- 3 Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled:
Enter on Thy better reign,—
Wear the crown of this poor world.
- 4 Oh, what long, sad years have gone,
Since Thy Church was taught this prayer!
Oh, what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere!
- 5 Break, triumphant day of God!
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
Throbbing souls and holy songs
Wait to hail Thy dawning here.
- 6 Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,—
May they all for God be won!
And, in every human heart,
Father, let Thy kingdom come.

J. P. Hoppes.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

St. Jude.

6s., eight lines.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

(See also TUNE SUPPLICATION, No. 384.)

539

Your redemption draweth nigh.—LUKE xxi. 28.

1 **L**IFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky ;
The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf ;
Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky ;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
O note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky :
The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succour and to smite.

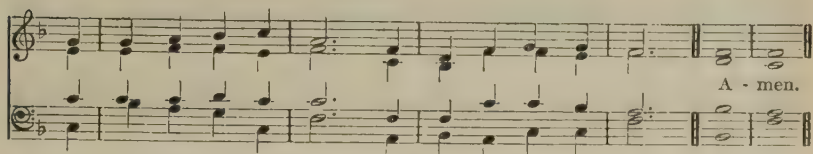
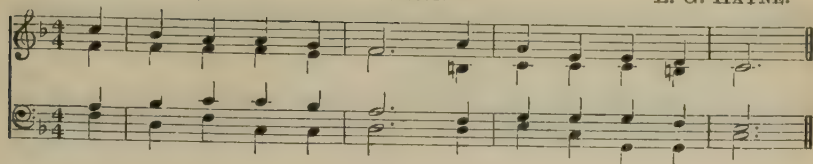
4 He comes the wide world's King,
He comes the true heart's Friend,
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end ;
He comes to fill with light
The weary, waiting eye :
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

T. T. Lynch.

St. Cecilia:

6.6.6.6.

L. G. HAYNE.



(See also Tune ST. DENYS, No. 329.)

540

He shall break in pieces the oppressor.—PSALM lxxii. 4.

1 **T**HY kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,—
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set!

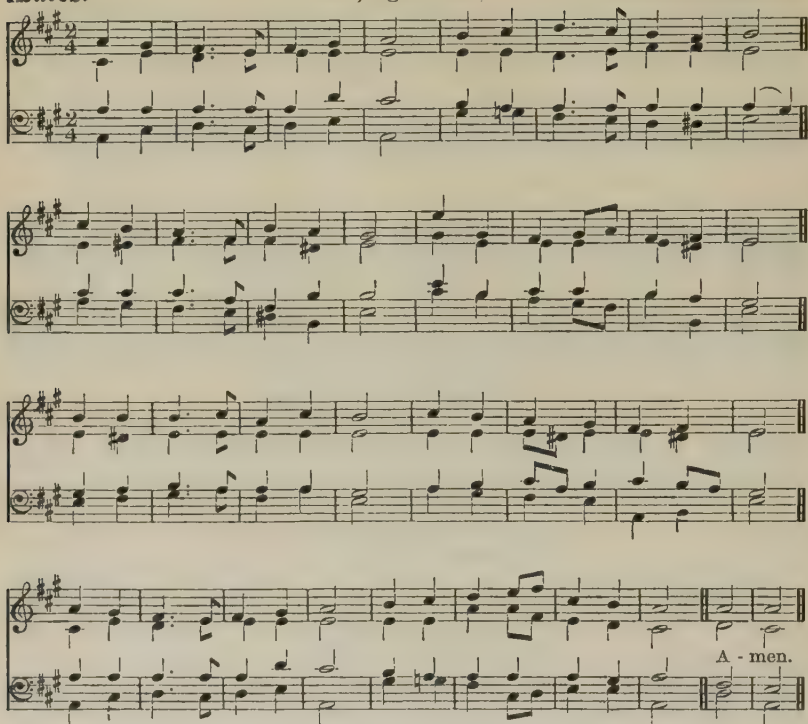
L. Hensley.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

March.

7s., eight lines.

MICHAEL COSTA.



(See also Tune ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR, No. 670.)

541

He shall reign for ever and ever.—REVELATION xi. 15.

1 **H**ARK! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banner furled, [done;
 Sheathed His sword: He speaks,—'tis
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdom of His Son.

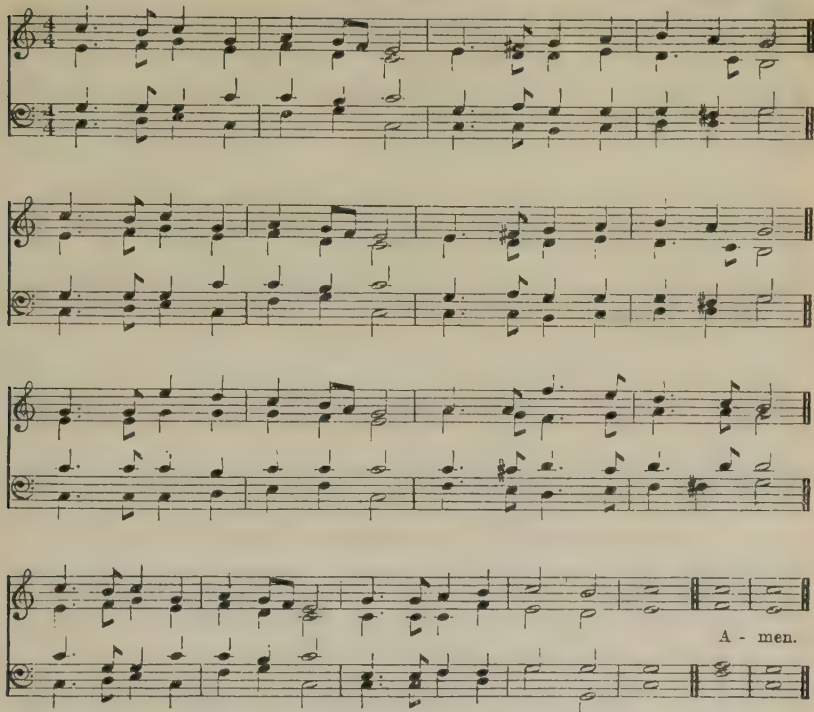
3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away :
 Then the end; beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is All in all.

James Montgomery.

Thanksgiving.

7s., eight lines.

W. B. GILBERT.



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542

That the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.—
2 THESSALONIANS iii. 1.

- 1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze ;
Fire to bring on earth He came,
Kindled in some hearts it is ;
Oh, that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss !
- 2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day ;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way ;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

- 3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise ;
He the door hath opened wide,
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified ;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought ;
Worthy is the work of Him
Him Who spake a world from nought.
- 4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land ;
Lo ! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of His love.

C. Wesley.

Veni Emmanuel.

8s., six lines.

From a French Missal.

UNISON.

HARMONY.

A - men.

543

To redeem them that were under the Law.—GALATIANS iv. 5.

- 1 **O**h come, oh come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny ;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

- 3 Oh come, Thou Dayspring, come and
cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here ;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home ;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

- 5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

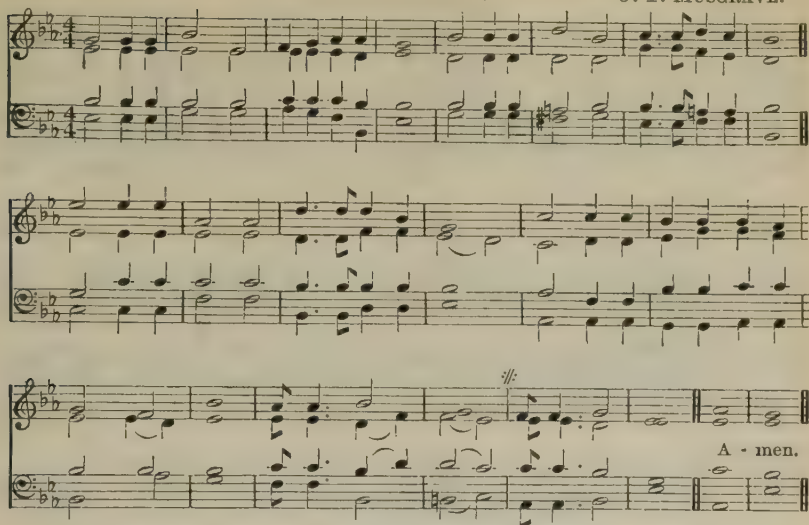
Ancient Hymn, tr. J. M. Neale.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Eversley.

10 10. 10 10. 4.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.



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544 *Yet will I gather others, . . . besides His own that are gathered.*—ISAIAH lvi. 8 (R.V.)

- 1 GATHER us in, Thou Love that fillest all !
Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold !
Rend each man's temple-veil and bid it fall,
That we may know that Thou hast been of old ;
Gather us in.
- 2 Gather us in : we worship only Thee ;
In varied names we stretch a common hand :
In diverse forms a common soul we see ;
In many ships we seek one spirit-land ;
Gather us in.
- 3 Each sees one colour of Thy rainbow-light,
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven ;
Thou art the fulness of our partial sight :
We are not perfect till we find the seven ;
Gather us in.
- 4 Thine is the mystic life great India craves,
Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam,
Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves,
Thine is the empire of vast China's dream ;
Gather us in.
- 5 Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride,
Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves,
Thine is Judæa's law with love beside,
The truth that censures and the grace that saves ;
Gather us in.
- 6 Some seek a Father in the heavens above,
Some ask a human image to adore,
Some crave a spirit vast as life and love :
Within Thy mansions we have all and more ;
Gather us in.

George Matheson.

From the Enlarged 'Songs of Praise,' by permission of the Oxford University Press.

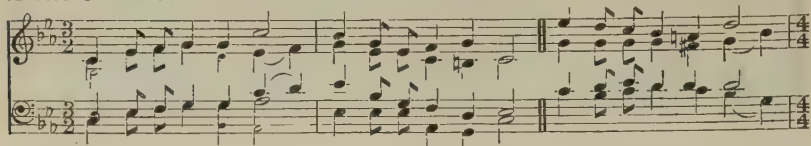
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

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24, Berners Street, London, W.1.

Little Cornard.

66.66.88.

MARTIN SHAW.



(See also Tune CHRISTCHURCH, No. 656.)

545 *He hath redeemed . . . and gathered them out of the lands.*—PSALM cvii. 2, 3.

- 1 **H**ILLS of the north, rejoice ;
River and mountain-spring,
Hark to the advent voice ;
Valley and lowland, sing :
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh ;
He judgment brings and victory.
- 2 Isles of the southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves :
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And makes your wastes His great highway.
- 3 Lands of the east, awake ;
Soon shall your sons be free ;
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty :
On your far hills, long cold and grey,
Has dawned the everlasting day.
- 4 Shores of the utmost west,
Ye that have waited long.
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song :
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified !
- 5 Shout while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth ;
Lo, from the north we come,
From east, and west, and south :
City of God, the bond are free :
We come to live and reign in Thee.

C. E. Oakley.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Benson.

14s.

M. D. KINGHAM.

v. 1.

v. 2, 3, 4.

v. 3.

When the

A - men.

546

The earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.—NUMBERS xiv. 21.

- 1 **G**OD is working His purpose out as year succeeds to year,
 God is working His purpose out and the time is drawing near;
 Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
 When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.
- 2 From utmost east to utmost west where'er man's foot hath trod,
 By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God,
 'Give ear to Me, ye continents, ye isles, give ear to Me,
 That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.'
- 3 What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
 The brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the Prince of peace?
 What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,
 When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea?
- 4 March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled,
 That the light of the glorious Gospel of truth may shine throughout the world;
 Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
 That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.
- 5 All we can do is nothing worth unless God blesses the deed;
 Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide till God gives life to the seed;
 Yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
 When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

Hymn and Tune by permission of the S.P.C.K.

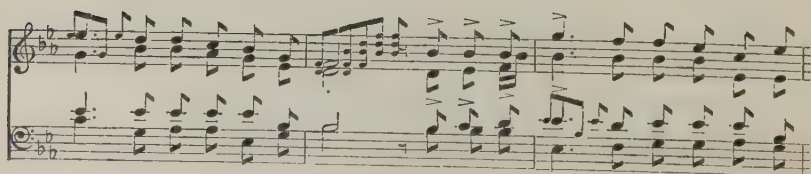
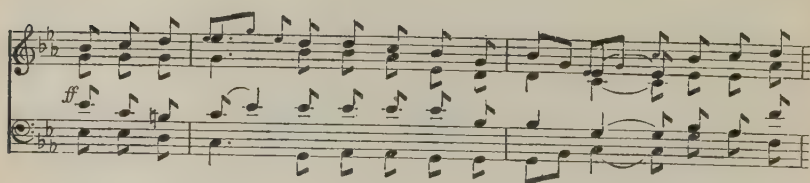
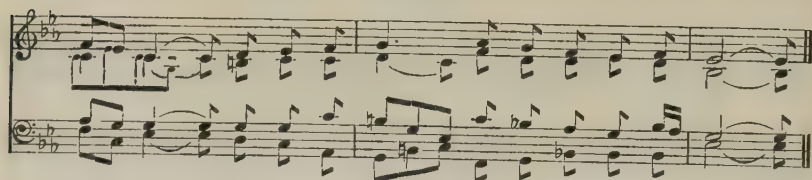
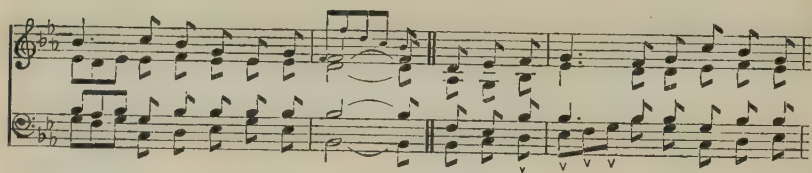
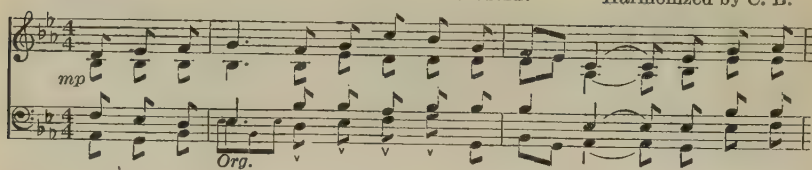
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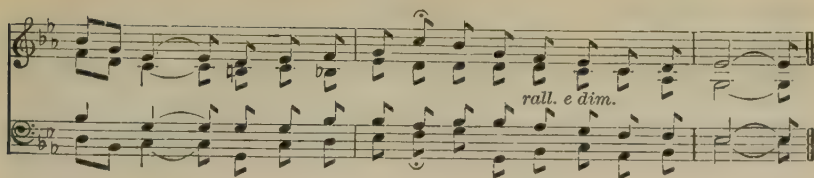
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

The Saviour of the
World.

11.10.11.10.11.10.11.12.

Irish Air,
Harmonized by C. B.





547

This is indeed the Saviour of the world.—JOHN iv. 42.

1.

I CANNOT tell why He, Whom angels worship,
Should set His love upon the sons of men,
Or why, as Shepherd, He should seek the wanderers,
To bring them back, they know not how or when.
But this I know, that He was born of Mary,
When Bethlehem's manger was His only home,
And that He lived at Nazareth and laboured,
And so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is come.

2.

I cannot tell how silently He suffered,
As with His peace He graced this place of tears,
Or how His heart upon the Cross was broken,
The crown of pain to three and thirty years.
But this I know, He heals the broken-hearted,
And stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,
And lifts the burden from the heavy laden,
For yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.

3.

I cannot tell how He will win the nations,
How He will claim His earthly heritage,
How satisfy the needs and aspirations
Of East and West, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know, all flesh shall see His glory,
And He shall reap the harvest He has sown,
And some glad day His sun shall shine in splendour
When He the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is known.

4.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
When, at His bidding, every storm is stilled,
Or who can say how great the jubilation
When all the hearts of men with love are filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
And myriad, myriad human voices sing,
And earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, will answer,
At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King !

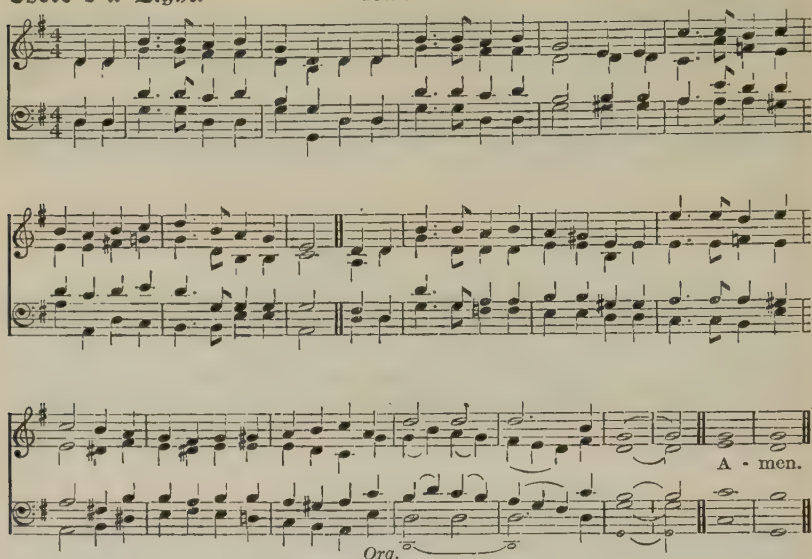
W. Y. Fullerton.

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There's a Light.

15.15.15.15.

M. L. WOSTENHOLM.



By permission of The Epworth Press.

548

Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.—ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

- 1 **T**HERE'S a light upon the mountains, and the day is at the spring,
When our eyes shall see the beauty and the glory of the King;
Weary was our heart with waiting, and the night watch seemed so long,
But His triumph-day is breaking, and we hail it with a song.
- 2 In the fading of the starlight we can see the coming morn;
And the lights of men are paling in the splendours of the dawn;
For the eastern skies are glowing as with lights of hidden fire,
And the hearts of men are stirring with the throb of deep desire.
- 3 There's a hush of expectation, and a quiet in the air;
And the breath of God is moving in the fervent breath of prayer;
For the suffering, dying Jesus is the Christ upon the throne,
And the travail of our spirits is the travail of His own.
- 4 He is breaking down the barriers, He is casting up the way;
He is calling for His angels to build up the gates of day;
But His angels here are human, not the shining hosts above,
For the drum-beats of His army are the heart-beats of our love.
- 5 Hark! we hear a distant music, and it comes with fuller swell;
'Tis the triumph song of Jesus, of our King Emmanuel;
Zion, go ye forth to meet Him, and my soul, be swift to bring
All thy sweetest and thy dearest for the triumph of our King.

Henry Burton.

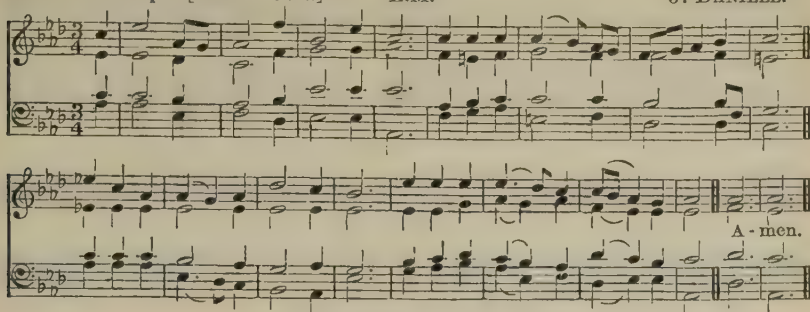
Section 9.

WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION, WITH DEDICATION SERVICES.

David's Harp. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

J. DANIELL.



(1) THE LORD'S DAY.

549 *It is a good thing to give thanks
unto the Lord.—Ps. xcii. 1.*

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks
and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Then shall I share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

I. Watts.

550 *Unto you . . . shall the Sun of
righteousness arise.—MAL. iv. 2.*

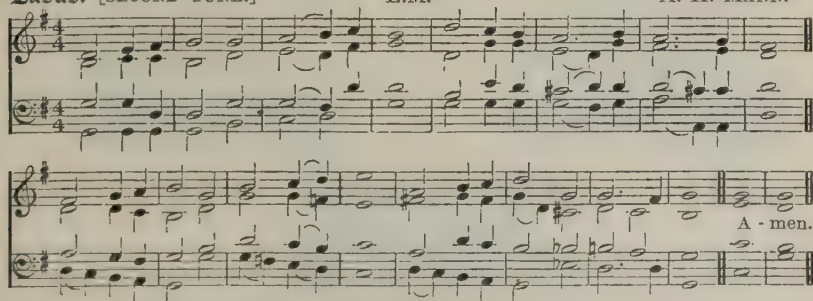
- 1 THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on us now, to heal and bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.
- 2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.
- 3 Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to our souls reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
Oh, let it quicken, strengthen, heal.
- 4 Shine on the temples of Thy grace,
In righteousness Thy priests be clad;
Unveil the brightness of Thy face,
And make Thy chosen people glad.
- 5 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall
chase
The brooding cloud from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 6 Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no
night.

Charlotte Elliott.

Lusus. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

A. H. MANN.

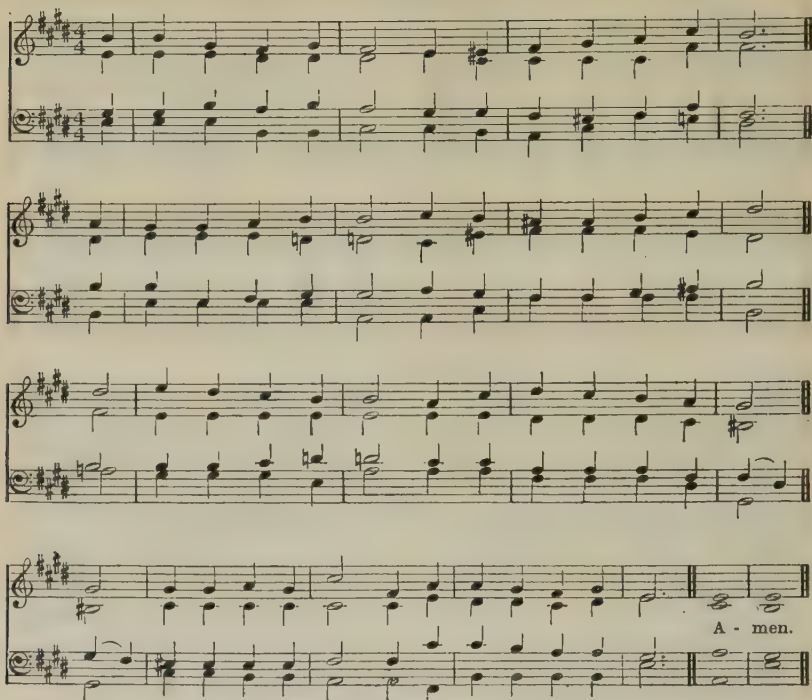


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(See also Tunes HAMPSTEAD, No. 373, and OMBERSLEY, No. 517.)

St. Anselm. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

J. BARNBY.



(See also Tune BENTLEY, No. 344.)

551 *As it began to dawn toward the first day of the week.*—MATT. xxviii. 1.

1 THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning -
After a night of pain :
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil :
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit
In our humility.

3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed ;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone,—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won !

4 And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith and sure,
And love so deep and fervent
That tries to make it pure :
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need ;
And then the peace so lasting,
Celestial peace indeed !

5 So be it, Lord, for ever :
O may we evermore,
In Jesus' holy presence,
His blessed Name adore :
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple walls,
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls.

Mrs. Ada C. Cross.

Day of Rest. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

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552

This is the day which the Lord hath made. — PSALM cxviii 24.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright !
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, ' Holy, Holy, Holy,'
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven :
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise ;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand ; -
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth.

WORSHIP.

Fairford. [THIRD TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

From SCHUBERT.

(See also Tunes ELLACOMBE, No. 402, and LANCASHIRE, No. 619.)

553

Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee.—ACTS xiii. 33.

1 THE Day of Resurrection !
 Earth, tell it out abroad :
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God !
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over
 With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light ;
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear so calm and plain
 His own " All hail," and, hearing,
 May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
 And earth her song begin,
 The round world keep high triumph,
 And all that is therein ;
 Let all things seen and unseen
 Their notes of gladness blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end.

St. John of Damascus, tr. J. M. Neale.

Dominica. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

H. S. OAKELEY.



554

We come in a good day.—1 SAMUEL xxv. 8.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 THIS is the day of light :
 Let there be light to-day ;
 O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.</p> | <p>3 This is the day of peace :
 Thy peace our spirits fill ;
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.</p> |
| <p>2 This is the day of rest :
 Our failing strength renew ;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.</p> | <p>4 This is the day of prayer :
 Let earth to heaven draw near ;
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there
 Come down to meet us here.</p> |

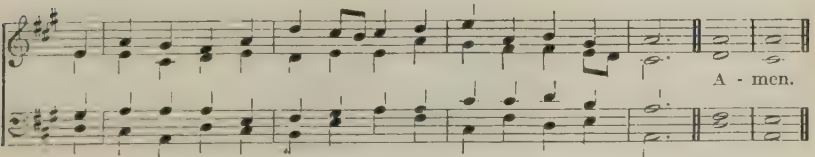
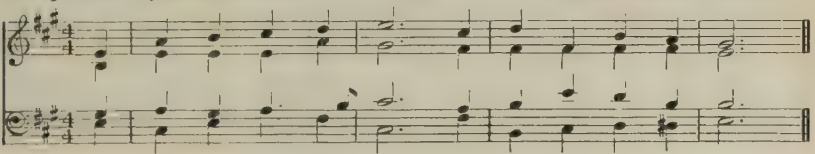
- 5 This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

J. Ellerton.

Holy Week. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

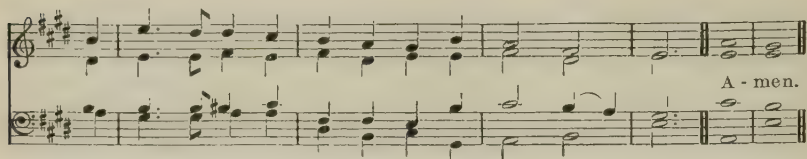
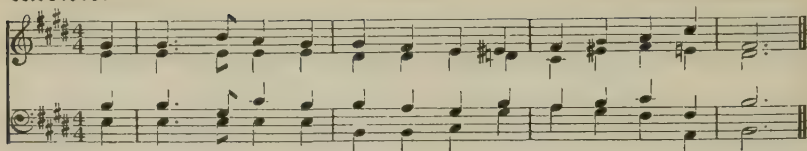


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Wreford.

8.6.8.4.

E. S. CARTER.



(See also Tune DONA LUCEM, No. 718.)

555

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.—REVELATION i. 10.

1 **H**AIL ! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free ;
Hail ! day of light that bringest light
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease ;
No voice but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

4 On all I think or say or do
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

5 All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

6 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,—
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

G. Thring.

Day of Praise. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

C. STEGGALL.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, with a final double bar line and repeat dots.

556

Praise ye Him, all His angels.—PSALM cxlviii. 2.

- 1 OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light, that lightenest all !
 - 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
 - 3 'Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But oh, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir !
 - 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
 - 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.
 - 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end,
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellerton.

In Memoriam. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

A. SULLIVAN.

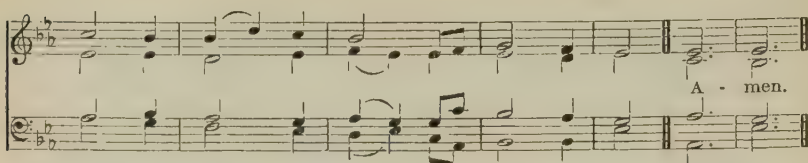
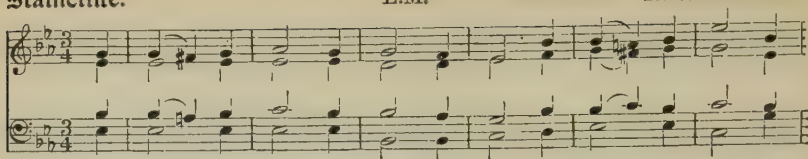
A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The vocal part is a simple melody with some grace notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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Staincliffe.

L.M.

R. W. DIXON.



(See also TUNE BROOKFIELD, No. 604, and KEBLE, No. 621.)

557

Under His shadow we shall live.—LAMENTATIONS iv. 20.

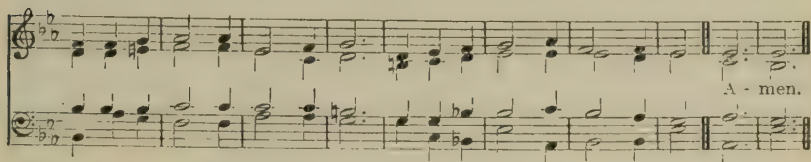
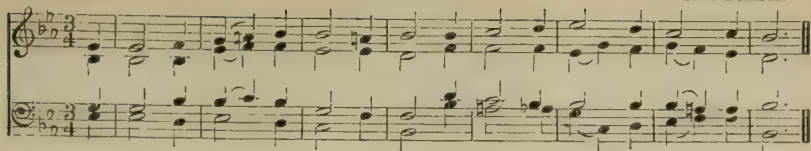
- 1 **A** GAIN as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And evening hymn and evening prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- 2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.
- 3 O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

S. Longfellow.

Angelus.

L.M.

G. JOSEPH.



558

At even, when the sun did set.—MARK i. 32.

- 1 **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
Oh in what divers pains they met !
Oh with what joy they went away !
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near ;
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 **O** Saviour Christ, our woes dispel :
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;
- 4 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt ;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out ;
- 5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee.
- 6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 7 **O** Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide ;
- 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall :
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

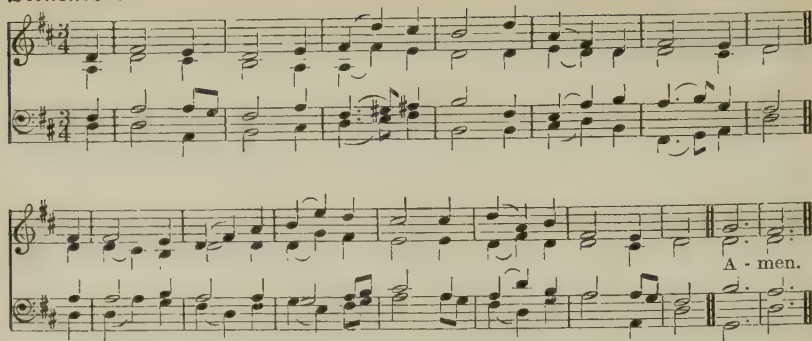
H. Twells.

WORSHIP.

Stracathro.

C.M.

C. HUTCHESON.



(See also Tune ALBANO, No. 91.)

559 *O Lord, how great are Thy works,
and Thy thoughts are very deep.—*
PSALM xcii. 5.

1 **A**ND now the wants are told, that
brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

3 For Thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
Around us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

4 A wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!

5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are:

6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, 'A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours.'

7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

W. Bright.

560 *I will trust in the covert of Thy
wings.—PSALM lxi. 4.*

1 **T**HE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

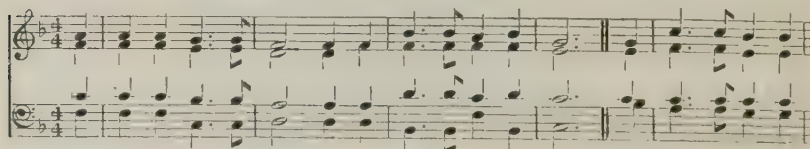
3 The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

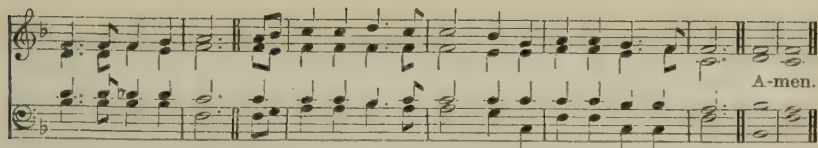
4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

J. Ellerton.

Rutherford. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

Lausanne Psalter.





(See also Tune AURELIA, No. 454.)

561

The shadows of the evening are stretched out—JEREMIAH vi. 4.

1 ANOTHER Sabbath ended,
 Its peaceful hours all flown,
 We come to close its worship,
 O Lord, before Thy throne :
 We bless Thee for this earnest
 Of better rest above,
 This token of Thy kindness,
 This pledge of boundless love.

2 We would prolong its moments,
 And linger yet awhile
 Amid its closing shadows,
 Illumined by Thy smile :
 Our souls shall know no darkness
 While we may look to Thee ;
 Our eyes shall ne'er grow weary
 While we Thy face can see.

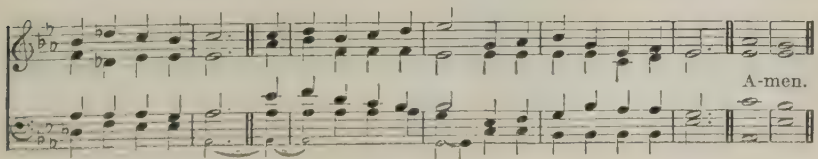
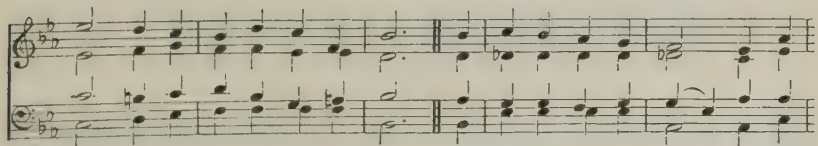
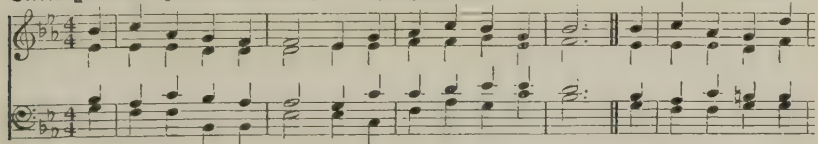
3 O Jesus, our dear Saviour,
 To Thee our songs we raise ;
 Our hearts, by care untroubled,
 Uplift themselves in praise :
 For to God's truce with labour
 More glory Thou hast given,
 And Sabbaths now are sweeter
 Since Christ the Lord has risen.

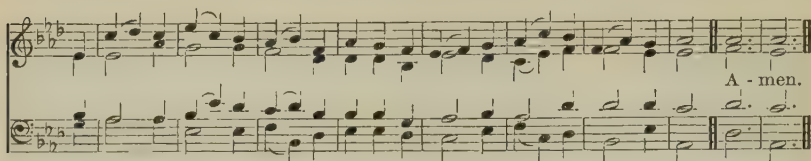
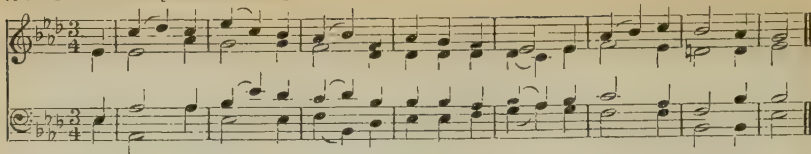
4 O Lord, again we bless Thee
 For such a day as this,
 So rich in ancient glories,
 So bright with hopes of bliss :
 Oh, may we reach Thy perfect,
 Thine endless, day of rest :
 Then lay our earth-worn spirits
 Upon our Father's breast.

T. Vincent Tymms.

Cara Patria. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines.

H. M. HIGGS.





From the 'English Hymnal.' By permission of the Oxford University Press.

562

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.—EXODUS XV. 18.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.</p> <p>2 We thank Thee that Thy Church un-
sleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is
keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.</p> | <p>3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.</p> <p>4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.</p> <p>5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.</p> |
|---|---|

J. Ellerton.

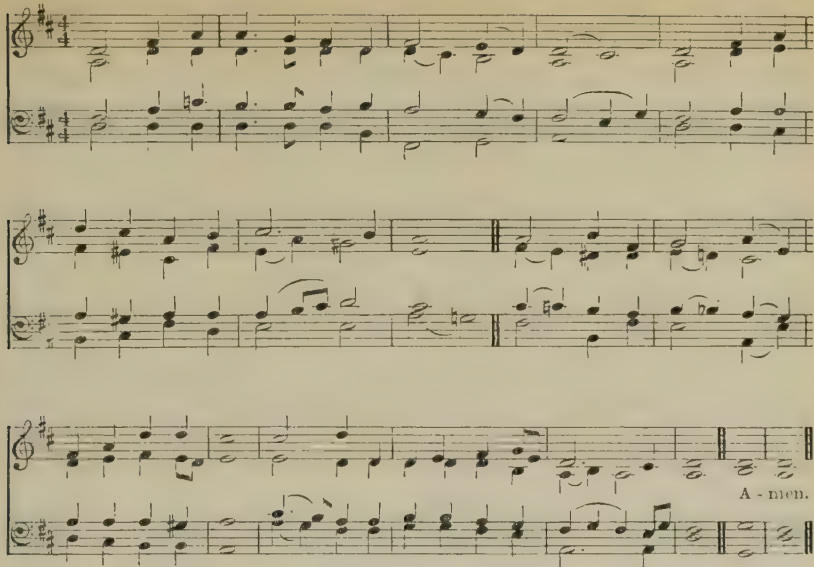
Les Commandemens de Dieu.

[SECOND TUNE.]

9.8.9.8.

French Psalter, 1549.
Composed and arranged by
L. BOURGEOIS.





563

In the temple praising and blessing God.—LUKE xxiv. 53. .

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton.

WORSHIP.

563

In the temple praising and blessing God.—LUKE xxiv. 53.

Ellers. [SECOND TUNE.]

10.10.10.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.

mp *cres.*

1. Sa-viour, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ae-cord our parting hymn of praise ;

f *dim.* *rall.*

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace;

f *dim.* *rall.*

mp *cres.*

2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way ; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;

mp *cres.*

mf *rall.*

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd upon Thy name.

mf *rall.*

THE LORD'S DAY.

mp *cres.* *f*

3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness in-to light ;

mp *cres.* *f*

mf *dim.* *rall.*

From harm and dan-ger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.

mf *dim.* *rall.*

mp *cres.*

4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

mp *cres.*

f

sor - row, and our stay in strife ; Then when Thy voice shall

f

dim. *rall.* HARMONY.

bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

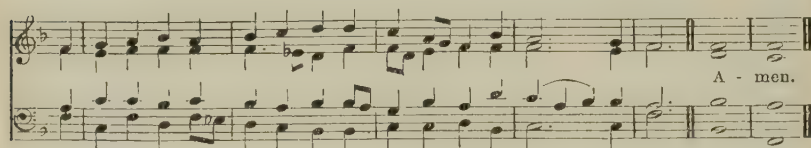
dim. *rall.*

(For harmonized version in A flat, see No. 421.)

St. Matthias.

8s., six lines.

W. H. MONK.



564 *Jesus Himself stood in the midst, and saith . . . Peace be unto you.—LUKE xxiv. 36.*

1 O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

2 The day is done ; its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

F. W. Faber.

Beethoven.

7.7.7.7.

From BEETHOVEN.



(See also Tunes BUCKLAND, No. 57, and HART'S, No. 593.)

565 [They] besought that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath. —
ACTS xiii. 42.

1.

BE Thy word with power fraught,
Many hearts in many ways
Blessing with new love and thought,
To religion's added praise.

2.

Be it for the rash, restraint,
Ardour for the dull and cold ;
Be it comfort for the faint,
Be it counsel for the bold.

3.

Be it for the tempest-worn
Haven for a quiet stay ;
May it, like the wakening horn,
Summon cheerful souls away.

4.

May some saddened hearts arise,
And be blossoms in the light ;
Some, like stars in clearing skies,
Trembling be, yet very bright.

5.

As in whisper or in shout,
Calming, rousing, Lord, be heard ;
Such Thy voice, that even doubt
Cries, ' Tis He,' and ' Tis His word.'

T. T. Lynch.

Dismissal.

87.87.47.

W. L. VINER.

A - men.

566 *They . . . went unto their tents joyful and glad of heart.*—1 KINGS viii. 66.

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 Oh, refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

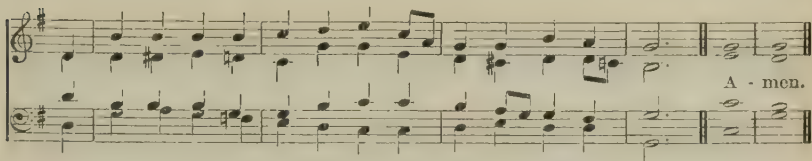
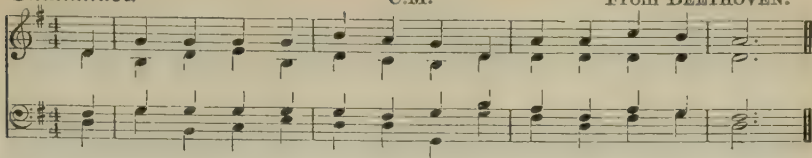
John Fawcett (?).

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

Emmanuel.

C.M.

From BEETHOVEN.



(See also Tune BALLERMA, No. 279.)

(2) THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

567 *How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts !—PSALM lxxxiv. 1.*

1 HOW lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free !
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to Thee !

2 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a verdant, fruitful dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

3 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

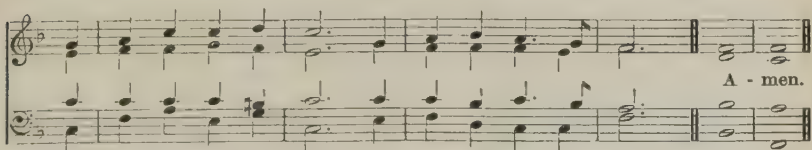
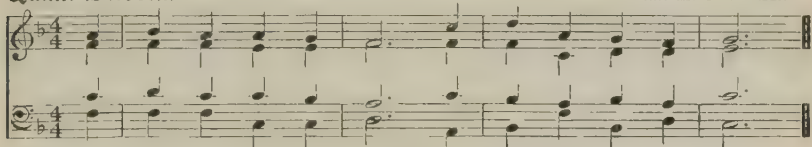
4 For God the Lord, both Sun and Shield,
Gives grace and glory bright :
No good from them shall be withheld,
Whose ways are just and right.

John Milton (altd.).

Quam Dilecta.

6.6.6.6.

H. L. JENNER.



568 *Boldness to enter into the holy place.—HEBREWS x. 19 (R.V.).*

1 WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells ;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet ;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

3 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,

Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given ;
But oh, we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

5 Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

*W. Bullock. vv. 1-3 ;
H. W. Baker, vv. 4 & 5.*

WORSHIP.

St. Matthew.

C.M. D.

W. CROFT.

569

PSALM xlii. 3-5.

1 **O** SEND Thy light forth and Thy truth ;
 Let them be guides to me,
 And bring me to Thine holy hill,
 Even where Thy dwellings be.
 Then will I to God's altar go,
 To God my chiefest joy :
 Yea, God, my God, Thy Name to praise
 My harp I will employ.

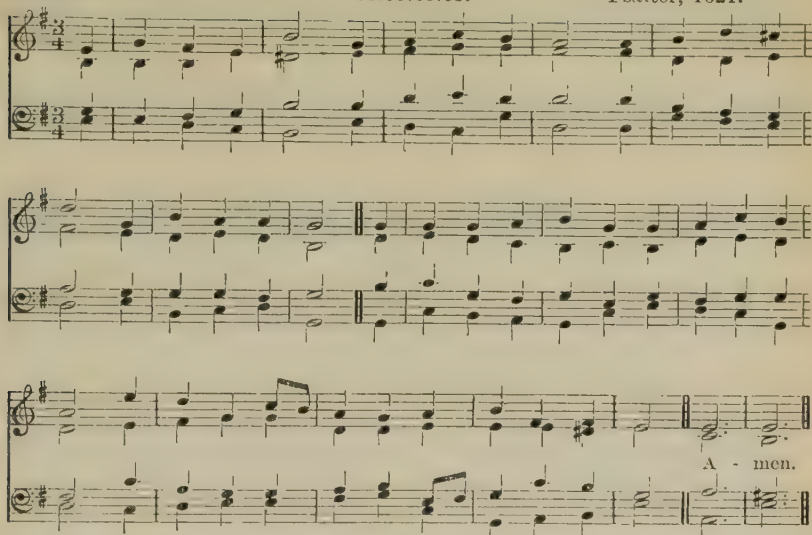
2 Why art thou then cast down, my soul ?
 What should discourage thee ?
 And why with vexing thoughts art thou
 Disquieted in me ?
 Still trust in God ; for Him to praise
 Good cause I yet shall have :
 He of my countenance is the health,
 My God That doth me save.

Scottish Psalter.

(Or, as a four-lined Hymn, to Tune ST. LEONARD, No. 282.)

Ravenscroft.

55.55.65.65.

THOS. RAVENSCROFT'S
Psalter, 1621.

(See also Tune HANOVER, No. 4.)

570 *My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. —PSALM lxxxiv. 2.*

1 **H**OW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God !
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of Thy saints.

2 The birds have their home ;
They fix on their nest ;
Wherever they roam,
They turn to their rest :
From them fondly learning,
My soul would take wing ;
To Thee so returning,
My God and my King.

3 O happy the choirs
Who praise Thee above !
What joy tunes their lyres !
Their worship is love.
Yet safe in Thy keeping
And happy they be
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in Thee.

4 Though rugged their way
They drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow :
The God they rely on
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.

5 Thou Hearer of prayer,
Still grant me a place
Where Christians repair
To the courts of Thy grace :
More blest, beyond measure,
One day so employed
Than years of vain pleasure
By worldlings enjoyed.

6 The Lord is a Sun,
The Lord is a Shield ;
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed.
He hears the distressed,
He succours the just :
And they shall be blessed .
Who make Him their trust.

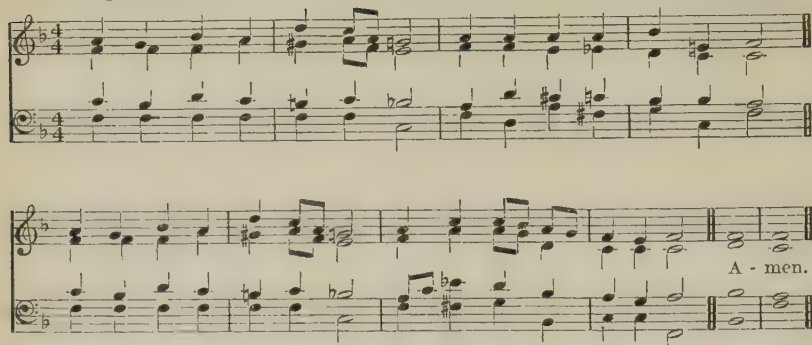
Josiah Conder.

WORSHIP.

Weber. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

From WEBER.



571

Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.—JAMES iv. 8.

1 LORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend:
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford:
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

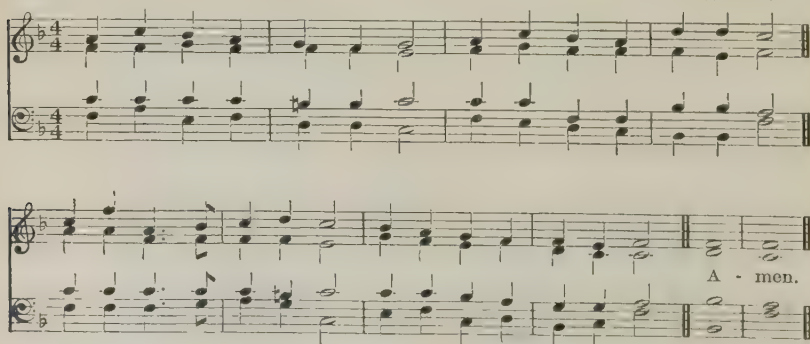
6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. Hammond.

Even Song. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

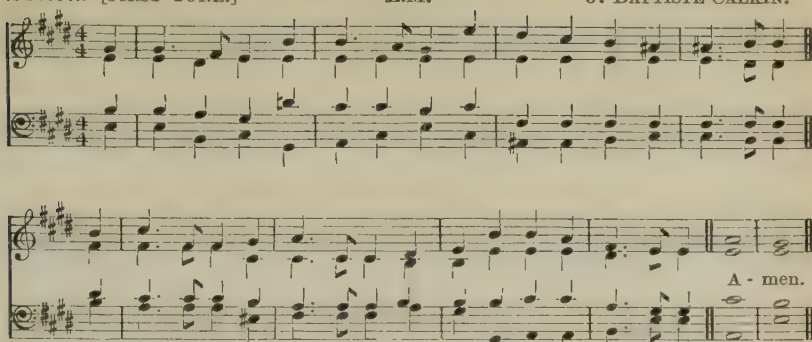
E. J. WALLIS.



Setton. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

572

We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house.—PSALM lxy. 4.

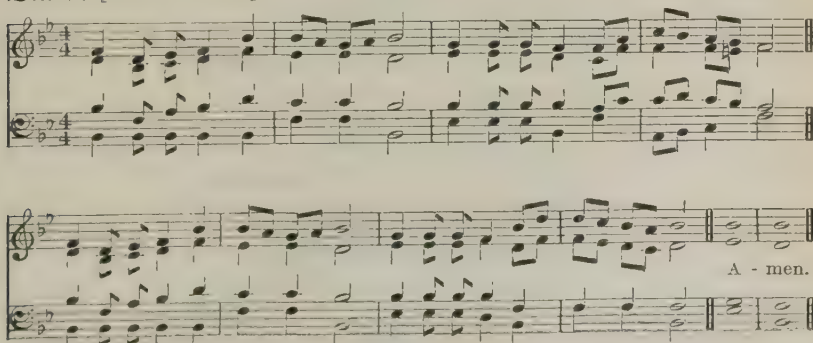
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 PRAISE, Lord, for Thee, in Zion waits ;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple
gates ;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.</p> <p>2 Our spirits faint, our sins prevail ;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail :
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.</p> <p>3 How blest Thy saints ! how safely led !
How surely kept ! how richly fed !
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee !</p> | <p>4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills ;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.</p> <p>5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
Thy clouds drop wealth the world
around ;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles, and owns her King.</p> <p>6 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour ;
The moral waste within restore :
Oh, let Thy love our springtide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.</p> |
|---|---|

H. F. Lyte.

Ernan. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



Hosanna.

L.M., with refrain.

ALAN GRAY.

573

Hosanna.—JOHN xii. 13.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord !
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
 To Christ—Creator, Saviour, King—
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing,
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !
- 2 ' Hosanna, Lord ! ' Thine angels cry ;
 ' Hosanna, Lord ! ' Thy saints reply ;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound,
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care
 Return to this Thy house of prayer ;
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
 Here we Thy parting promise claim :
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !
- 4 But chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
 Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee :
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again,
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

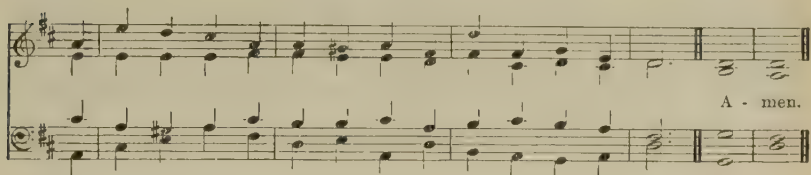
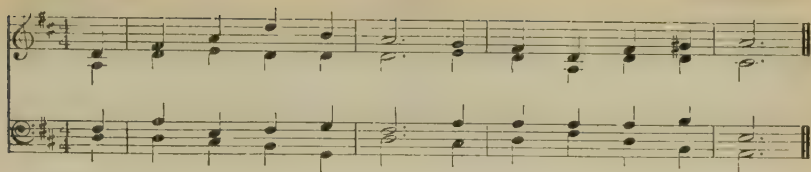
R. Heber.

(If last line is omitted, see also TUNES ST. DROSTANE, No. 102, and WALTHAM, No. 51.)

Tytberton.

S.M.

L. R. WEST.



574

Wait for the promise of the Father.—ACTS 1. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD God, the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind ;
 One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old inspire
 With wisdom from above ;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
 To pray and praise and love.
- 5 Spirit of Light, explore
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day.
- 6 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
 In life and death, our guide :
 O Spirit of Adoption, now
 May we be sanctified.

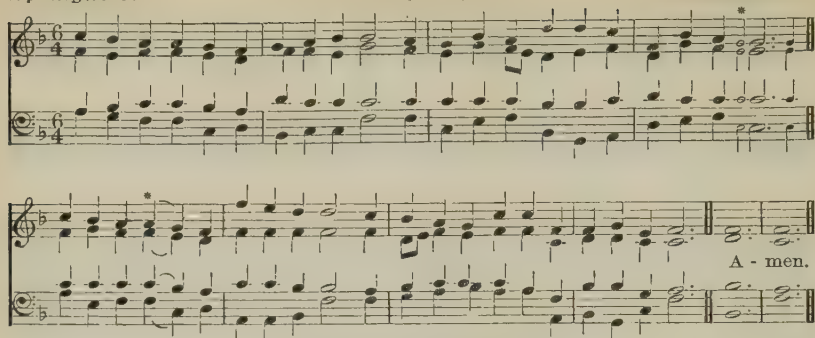
James Montgomery.(Or, as eight-lined Hymn, *see* Tunes CHALVEY, No. 354, and BACH, No. 511.)

WORSHIP.

Springfield.

11.10.11.10 (Dactylic).

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



* The small notes and slurs for v. 3.

575

I went into the sanctuary of God.—PSALM lxxiii. 17.

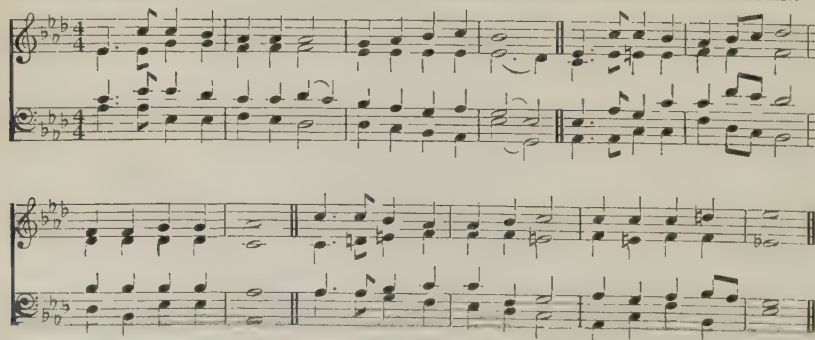
- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Here dwells the Father; Love's waters are streaming
Forth from the throne of God, plenteous and pure;
Come to His temple for mercy redeeming;
Earth has no sorrow that He cannot cure.
- 3 Here waits the Saviour, all gentle and loving,
Ready to meet us, His grace to reveal;
On Him cast the burden, trustfully coming;
Earth has no sorrow that Christ cannot heal.
- 4 Here speaks the Comforter, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, Advocate sure,
Joy of the desolate, tenderly saying,
'Earth has no sorrow My grace cannot cure.'

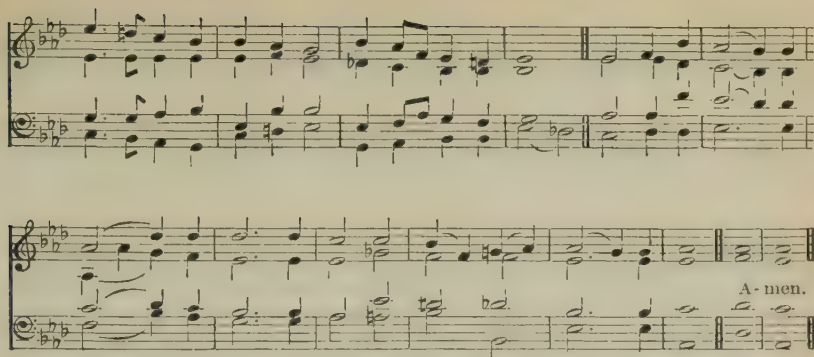
Thomas Moore.

Intercession.

W. H. CALLCOTT.

75.75.75.75.88. Last two lines from MENDELSSOHN.





576

Hear Thou in heaven . . . and forgive, and do.—1 KINGS viii. 39

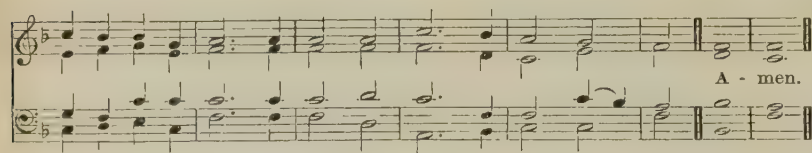
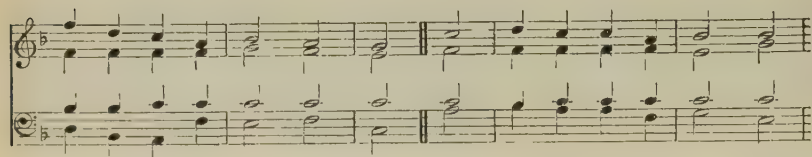
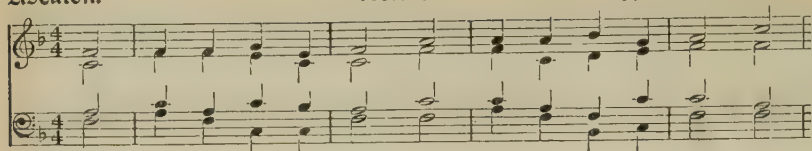
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To Thy goodness flee ;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee ;
 When the troubled, seeking peace,
 On Thy Name shall call ;
 When the sinner, seeking life,
 At Thy feet shall fall :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> | <p>4 When the man of toil and care,
 In the city crowd,
 When the shepherd on the moor,
 Names the name of God ;
 When the learned and the high,
 Tired of earthly fame,
 Now on higher joys intent,
 Name the blessed Name :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> |
| <p>2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above ;
 When the prodigal looks back
 To His Father's love ;
 When the proud man from his pride
 Stoops to seek Thy face ;
 When the burdened brings his guilt
 To Thy throne of grace :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> | <p>5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
 Youth, or maiden fair,
 When the aged, weak and grey,
 Seek Thy face in prayer ;
 When the widow weeps to Thee,
 Sad and lone and low :
 When the orphan brings to Thee
 All his orphan woe ;
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> |
| <p>3 When the stranger asks a home,
 All his toils to end ;
 When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend ;
 When the sailor on the wave
 Bows the fervent knee ;
 When the soldier on the field
 Lifts his heart to Thee :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> | <p>6 When creation, in her pangs,
 Heaves her heavy groan ;
 When Thy Salem's exiled sons
 Breathe their bitter moan ;
 When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
 Looking for a home,
 Sendeth up her silent sigh,—
 ' Come, Lord Jesus, come ! '
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> |

H. Bonar.

Hscalon.

668.668.

Melody, old Folk-song.



577

Peace be within thee.—PSALM cxxii. 8.

1 **H**OW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day !'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and homage pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee
round :
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Hath fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there :
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

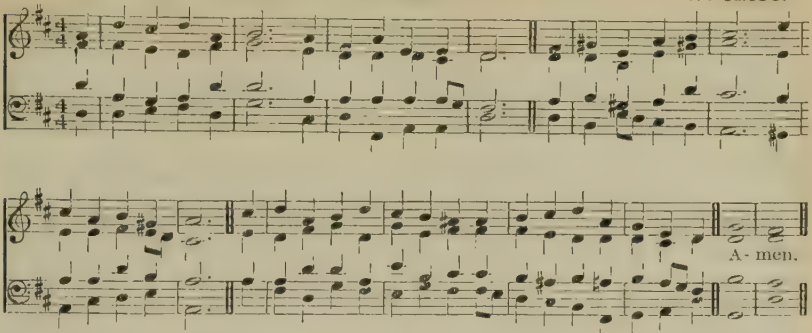
4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest :
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house !
For there my friends and kindred dwell ;
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

I. Watts.

Croft's 148th. [FIRST TUNE.] 66.66.4444.

W. CROFT.



578

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.—PSALM LXXXIV. 4.

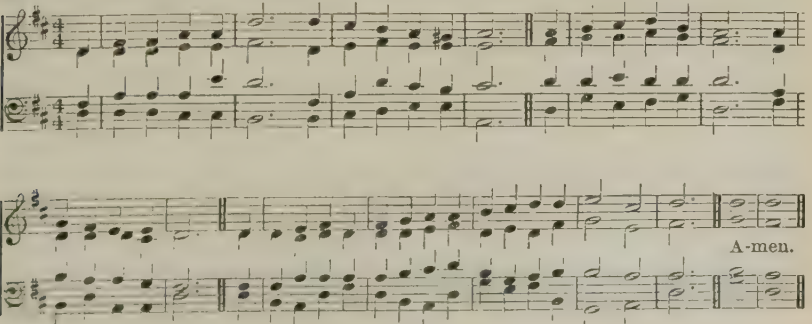
- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

- 4 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.
- 5 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.
- 6 The Lord His people loves:
His hand no good withhold
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

I. Watts.

St. John's. [SECOND TUNE.] 66.66.4444.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



Praise, my soul.

8.7., six lines.

J. Goss.

UNISON.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy tri-bute bring;

Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for - giv - en, Who like thee His praise should sing?

ff Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

HARMONY.

2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa - thers in dis - tress;

Praise Him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;

ff

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Glo-rious in His faith - ful - ness.

ff

TREBLES ONLY.
Slower.

3. Fa-ther-like He tends and spares us; Well our fee-ble frame He knows;

Slower.

In His hands He gen-tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes;

ff

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Wide-ly as His mer-cy flows.

ff

HARMONY.

4. Frail as sun-mer's flower we flou-rish; Blows the wind, and it is gone;

p

WORSHIP.

cres.

But while mor-tals rise and per-ish, God en-dures un-changing on:

cres.

ff

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the high e-ter-nal One.

UNISON.

f

5. An-gels, help us to a-dore Him; Ye be-hold Him face to face;

f

Sun and moon bow down be-fore Him; Dwell-ers all in time and space,

ff

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace. A-men.

f

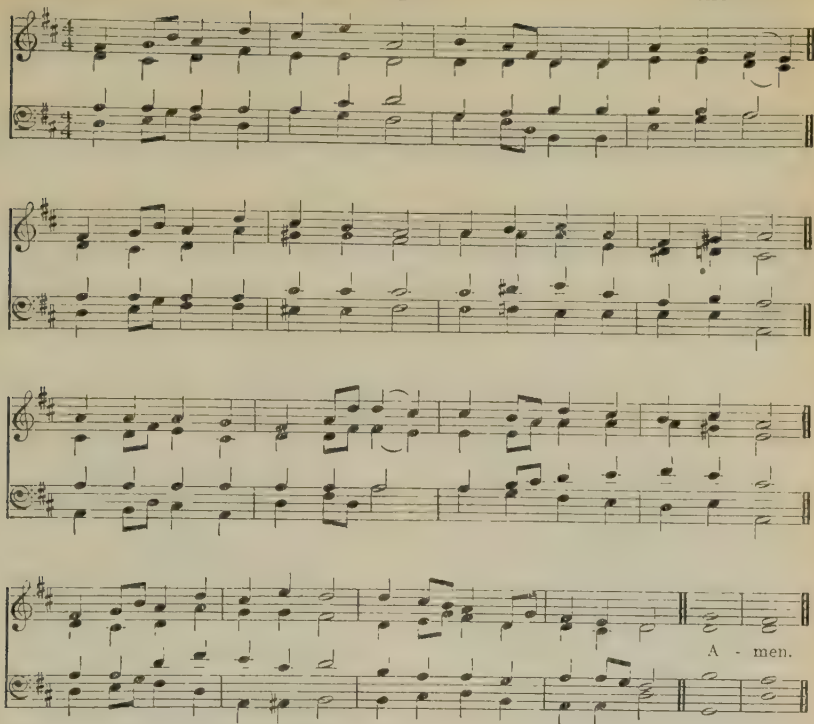
HARMONY.

H. F. Lytle.

Brompton.

7s., eight lines.

J. R. SCHACHNER.



(See also Tune MAIDSTONE. No. 458.)

580

The Lord God is a sun and shield!—PSALM lxxxiv. 11.

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love;
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe:
 Oh, my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of Thy saints,
 For the brightness of Thy face,
 For Thy fulness, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round Thine altars, O Most High:
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast;
 Like the wandering dove that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe;
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies;
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,
 At Thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
 Guide me through a world of sin;
 Keep me by Thy saving grace;
 Give me at Thy side a place:
 Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
 Guide and guard my erring heart:
 Grace and glory flow from Thee,
 Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me.

H. F. Lyte.

WORSHIP.

Augustine.

[FIRST TUNE.]

S.M. Attributed to PIERRE ABELARD.



(3) THE PRAYER MEETING.

(See also Hymns 252-272, Section VII. (4) 'Fellowship with God.')

Fellowship in Prayer.

581 *Our fellowship is with the Father
and with His Son.*—1 JOHN i. 3.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs,
He pardons every day,
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large His bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with His blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless Thy faithful care,
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

P. Doddridge.

582 *Let us therefore come boldly unto
the throne of grace.*—HEB. iv. 16.

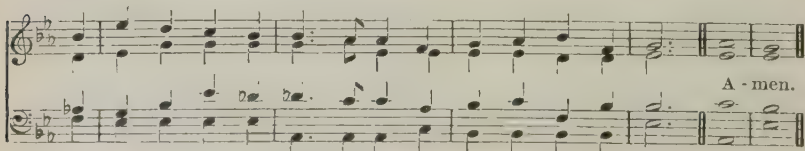
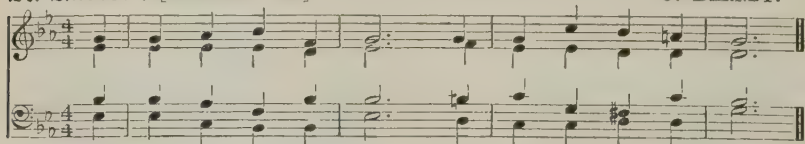
- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Beyond our utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love:
We ask to serve Thee here below
And reign with Thee above.
- 5 Abiding in Thy faith,
Our will conformed to Thine,
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton.

St. Andrew. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

J. BARNBY.



(See also Tune BOYLSTON, No. 187.)

Carlisle. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

C. LOCKHART.

583 *Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them.—MATT. xviii. 20.*

- 1 JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy Name.
- 2 Thy Name salvation is,
Which now we come to prove;
Thy Name is life and joy and peace
And everlasting love.
- 3 We meet the grace to take
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 4 Present we know Thou art,
But oh, Thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.
- 5 Oh, may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

C. Wesley.

584 *Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you.—JOHN xv. 16.*

- 1 GREAT is Thy mercy, Lord,
Deep is Thy tenderness;
Keep now with us Thy friendly word;
The hearts that seek Thee bless.
- 2 We have not chosen Thee,
But us Thou deign'st to choose,—
Not servants, but Thy friends to be,
Whom Thou wilt never lose:
- 3 For never wilt Thou change,
Who art all change above;
Nor life nor death shall us estrange
From Thy most perfect love.
- 4 Oh, for Thy loving heart!
Oh, to be like Thee, Lord!
Come near us, Christ, Thy grace impart,
Thy spirit now afford.
- 5 To Thee we fain would live,
Content if Thou be nigh,
To Thee all powers and passions give,
And then to Thee would die.

G. B. Bubier.

Silchester. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

C. H. A. MALAN.

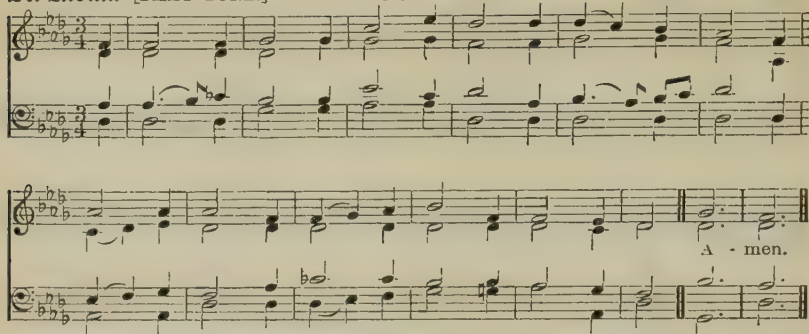
A - men.

WORSHIP.

St. Aidan. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.

F. R. GREY.



(For this Tune in Key E flat, see No. 34.)

585

Fellow workers unto the Kingdom of God.—COLOSSIANS iv. 11.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 FATHER of men, in Whom are one
All human kind beneath thy sun,
Stablish our work in Thee begun.</p> <p>2 Except the house be built of Thee
In vain the builders' toil must be;
Oh strengthen our infirmity.</p> <p>3 Man lives not for himself alone,
In others' good he finds his own;
Life's worth in fellowship is known.</p> <p>4 We, friends and comrades on life's way,
Gather within these walls to pray;
Bless thou our fellowship to-day.</p> | <p>5 O Christ, our Elder Brother, Who,
By serving man, God's will didst do,
Help us to serve our brethren too.</p> <p>6 Guide us to seek the things above,
The base to shun, the pure approve,
To live by Thy free law of love.</p> <p>7 In all our work, in all our play,
Be with us, Lord, our Friend, our Stay;
Lead onward to the perfect day.</p> <p>8 Then may we know, earth's lesson o'er,
With comrades missed, or gone before,
Heaven's fellowship for evermore.</p> |
|--|--|

H. C. Shuttleworth.

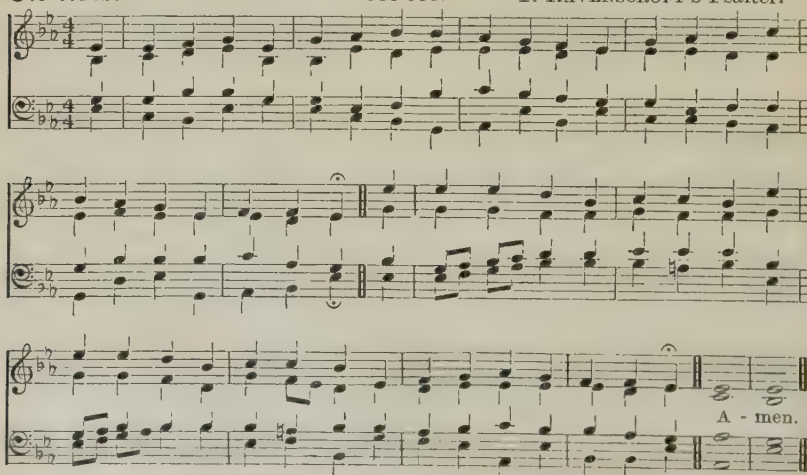
From the 'English Hymnal,' by permission of the Oxford University Press.

(Or, as six-lined verses, to

Old 113th.

888.888.

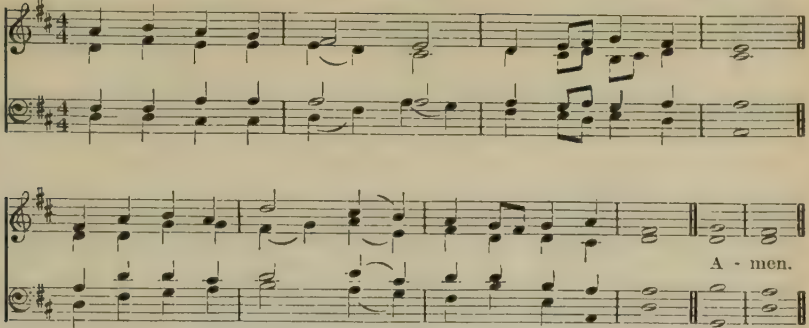
T. RAVENSCROFT's Psalter.



(For other version, see No. 50.)

Gott ein Vater. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5.6.5.

F. SILCHER.



(See also Tuno BEMERTON, No. 338.)

586

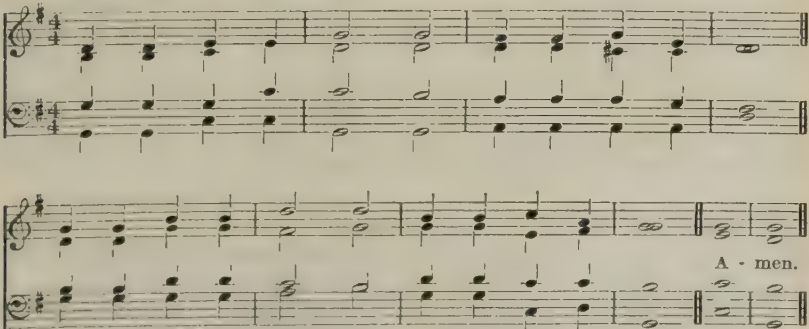
Peace be unto you.—JOHN xx. 21.

- 1 **J**ESUS! stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.
- 2 Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart;
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.
- 3 Thus with quickened footsteps,
We'll pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of th' eternal day.

W. Pennefather.

North Coates. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5.6.5.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

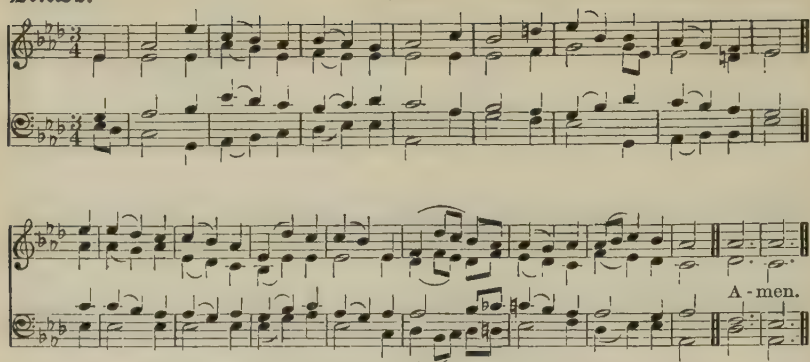


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WORSHIP.

British.

L.M.



(See also Tunes DUKE STREET, No. 163, and WARRINGTON, No. 67.)

587 *God . . . spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets.—HEB. i. 1.*

1 O GOD, Who didst Thy will unfold
In wondrous ways to saints of old,
By dream, by oracle, or seer,
Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear ?

2 What though no answering voice is heard ?

Thine oracles, the written word,
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.

3 What though no more by dreams is shown

That future things to God are known ?
Enough the promises reveal ;
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

4 Faith asks no signal from the skies
To show that prayers accepted rise ;
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.

5 No need of prophets to inquire :
The Sun is risen, the stars retire ;
The Comforter is come, and sheds
His holy unction on our heads.

6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire ;
Answer our sacrifice by fire ;
And by Thy mighty acts declare
Thou art the God Who hearest prayer.

Josiah Conder.

588 *Cherubim of glory overshadowing the mercy-seat.—HEB. ix. 5 (R.V.).*

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness o'er our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more :
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

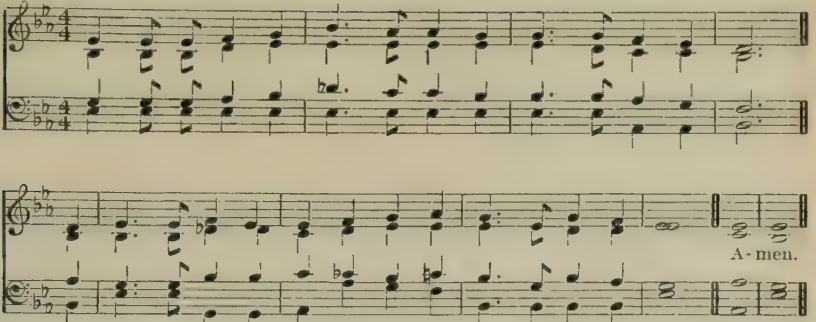
5 Oh, let my hands forget their skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat !

Hugh Stowell.

Brecon. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

NICHOLAS HEINS.



(See also Tune WESTMINSTER, No. 331.)

589

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.
—EPHESIANS vi. 18.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, ' Behold, he prays ! '
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

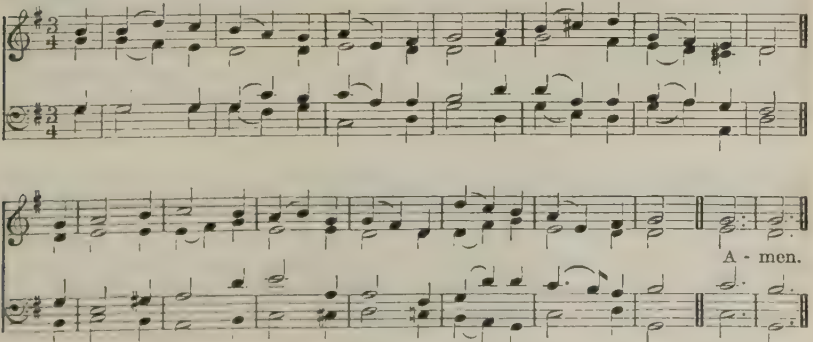
- 7 O Thou by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !

James Montgomery.

Dublin. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. STEVENSON.



WORSHIP.

Even me. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.3.

W. B. BRADBURY.

590

Bless me, even me also, O my father.—GENESIS xxvii. 34.

1 **L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou mightst spurn me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
When Thou comest call for me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.
Even me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Lord, 3 bear. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.3.

H. FORD BENSON.

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THE PRAYER MEETING.

Converse.

8.7., eight lines.

C. C. CONVERSE.

591

The Lord will receive my prayer.—PSALM vi. 9.

1 **W**HAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

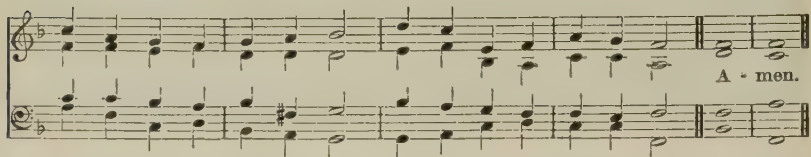
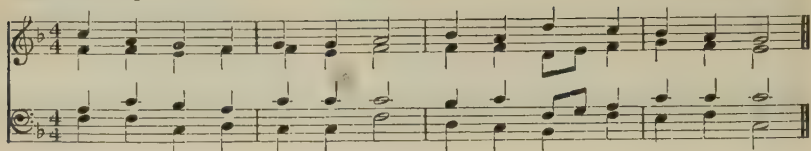
J. Scriven

WORSHIP.

Battisbill. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

J. BATTISHILL.



592

Ask, and it shall be given you.—MATTHEW vii. 7.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King ;
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For His grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin :
 Lord, remove this load of sin ;
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

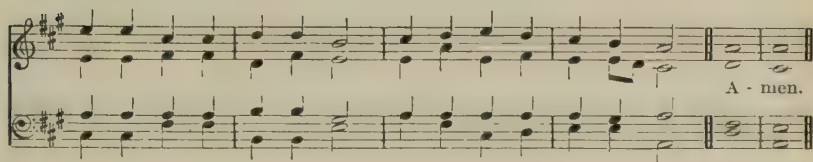
6 Show me what I have to do ;
 Every hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith ;
 Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton.

Bart's. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

B. MILGROVE.



593

The life was the light of men.—JOHN 1. 4.

1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, Thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mourning sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear,
To Thy living temples come.

3 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin.

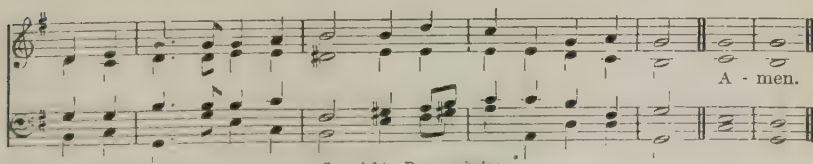
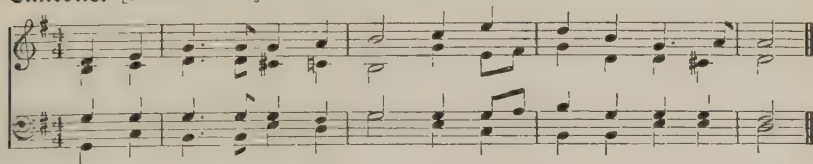
4 Nothing more can we require,
We will ask for nothing less;
Be Thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

C. Wesley.

Cantone. [THIRD TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

A. H. MANN.



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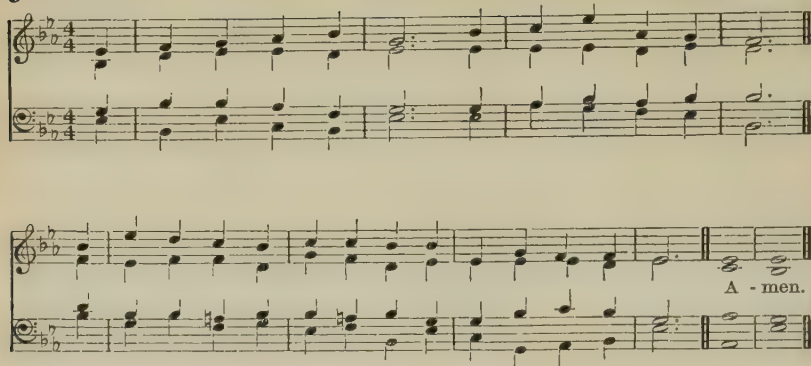
(See also Tune VALOUR, No. 412.)

WORSHIP.

Franconia.

S.M.

KÖNIG'S Choralbuch, 1738.



594

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord.—PSALM v. 3.

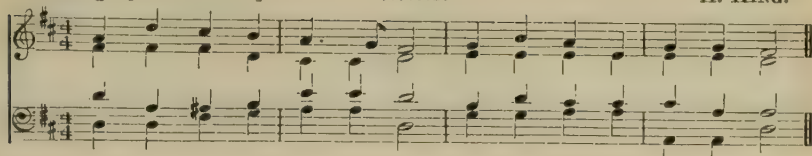
- 1 SWEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air ;
Before the world with smoke is dim
We meet to offer prayer.
- 2 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls descend ;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send.
- 3 Upon the battle-field,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.
- 4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.
- 5 On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.
- 6 Oh, hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail ;
We make the Saviour's Name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Ledbury. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

A. KING.



595

Then . . . came Jesus and stood in the midst.—JOHN xx. 19.

1 **W**HERESOEVER two or three
Meet, a Christian company,
Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee :
Gracious Saviour, hear.

2 When with friends beloved we stray
Talking at the closing day,
Saviour, meet us in the way :
Gracious Saviour, hear.

3 When amid the gloom of night
Storms arise, and perils fright,
Let Thy voice our hearts delight :
Gracious Saviour, hear.

4 In the festive hour refine
Earthly love to joys divine ;
Turn the water into wine :
Gracious Saviour, hear.

5 In the time of lonely grief,
Let Thy presence bring relief,
Then shall longest nights grow brief ;
Gracious Saviour, hear.

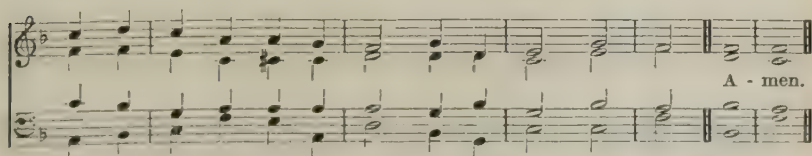
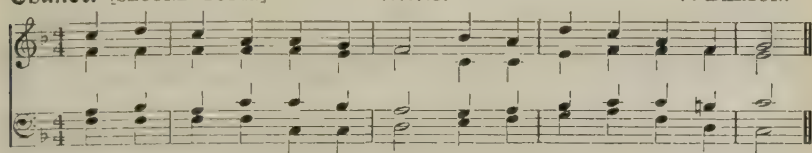
6 When the world and life recede,
Saviour, in our hour of need,
Then be visible indeed :
Gracious Saviour, hear.

Josiah Conder.

Tbanet. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

V. BARTON.

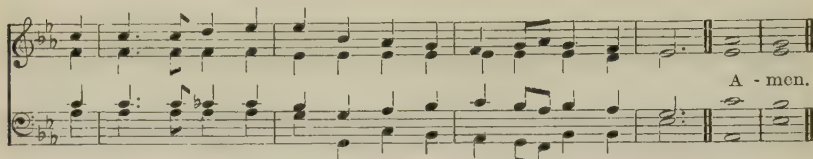


WORSHIP.

Green Hill. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

A. L. PEACE.



(See also Tune Str. AGNES, No. 165.)

596 *Prayer that goeth not out of feigned lips.—PSALM xvii. 1.*

- 1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a healing ray from Thee
Beam peace on every heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Let not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Joseph D. Carlyle.

597 *Lord, increase our faith.—LUKE xvii. 5.*

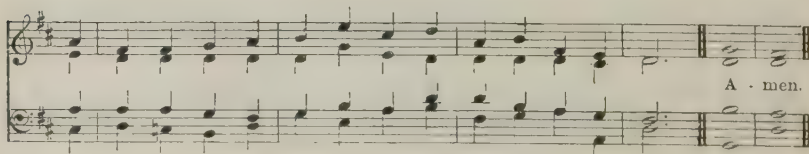
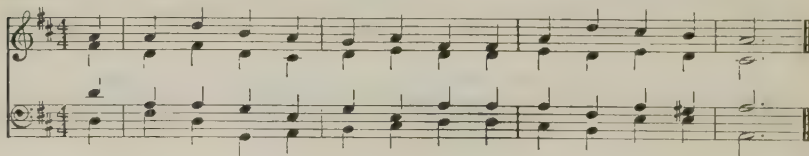
- 1 THOU Who our faithless hearts canst read,
And know'st each weakness there,
Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we
Oh, turn not from our prayer! [plead;
- 2 We cannot grasp from hour to hour
The truths Thy gospel saith;
Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,
And so increase our faith,
- 3 That we may trust Thy guardian care,
When no kind hand we see;
That we may lift our souls in prayer
Undoubtingly to Thee.
- 4 Help us to gaze on things unseen
By eyes of mortal sight;
To pierce through earth's dark veil and
gleam
Some beams of heavenly light.
- 5 Thy glorious presence may we see,
When earth's last tie is riven;
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,
Till we awake in heaven.

J. Baldwin Brown.

Byzantium. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

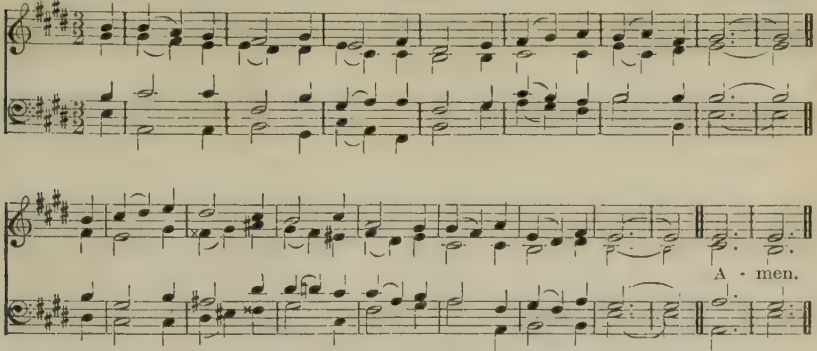
THOMAS JACKSON.



Standon. [THIRD TUNE.]

C.M.

CHAS. E. SMITH.



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598 *God : that giveth to all men
liberally.*—JAMES I. 5.

1 **O** FOUNT of grace that runneth o'er,
So full, so vast, so free !
Are none too worthless, none too poor,
To come and take of Thee ?

2 We come, O Lord, with empty hand,
Yet turn us not away ;
For grace hath nothing to demand,
And suppliants nought to pay.

3 'Tis ours to ask and to receive ;
To take and not to buy ;
'Tis Thine in sovereign grace to give,
Yea, give abundantly.

4 And thus, in simple faith, we dare
Our empty urn to bring ;
Oh, nerve the feeble hand of prayer
To dip it in the spring.

Mrs. Jane Crewdson.

599 *Lord, teach us to pray.*—
LUKE XI. 1.

1 **W**HEN cold our hearts, and far from
Thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away,
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek Thy face,
Unless Thou lead the way ;
We have no words unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

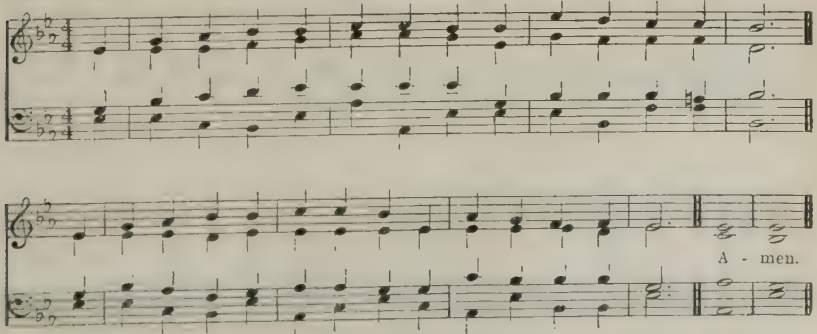
4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay ;
And when our souls have caught Thy
Lord, teach us how to pray. [fire,

J. S. B. Monsell.

Tallis' Ordinal. [FOURTH TUNE.]

C.M.

T. TALLIS.



WORSHIP.

Jerusalem. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

A. CROIL FALCONER.

600

To pray, about the sixth hour.—ACTS x. 9.

1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care ;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayst be sought ;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea ;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know ;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done ;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

J. Ellerton.

Holy Cross. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

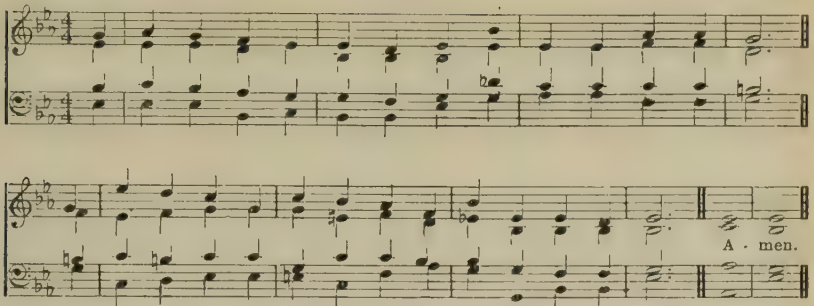
FROM MENDELSSOHN.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

Fingal. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. S. ANDERSON.



From the 'Revised Church Hymnary.' By permission of the Oxford University Press.

601 *The power of the Lord was present
to heal them.—LUKE v. 17.*

- 1 **H**EAL us, Immanuel ! we are here,
Waiting to feel Thy touch ;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess ;
We faintly trust Thy word ;
But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief :
' Lord, I believe,' with tears he cried,
' Oh, help my unbelief !'
- 4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, ' Daughter, go in peace ;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.'
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee, if we may ;
Oh, send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

W. Cowper.

602 *Seek the Lord and His strength ;
seek His face continually.—
1 CHRON. xvi. 11.*

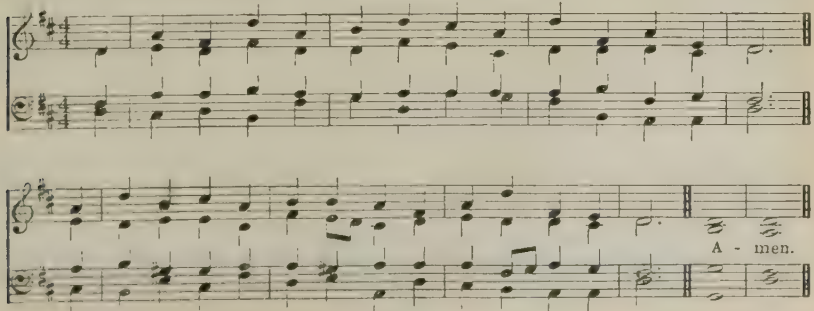
- 1 **T**HERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light,
To bring in prayer to Thee ;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.
- 2 Thou Who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress ;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine ;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.
- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Mrs. Jane Creadson.

London. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

W. CROFT.

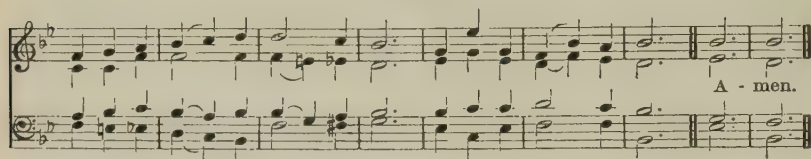
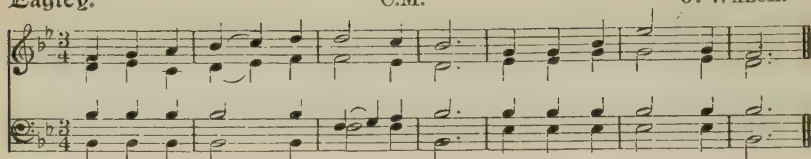


WORSHIP.

Eagley.

C.M.

J. WALCH.



603

Lord, help me!—MATTHEW XV. 25.

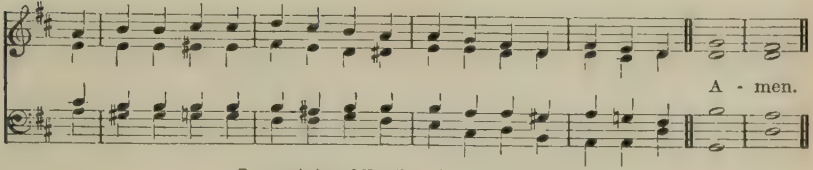
- 1 **O**H, help us, Lord, each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give :
Help us in thought and word and deed
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.
- 4 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat ;—
- 5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this :
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light and life and bliss.
- 6 Oh, help us, Saviour, from on high ;
We know no help but Thee ;
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

H. H. Milman.

Orford. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

J. STAINER.



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604

Ye shall return every man unto his family.—LEVITICUS xxv 10.

1 THOU gracious Power, Whose mercy
lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold,
As in the peaceful days of old.

3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song ?

4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

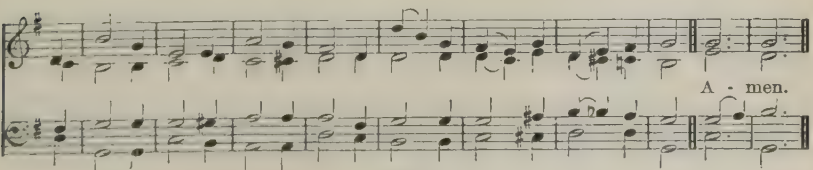
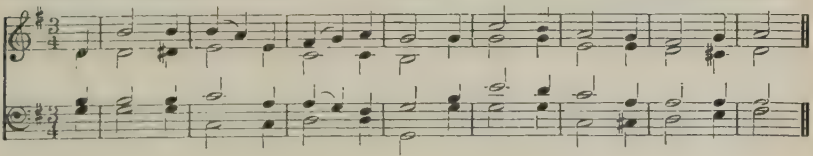
5 We thank Thee, Father ; let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

O. W. Holmes.

Brookfield. [SECOND TUNE].

L.M.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.

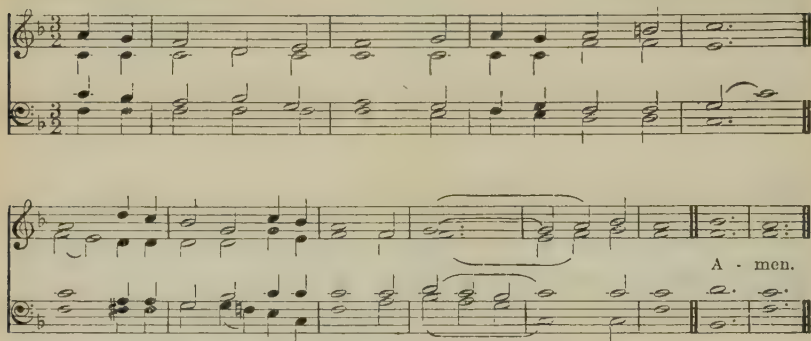


WORSHIP.

Thorntfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.6.8.4.

CHARLES VINCENT.



605

Sorrowing most of all . . . that they should see his face no more.—ACTS xx. 38.

1 **W**ITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go,—
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2 With the good word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.

3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell ;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee,
That the sure promise of Thy truth
Faithful shall be.

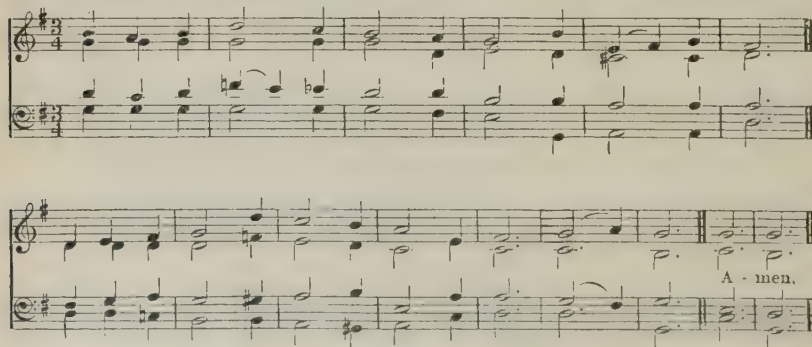
5 And the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting shine,
The shade of absent days light up
With rays Divine.

6 Go then, with peace, and prayer,
And love, and faith, and hope ;
His guardian angels everywhere
Shall bear thee up.

G. Watson.

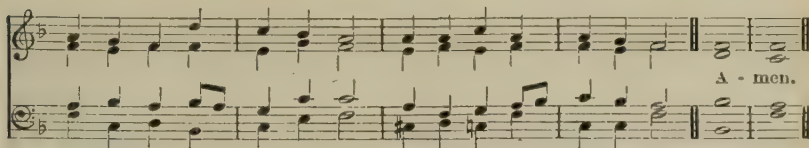
Verbum Pacis. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.6.8.4.

GEORGE LOMAS.



University College. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



606 *Make you perfect in every good work to do His will.*—HEBREWS xiii. 21.

1 NOW may He, Who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton.

607

He is our peace.—EPHESIANS ii. 14.

1 PART in peace! Christ's life was
Let us live our life in Him; [peace;
Part in peace! Christ's death was peace;
Let us die our death in Him.

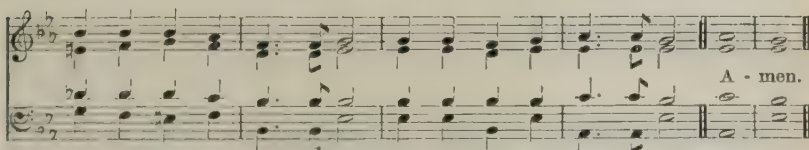
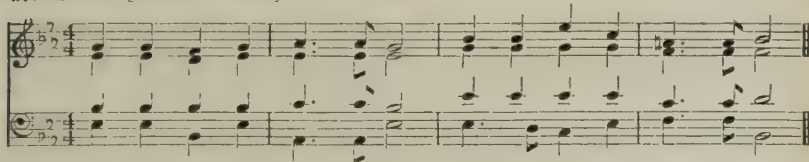
2 Part in peace! Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease;
Holy brethren, part in peace!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Redhead. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

R. REDHEAD.



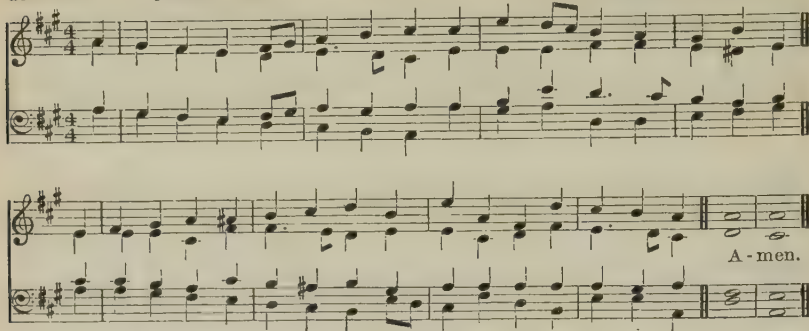
Section 10.

TIMES, SEASONS, AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Rotherfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



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(1) MORNING AND EVENING.

608 *Do all to the glory of God.* —
1 COR. x. 31.

- 1 FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom has assigned
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all Thy works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost secrets see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
given,
And run my even course with joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

C. Wesley.

609 *The Lord will lighten my darkness.* —
2 SAMUEL xxii. 29.

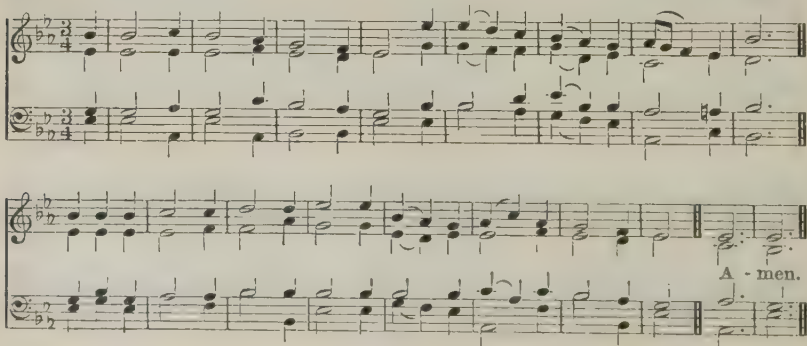
- 1 LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of
As in the dawn the shadows fly, [light;
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
- 2 Fresh hopes have awakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
The kindly hours of sleep restore [more.
Our drooping strength to serve Thee
- 3 Yet, whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in noonday skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.
- 4 O Lord of light, 'tis Thou alone [own:
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine
Oh, then be with us, Lord, that we,
In Thy great day may wake to Thee.
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall
end;
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through heaven's great day of Ever-
more.

F. T. Palgrave.

Luton. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

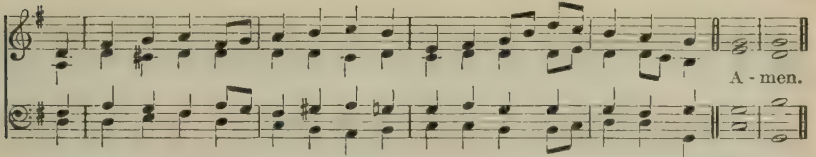
GEORGE BURDER.



Morning Hymn. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

F. BARTHÉLÉMON.



A - men.

610 *Man goeth forth unto his . . .
labour until the evening.—*
PSALM civ. 23.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.
- 3 May I like them in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like them my Maker's will,
And celebrate His glories still.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and
And with Thyself my spirit fill. [will,
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Glory to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Thomas Ken.

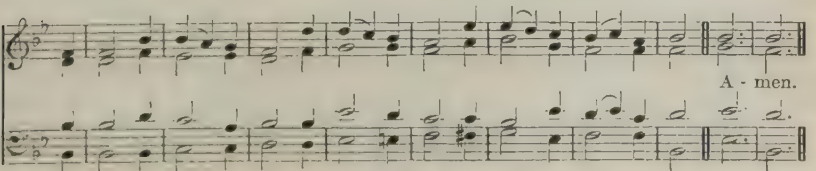
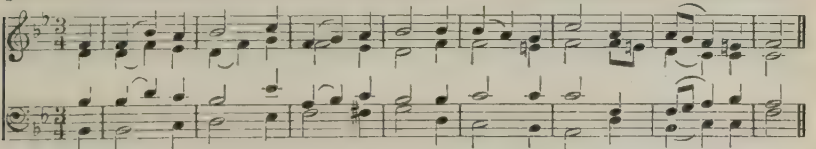
611 *Then spake Jesus . . . saying, I am
the Light of the world.—*
JOHN viii. 12.

- 1 **O** JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's
Thou Fountain of eternal light [face,
Whose beams disperse the shades of
night,
- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Send down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name ;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.
- 4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.
- 5 Oh, hallowed be the approaching day ;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 6 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne ;
Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

Ambrose, tr. J. Chandler.

Fulda (or Walton). [FOURTH TUNE.] L.M.

Gardiner's Sacred Melodies.



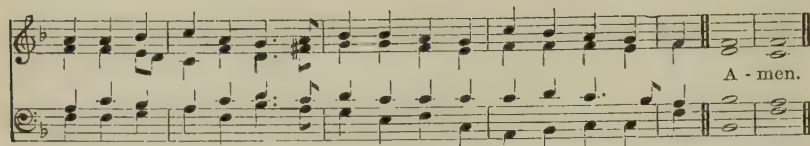
A - men.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Melcombe. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

S. WEBBE.



(For this Tune in Key E flat, see No. 475.)

(See also Tune HURSLEY, No. 622.)

612 *Ye are all the children of light, and . . . of the day.*—1 THESSALONIANS v. 5.

1 **N**EW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely
brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Will dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask :
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

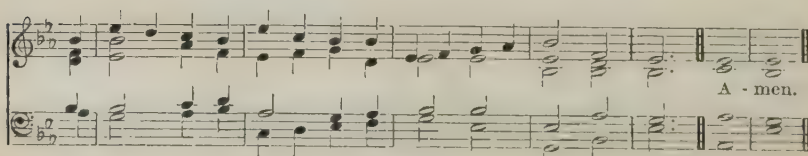
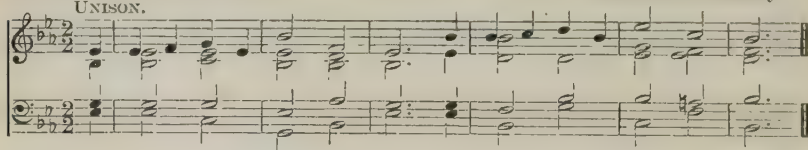
6 Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go,—
The secret this of rest below.

7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.
John Keble.

Solothurn. [SECOND TUNE.]
UNISON.

L.M.

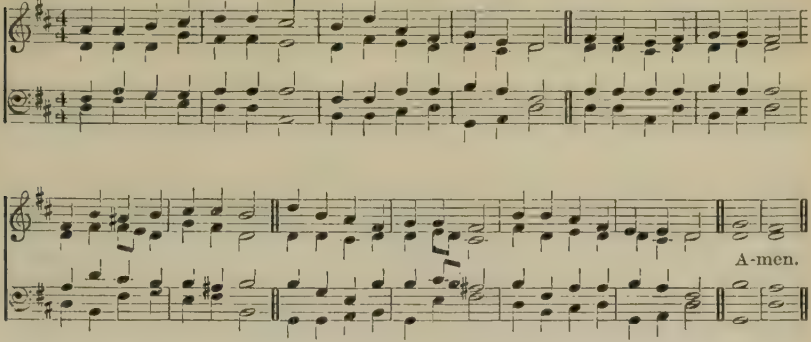
Swiss Traditional Melody.



Ratisbon. [FIRST TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

WERNER'S Choralbuch, 1815.



613

The dayspring from on high.—LUKE i. 78.

1 CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near.
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

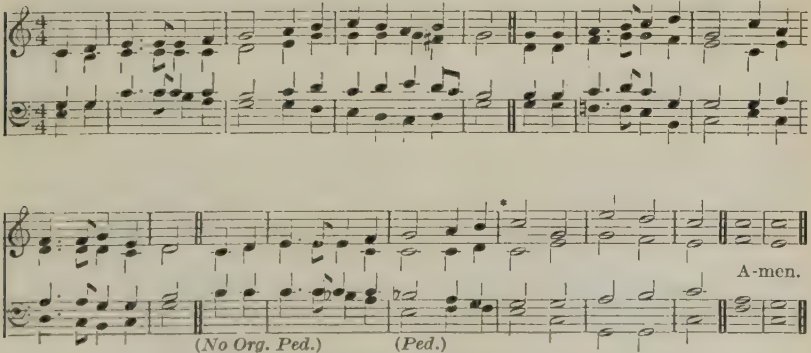
3 Visit then this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy divine ;
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley.

Barmouth. [SECOND TUNE.]

7s., six lines.

WALTER CECIL MACFARREN.



(See also Tune BEKESBOURNE, No. 320.)

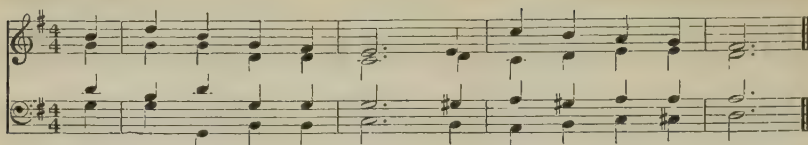
* These four notes may be taken as Crotchets.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Eastnor.

S.M.

A. KING.



614 *In the morning shall my prayer come before Thee.*—PSALM lxxxviii. 13 (R.V.).

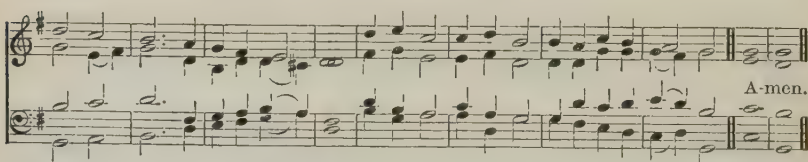
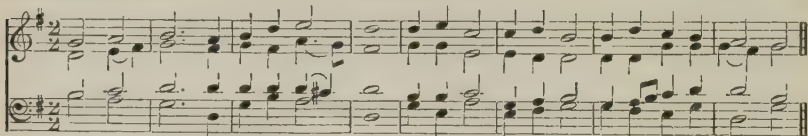
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 BEGIN the day with God ;
 He is the Rising Sun,
 His is the radiance of thy dawn,
 His the fresh day begun.</p> <p>2 Sing a new song at morn ;
 Join the glad woods and hills ;
 Join the fresh winds and seas and plains ;
 Join the bright flowers and rills.</p> <p>3 Awake, cold lips, and sing ;
 Arise, dull heart, and pray ;</p> | <p>Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes ;
 Brush slothfulness away.</p> <p>4 Cast every weight aside ;
 Do battle with each sin ;
 Fight with the faithless world without,
 The faithless heart within.</p> <p>5 Look up beyond these clouds,
 Thither thy pathway lies ;
 Mount up, away, and linger not,
 Thy goal is yonder skies !</p> |
|--|--|

H. Bonar.

Ebeling (Bonn).

8.3.3.6.8.3.3.6.

J. G. EBELING.



615 *All the people came early in the morning to Him.*—LUKE xxi. 38.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker !
 Angels praise ;
 Join thy lays,
 With them be partaker.
 Father, Lord of every spirit,
 In Thy light
 Lead me right,
 Through my Saviour's merit.</p> <p>2 O my Jesus, God Almighty,
 Pray for me,
 Till I see
 Thee in Salem's city.</p> | <p>Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
 Be my Guide,
 Lest my pride
 Shut me out of heaven.</p> <p>3 Thou this night wast my Protector :
 With me stay
 All the day,
 Ever my Director.
 Holy, holy, holy Giver
 Of all good,
 Life and food,
 Reign, adored for ever !</p> |
|---|---|

John Cennick.

(As a four-lined Hymn, see Tune THANET, No. 642.)

Gerontius. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. B. DYKES.

(See also Tune HOLY TRINITY, No. 127.)

616 *The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.*
—ISAIAH lx. 19.

1 **N**OW that the sun is gleaming bright.
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue.
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favour end.

Ambrose (?), tr. J. H. Newman.

617 *Quicken me after Thy loving kindness.*—PSALM cxix. 88.

1 **O** LORD of life, Thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song ;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to Thee belong.

2 I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind ;
Earth is Thy uttered word ;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy presence is, my Lord.

3 Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee ;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

4 Lord, let me live and act this day,
Still rising from the dead ;
Lord, make my spirit good and gay—
Give me my daily bread.

5 Within my heart speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
Till comes the night, and, labour done,
In Thee I fall asleep.

George Macdonald.

Tottenbam. [SECOND TUNE.]

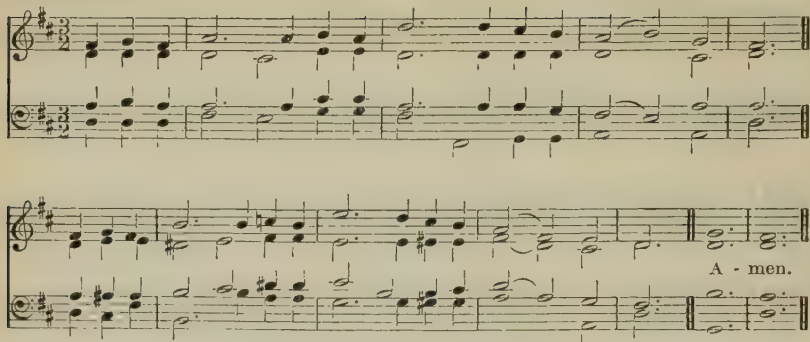
C.M.

T. GREATOREX.

Bracondale.

4.4.6.4.4.6.

JOSIAH BOOTH.



618

I myself will awake right early.—PSALM lvii. 8 (R.V.).

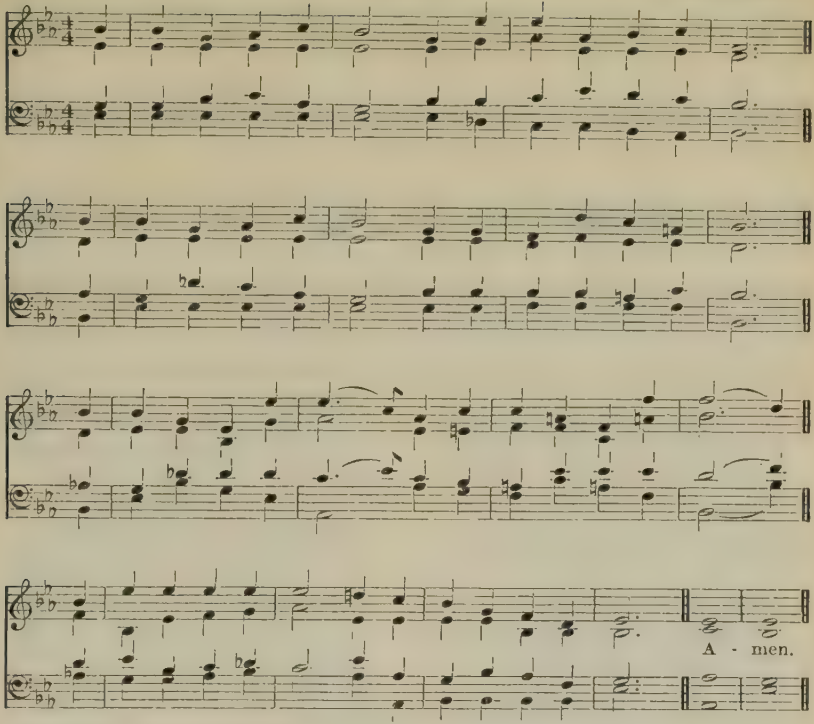
- 1 **M**Y soul, awake !
Thy rest forsake,
And greet the morning light
With song arise—
Glad sacrifice
For mercies of the night.
- 2 With courage drest,
Strong-hearted, blest,
Fulfil thy work abroad,
Fearless and true,
Thy way pursue,
A happy child of God.
- 3 Amid the strife
Of daily life,
Amid its noontide heat,
Fear not to miss
Thy secret bliss,
The rest of sonship sweet.
- 4 In liberty
Of holy glee,
Accept thy childhood's part ;
And thou shalt find,
By faith enshrined,
The Father in thy heart.
- 5 O blessed rest,
With such a Guest
Life's duty grows divine
Dross becomes gold,
And, as of old,
The water turns to wine.
- 6 Eternal praise
To Thee we raise,
Who deign'st with men to dwell
Great Word of God,
Jehovah ! Lord !
Adored Immanuel !

Jane E. Livock.

Lancashire.

7.6., eight lines.

H. SMART.

619 *Evening and morning . . . will I pray and cry aloud.—PSALM IV. 17.*

1 TO Thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting springs;
Rejoicing in Thy favour,
Almighty King of kings,
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all the saints above,
And tell the pleasing story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication
Well pleased Thou shalt hear;
Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
I'll pass the dangerous road,
By heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to Thy bright abode;
There cast my crown before Thee,
When all my woes are o'er,
And day and night adore Thee,
Rejoicing evermore.

Thomas Haweis.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Tallis' Canon. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

T. TALLIS.

A - men.

620 *Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.—PROV. iii. 24.*

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

621 *The true light which lighteth every man.—JOHN i. 9.*

- 1 LIGHT of Life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear;
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.
- 2 Off from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.
- 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and path and all in Thee.
- 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near,
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him through time, till time shall end,
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

F. T. Palgrave.

Keble. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

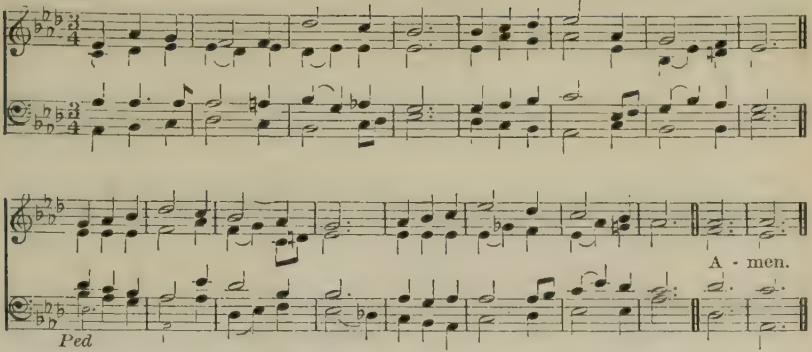
J. B. DYKES.

A - men.

Abends. [THIRD TUNE.]

L.M.

H. S. OAKELEY.



622

Even the night shall be light about me.—PSALM cxxxix. 11.

1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

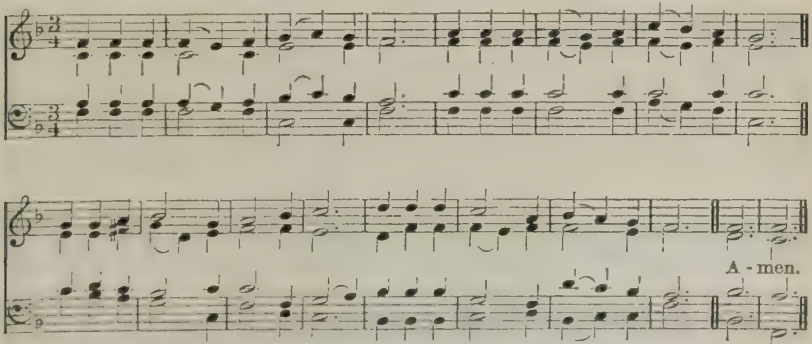
6 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

7 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble.

Bursley. [FOURTH TUNE.]

L.M.

Katholisches Gesangbuch,
Vienna, c. 1775.

(See also Tune WHITBURN, No. 375.)

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Belmont. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies.

(See also Tune TUDOR, No. 259, or ST. MARGUERITE, No. 445.)

623 *That maketh . . . the day dark with night.*—AMOS v. 8.

- 1 **A**S darker, darker fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the eternal Light.
- 2 Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.
- 3 We pray Thee for all absent friends,
Who have been with us here ;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.
- 4 For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of love.
- 5 We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, Thou Who lovest all
Wilt hear us when we pray.

Hymn of Calabrian Shepherds.

624 *They told Him all things whatsoever they had done.*—MARK vi. 30 (R.V.).

- 1 **T**HE twilight falls, the night is near ;
We fold our work away,
And kneel to One Who bends to hear
The story of the day.
- 2 The old, old story ; yet we kneel
To tell it at Thy call ;
And cares grow lighter as we feel
That Jesus knows them all.
- 3 Knows all ; the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The mountain track, the valley bright,
The hourly thorn and cross ;—
- 4 Thou knowest all : we bend our head,
Our wearied eyelids close ;
Content and glad awhile to tread
The path, since Jesus knows.
- 5 And He has loved us : all our heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguish, pain, and smart,
Find healing in that word.
- 6 We homeward go to love and rest,
When nightly shadows fall ;
And lean confiding on His breast
Who knows and pities all.

Anon. Cheever's American Poetry. 1831.

Twilight. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

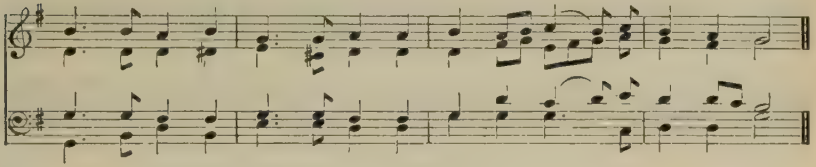
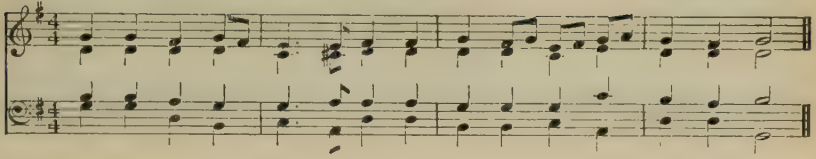
Anon.

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Florence.

8.7., eight lines.

Italian Melody.



625

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—PSALM xci. 10.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal :
 Sin and want we come confessing ;
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

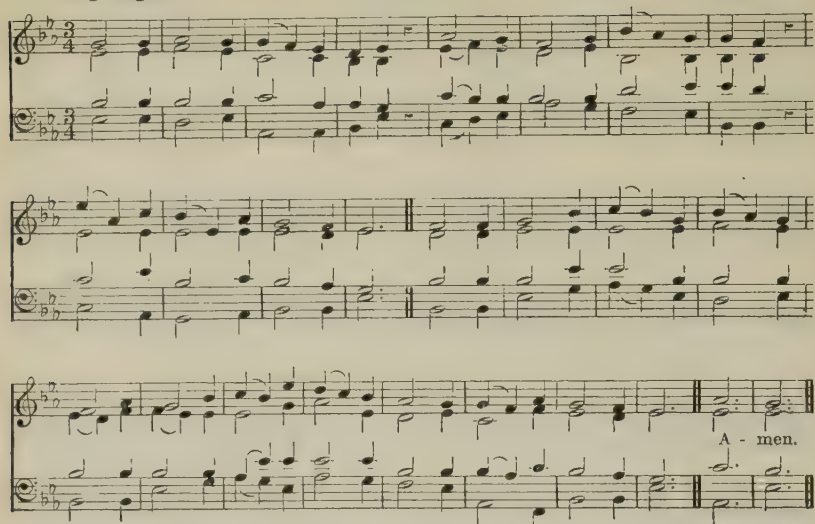
2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee :
 Thou art He, Who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

Evening Hymn.

887.887.

W. JACKSON.



626

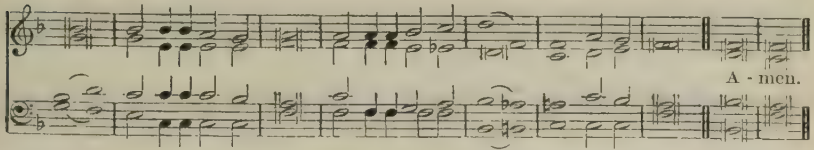
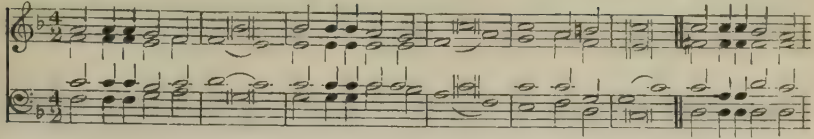
Deliver us from evil.—LUKE xi. 4.

- 1 **F**ATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
 May our evening song be telling
 Of Thy mercy large and free ;
 Through the day Thy love hath fed us,
 Through the day Thy care hath led us,
 With divinest charity.
- 2 This day's sins, oh, pardon, Saviour,
 Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
 Envy, pride, and vanity ;
 From the world, the flesh, deliver,
 Save us now, and save us ever,
 O Thou Lamb of Calvary !
- 3 From enticements of the devil,
 From the might of spirits evil,
 Be our shield and panoply :
 Let Thy power this night defend us,
 And a heavenly peace attend us,
 And angelic company.
- 4 While the night-dews are distilling,
 Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
 With Thine own serenity :
 Softly let our eyes be closing,
 Loving souls on Thee reposing,
 Ever blessed Trinity.

George Rawson.

Kirby Bedon. [FIRST TUNE.] 664.6664.

E. BUNNETT.



627

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.—NUMBERS vi. 24.

1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might :
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night.

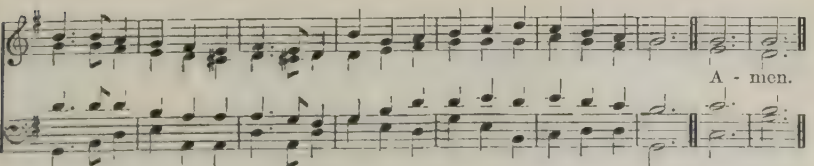
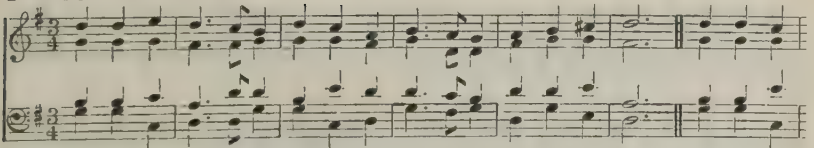
2 Jesus, Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite :
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe ;
Bless us to-night.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light
Heal every inward smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart ;
Bless us to-night.

George Rawson.

Philippi. [SECOND TUNE.] 664.6664.

JOHANN G. EBELING.

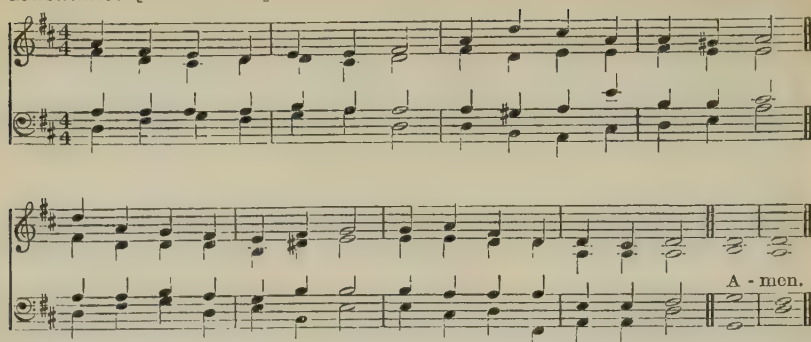


TIMES AND SEASONS.

Buckland. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

L. G. HAYNE.



628

The Lord make His face shine upon thee.—NUMBERS vi. 25.

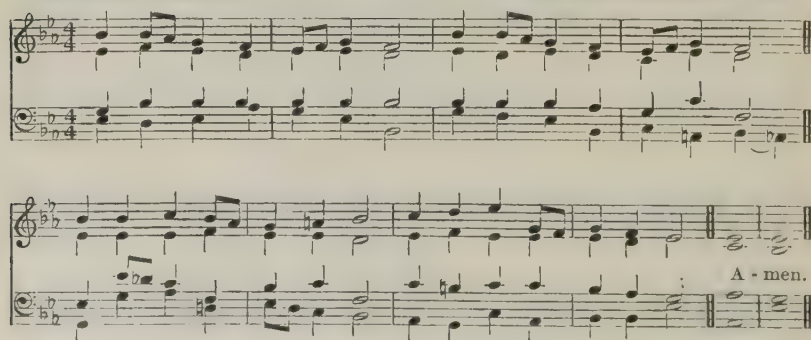
- 1 GOD the Father, be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night,
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our light.
- 2 God the Saviour, be our peace,
Take away our sins to-night,
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.
- 3 Holy Spirit, deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night,
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkness shall be light.
- 4 Holy Trinity, be nigh ;
Mystery of love adored,
Help to live, and help to die ;
Lighten all our darkness, Lord.

George Rawson.

Savannah. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

J. WESLEY'S
'Foundery Collection,' 1742.



St. Asaph.

12.11.12.11.

A. H. MANN.

By permission.

629

The offering of the evening sacrifice.—1 KINGS xviii. 36.

1.

HOW calmly the evening once more is descending,
 As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer ;
 O wing of the Lord, in thy shelter befriending,
 May we and our households continue to share !

2.

The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open ;
 Oh, enter, my soul, at the glorious gates ;
 The silence and smile of His love are the token,
 Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

3.

We come to be soothed with His merciful healing,
 The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day ;
 We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,
 With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

4.

Lord, save us from folly ; be with us in sorrow ;
 Sustain us in work till the time of our rest ;
 When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow
 Dawn on us, of homes long expected possessed.

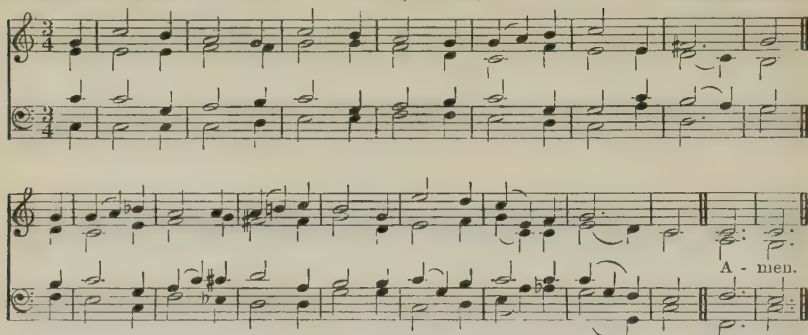
T. T. Lynch.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Montrose. [FIRST TUNE.]

447.87 (Iambic).

E. BUNNETT.



630

The morning cometh.—ISAIAH xxi. 12.

1 THE day departs ;
Our souls and hearts
Long for that better morrow,
When Christ shall set His people free
From every care and sorrow.

2 The sunshine bright
Is lost in night ;
O Lord, Thyself unveiling,
Shine on our souls with beams of love,
All darkness there dispelling.

3 Be Thou still nigh,
With sleepless eye,
While all around are sleeping ;
And angel-guards at Thy command,
Afar all danger keeping.

4 The land above,
Of peace and love,
No earthly beams need brighten ;
For all its borders Christ Himself
Doth with His glory lighten.

5 May we be there,
That joy to share,
Glad Hallelujahs singing ;
With all the ransomed evermore
Our joyful praises bringing.

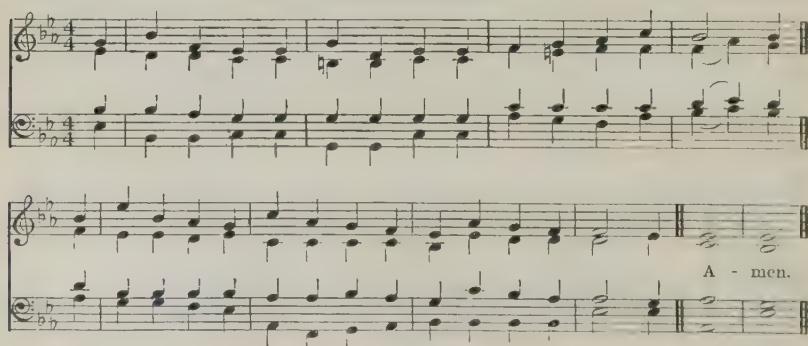
6 Lord Jesus, Thou
Our Refuge now,
Forsake Thy servants never ;
Uphold and guide, that we may stand
Before Thy throne for ever.

J. A. Freylinghausen, tr. H. L. L.

Derivale. [SECOND TUNE.]

447.87 (Iambic).

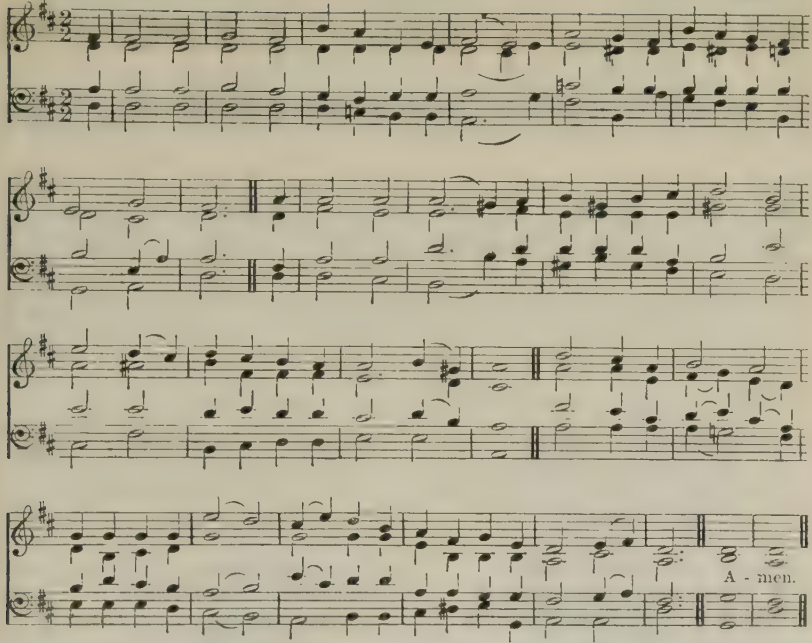
C. E. KETTLE.



Nachtlied.

10s., six lines.

HENRY SMART.



631

Then shall thy . . . darkness be as the noonday.—ISAIAH lviii. 10.

- 1 **T**HE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows ;
O brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now ;
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be ;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend ;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide ;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail ;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, ' Fear not, for it is I.'
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

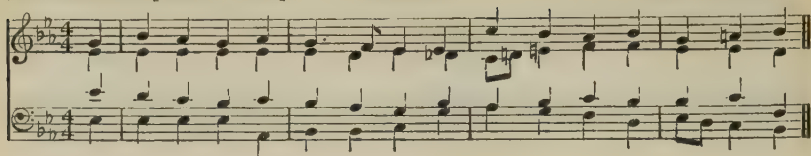
C. Wordsworth.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

St. Gabriel. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

F. A. GORE OUSELEY.



632

He that keepeth thee will not slumber.—PSALM cxxi. 3.

1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden
The shadows of departing day [store ;
Creep on once more.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
Help us to look to that bright place,
Beyond the sky,

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past !
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
Safe home at last.

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;

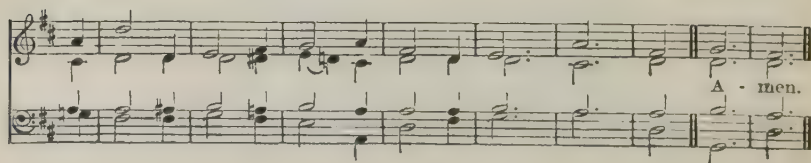
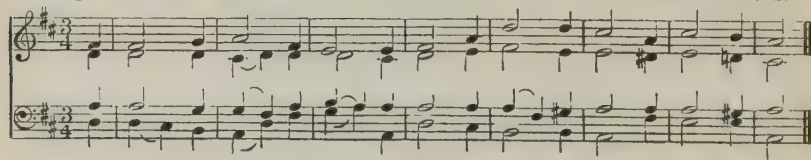
5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall ;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

G. Thring.

Southport. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

GEORGE LOMAS.



Thorb. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.4.6.6.

HENRY SMART.

A - men.

633

At the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice . . . and gave up the ghost.—MARK xv. 34, 37.

1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In Whom all spirits live ;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me,

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine ;
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine !
Latin Hymn, tr. E. Caswall.

Thobart. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.4.6.6.

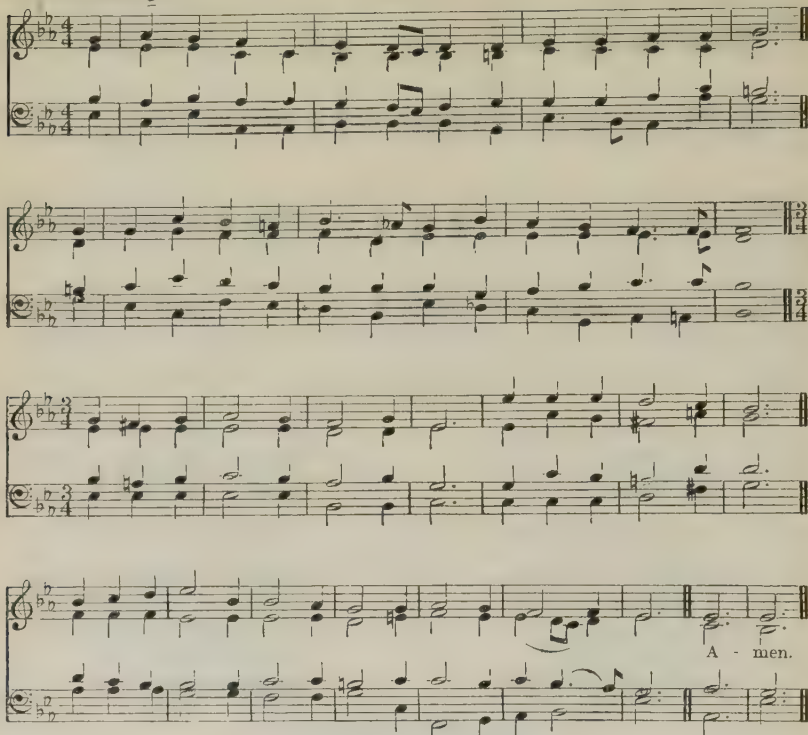
GEORGE WAINWRIGHT.

A - men.

Castle Rising.

C.M. D.

F. A. J. HERVEY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

(See also TUNE AURORA, No. 264.)

634

The things which are not seen are eternal.—2 CORINTHIANS iv. 18.

1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away !
 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
 Oh, for the golden floor,
 Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
 That setteth nevermore !

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint !
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint !
 Oh, for a heart that never sins,
 Oh, for a soul washed white,
 Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night !

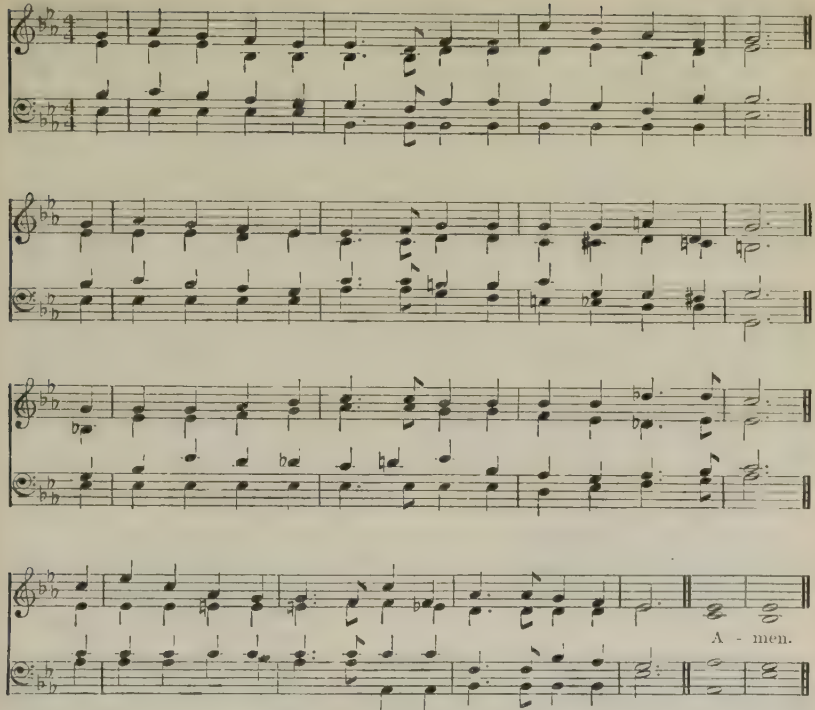
3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope
 And grace to lead us higher ;
 But there are perfectness and peace
 Beyond our best desire :
 Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
 And by Thy life laid down,
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown !

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Selwyn.

C.M. D.

J. TILLEARD.



(See also Tutie St. LEONARD'S, No. 290.)

635

Now the eventide was come.—MARK xi. 11.

1 THE shadows of the evening hours
 Fall from the darkening sky ;
 Upon the fragrance of the flowers
 The dews of evening lie :
 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
 We kneel at close of day ;
 Look on Thy children from on high,
 And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
 Oh, do not Thou despise,
 But let the incense of our prayers
 Before Thy mercy rise :
 The brightness of the coming night
 Upon the darkness rolls ;
 With hopes of future glory chase
 The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
 So fade within our heart
 The hopes of earthly love and joy
 That one by one depart :
 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
 Within the heavens shine ;
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
 And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord.—Thy peace, O God,—
 Upon our souls descend ;
 From midnight fears and perils, Thou
 Our trembling hearts defend :
 Give us a respite from our toil ;
 Calm and subdue our woes ;
 Through the long day we labour, Lord
 Oh, give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Rutfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

84.84.8884.

W. H. MONK.

636

Thou makest darkness, and it is night.—PSALM civ. 20.

1 (G) OD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

R. Heber and R. Whately.

Ar hyd y nos. [SECOND TUNE.]

84.84.8884.

Welsh Traditional Melody.

(See also Tune SOUTHGATE, No. 337.)

Requiem. [FIRST TUNE.]

87.87.77.

W. SCHULTHES.

Org.

A - men.

637

And Thy faithfulness every night.—PSALM xcli. 2.

1 **T**HROUGH the day Thy love hath
spared us ;
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose :
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

T. Kelly.

Evensong. [SECOND TUNE.]

87.87.77.

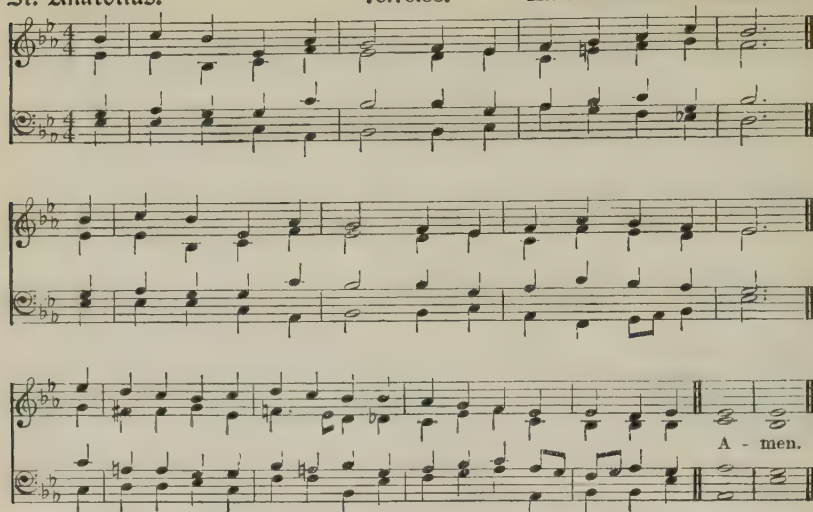
J. SUMMERS.

A - men.

St. Anatolius.

76.76.88.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



By permission of the Oxford University Press.

638

The night also is Thine.—PSALM lxxiv. 16.

1 **T**HE day is past and over :
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
 We pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
 And guard us through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over :
 We lift our hearts to Thee ;
 And ask Thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
 And guard us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over :
 We raise the hymn to Thee ;
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be,
 O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
 And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be Thou our souls' Preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which we have to go.
 Lover of men, oh, hear our call,
 And guard and save us from them all.

Greek After-Supper Service, tr. J. M. Neale.

Sennen.

7.7.7.7.4. with Refrain.

W. F. SHERWIN.

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts; Heav'n and earth are
full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most High! A - men.

639

The stars for a light by night.—JEREMIAH xxxi. 35.

- 1 DAY is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts;
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most High.*

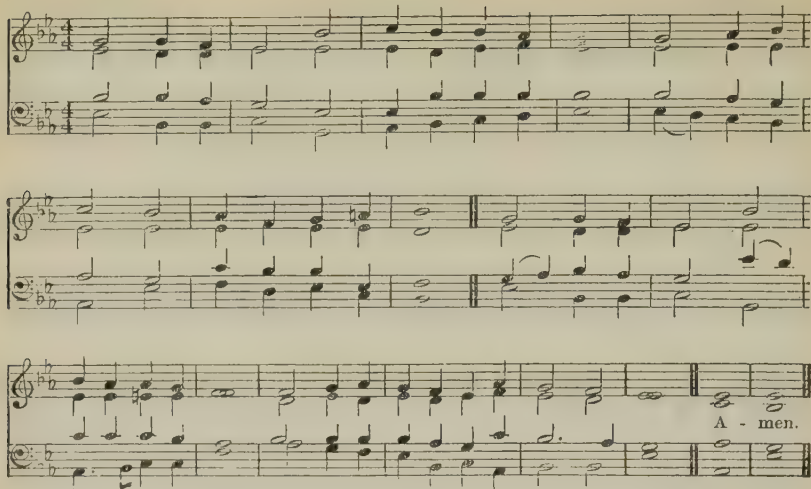
- 2 Lord of Life, beneath the dome
Of the universe Thy home,
Gather us, who seek Thy face,
To the fold of Thy embrace;
For Thou art nigh.
- 3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of love enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.
- 4 When for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morn arise,
And shadows end.

Mary A. Lathbury.

Eventide.

10.10.10.10.

W. H. MONK.



640

Abide with us, for it is toward evening.—LUKE xxiv. 29.

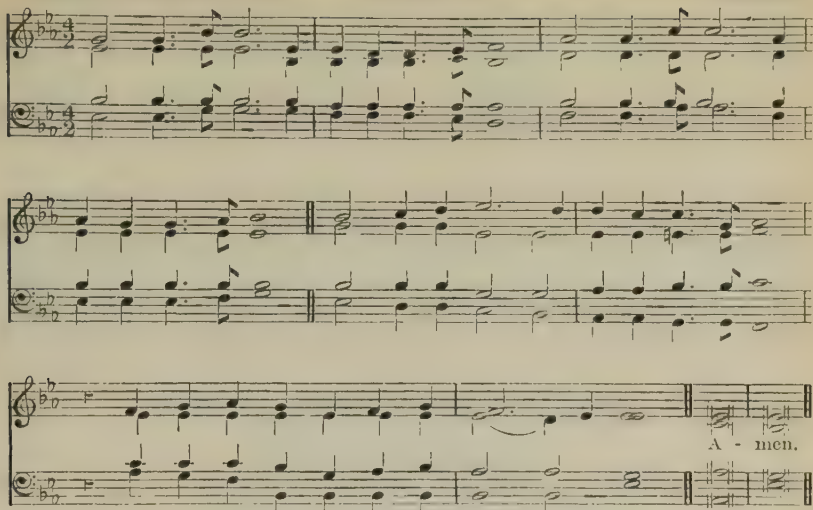
- 1 **A**BIDE with me : fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see :
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- 5 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me.
- 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave thy victory ?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.
- 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

H. F. Lyle.

The Supreme Sacrifice.

10.10.10.10.

C. HARRIS.



(See also Tune EVENTIDE (Pope), No. 309.)

641

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

—PSALM lxxv. 8.

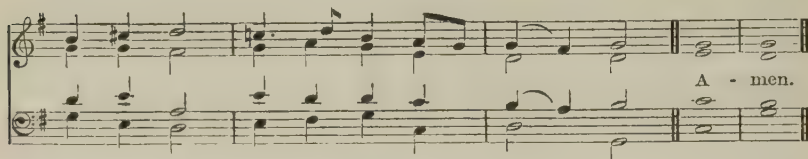
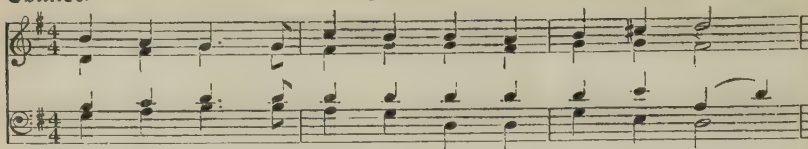
- 1 **O** LORD, Who by Thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.
- 2 Oh, speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord ;
Thy blessing is endued with soothing power ;
On the poor heart worn out with toil, Thy word
Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.
- 3 How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead !
But if Thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed ;
- 4 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast ;
If Thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.
- 5 Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my Guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din ;
Oh, come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin.
- 6 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in my bosom from the day just past,
And let me on a Father's loving heart
Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at last.

C. J. P. Spitta, tr. R. Massie.

Thanet.

8.3.3.6.

JOSEPH JOWETT.



642

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil.—PSALM cxxi. 7.

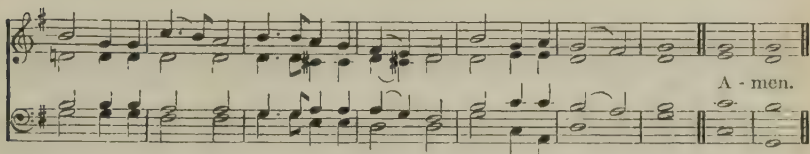
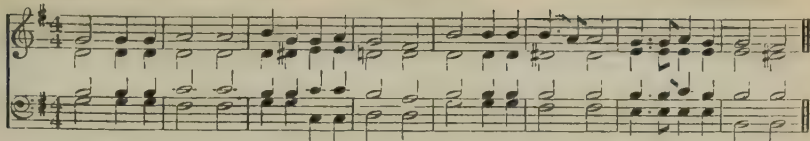
- 1 **E**RE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.
- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?
- 3 Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way,
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.
- 4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.
- 5 Visit me with Thy salvation,
Let Thy care
Now be near
Round my habitation.
- 6 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.
- 7 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

J. Cennick.

Integer vitæ. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.11.11.5.

FLEMMING.



A - men.

643

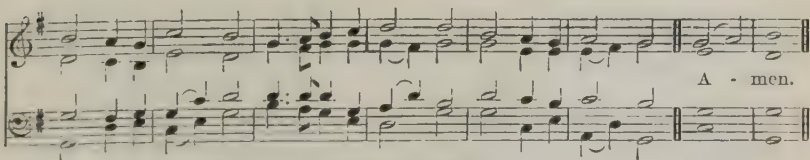
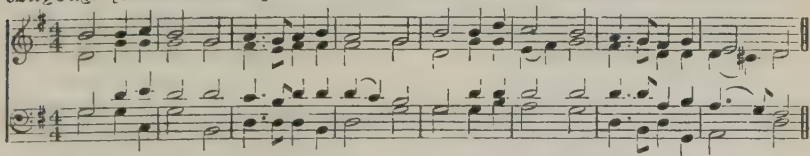
Thoughts from the visions of the night.—JOB iv. 13.

- 1 NOW God be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,
For He will shield us.
- 2 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us ;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us ;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing,
Thy praise pursuing.
- 3 As Thy belovèd, soothe the sick, and weeping ;
And bid the sufferer lose his griefs in sleeping ;
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.
- 4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, Who Thine own hast made us ;
But Thy dear presence will not leave us lonely
Who seek Thee only.
- 5 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven ;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

From P. Herbert, tr. C. Winkworth.

Bayeux. [SECOND TUNE.]

11.11.11.5.

Old Bayeux Melody.
Harmonized for this work.

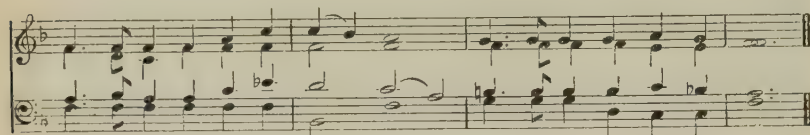
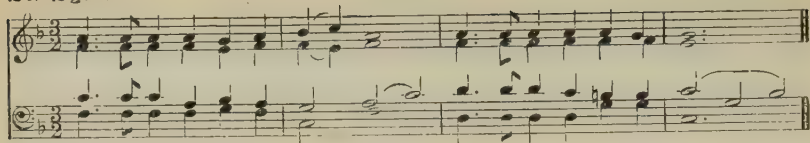
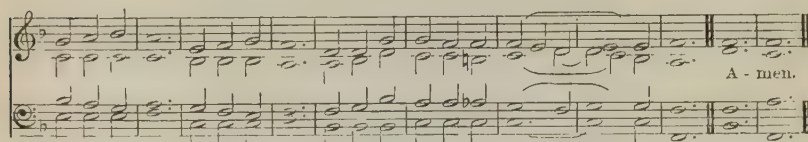
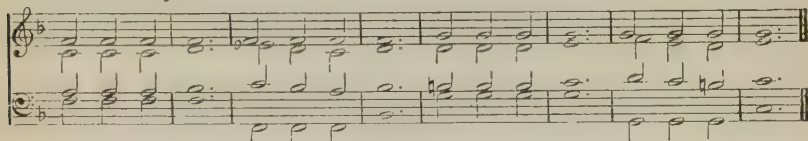
A - men.

Harmony Copyright.

St. Sylvester.

Irregular.

J. B. DYKES.

*For verse 7 only.*

(2) THE NEW YEAR AND ANNIVERSARIES.

New Year's Eve—'Watch Night.'

644

Whence camest thou, and whither wilt thou go.—GENESIS xvi. 8.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
 Blend the living with the dead :
 Soon will you and I be lying
 Each within our narrow bed</p> <p>2 Soon our souls to God Who gave them
 Will have sped their rapid flight ;
 Able now by grace to save them,
 Oh, that, while we can, we might !</p> <p>3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
 Maker of this mighty frame,
 Teach, oh, teach us to remember
 What we are, and whence we came,</p> <p>4 Whence we came, and whither wending ;
 So that by Thy mercy, we
 May at last, in life unending,
 Find our perfect rest with Thee.</p> | <p>5 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
 Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice ;
 Wake, oh wake each idle dreamer
 Now to make the eternal choice.</p> <p>6 Soon before the Judge all glorious
 We with all the dead shall stand ;
 Saviour, over death victorious,
 Place us then at Thy right hand.</p> <p>7 Life passeth soon ;
 Death draweth near :
 Keep us, good Lord,
 Till Thou appear,—
 With Thee to live,
 With Thee to die,
 With Thee to reign through eternity.</p> |
|--|--|

E. Caswall.

Allein Gott.

87.87.887.

From Easter Gloria, 1524.

Arr. by MENDELSSOHN.

(See also LUTHER'S HYMN, No. 12.)

645 *Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.*—PSALM xc. 1.

1 **A** CROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting :
We come to Thee, the Life and Light,
In soleran worship meeting :
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

2 Before the cross subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing ;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing ;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 We gather up in this brief hour
The memory of Thy mercies ;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power
Our grateful song rehearses ;
For Thou hast been our strength and
In many a dark and dreary day [stay
Of sorrow and reverses.

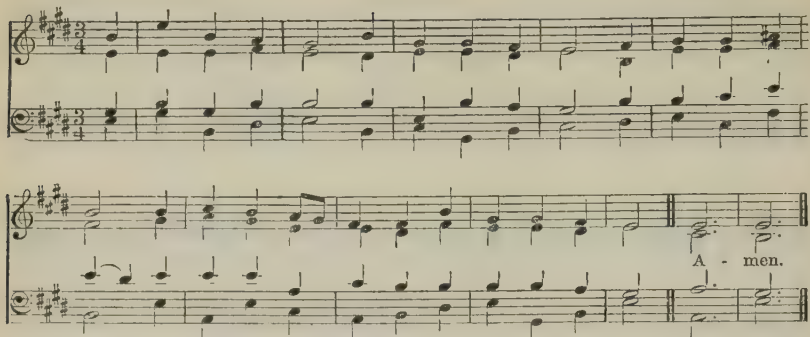
4 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us ;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all peril, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

J. Hamilton.

Ringland.

5.5.5.11.

'Harmonia Sacra,' 1750.



646

He thanked God, and took courage.—ACTS xxviii. 15.

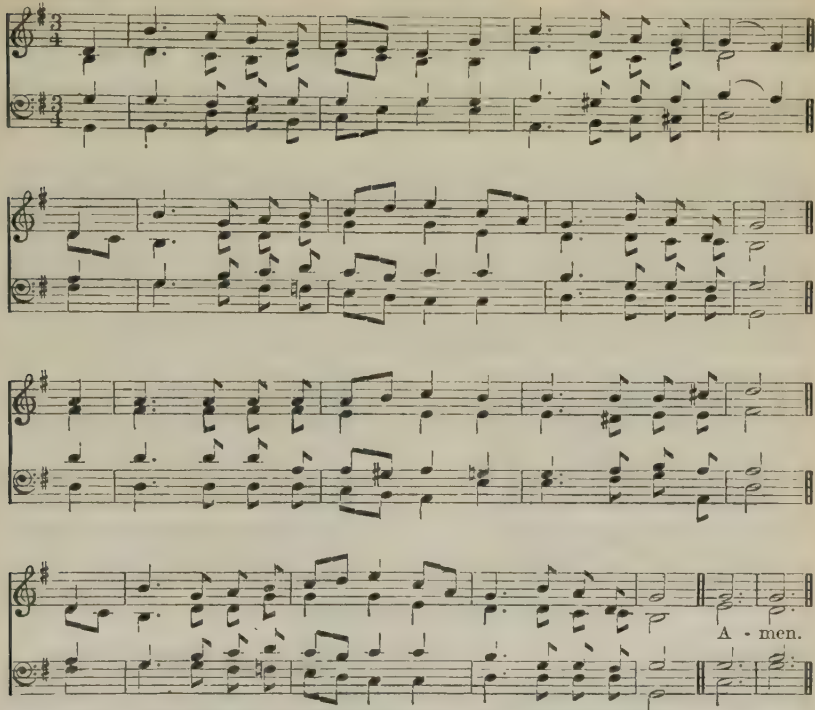
- 1 **C**OME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear.
- 2 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 3 Our life is a dream ;
 Our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 5 Oh, that each in the day
 Of His coming may say,
 ' I have fought my way through,
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do.'
- 6 Oh, that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 ' Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne.'

C. Wesley.

Dedham (or Petition).

7.6., eight lines.

From HAYDN.



(See also Tunes CRÜGER, No. 521, and ST. EWEN, No. 522.)

647

Ye have not passed this way heretofore.—JOSHUA iii. 4.

1 **S**TILL on the homeward journey
 Across the desert plain,
 Beside another landmark,
 We pilgrims meet again ;
 We meet in cloud and sunshine
 Beneath a changeful sky,
 With calm and storm before us,
 As in the days gone by.

2 We meet with loving greetings,
 Fond wishes from the heart,
 As brothers often parted,
 And soon again to part :
 With tender recollections,
 With many a gentle tear
 We meet, for some are wanting ;
 All loved ones are not here.

3 Safe in the home of Jesus,
 With Him for ever blest,
 How glorious is their portion,
 How undisturbed their rest :
 How gladly will they greet us,
 When, all our journey past,
 We reach the better country,
 The Father's house, at last !

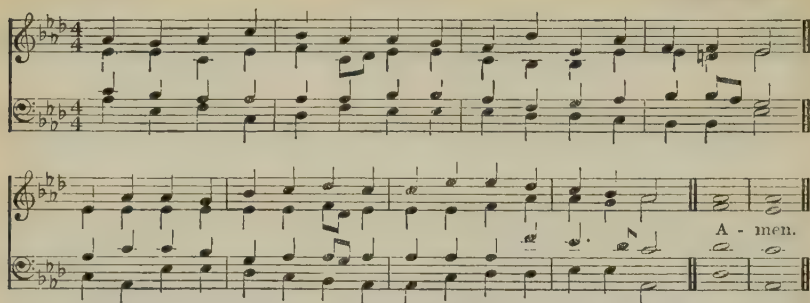
4 Thus round the silent landmark,
 Here on the desert plain,
 We pilgrims meet together
 With loving hearts again :
 The storm may gather round us
 But Christ has gone before ;
 We follow in His footsteps,
 And doubt and fear no more.

Jane Borthwick.

Laus Deo.

8.7.8.7.

R. REDHEAD.



648 *This God is our God for ever and ever ; He will be our Guide even unto death.*—PSALM xlviii. 14.

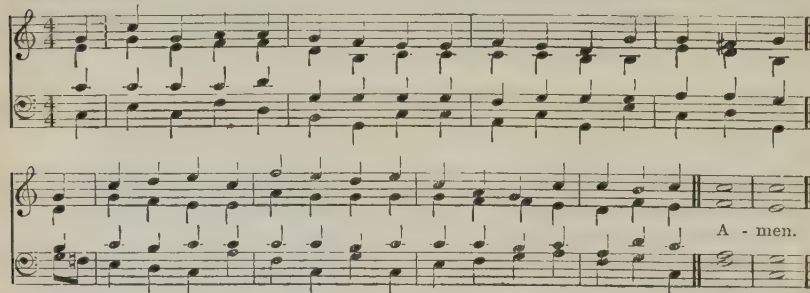
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blessed us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise,—</p> <p>2 Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above,
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.</p> <p>3 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.</p> | <p>4 With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.</p> <p>5 Every day will be the brighter
When Thy gracious face we see ;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.</p> <p>6 Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us ;
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till the glory breaks before us,
Through the City's open gate.</p> |
|--|--|

J. D. Burns.

(As eight-lined Hymn see Tune CORINTH, No. 425.)

Winchester.

L.M. 'Musikalisches Handbuch,' 1690.



649 *Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.*—ACTS xxvi. 22.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year Thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till its close.</p> <p>2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.</p> | <p>3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.</p> <p>4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy and Thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.</p> |
|---|--|

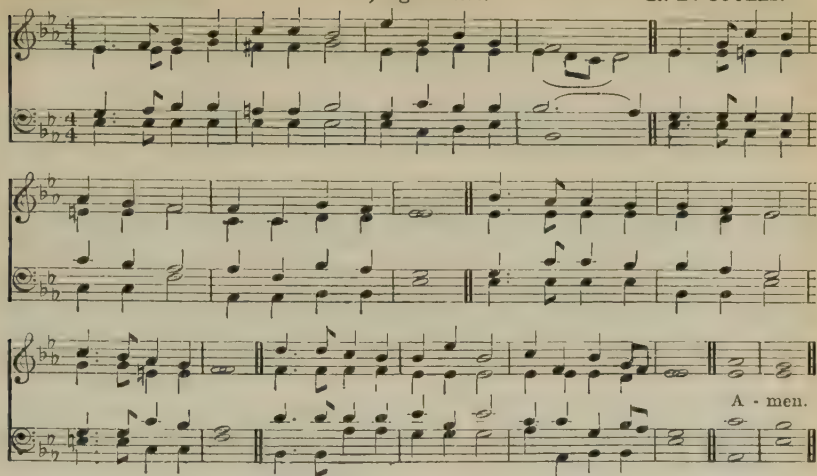
5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper God, in Whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

P. Doddridge.

Dedicatio Anni.

7.5., eight lines.

R. F. COULES.



650

I will glorify Thy Name.—PSALM lxxxvi. 12.

- 1 **F**ATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wouldst have me be ;
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim ;
This alone shall be my prayer,
'Glorify Thy Name.'
- 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live ?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give ?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim ;
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.
- 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine,
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim ;
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.
- 4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home :
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
'Glorify Thy Name.'

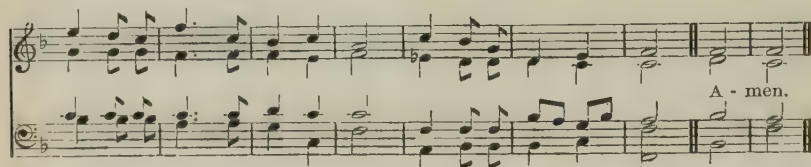
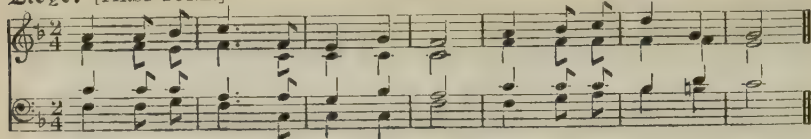
L. Tuttle.

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Lloyd. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

CUTHBERT HOWARD.



651 *I will be with thee ; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.*—JOSHUA i. 5.

- 1 **B**REAK, new-born year, on glad eyes break.
Melodious voices move ;
On, rolling Time ! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.
- 2 The parted year had winged feet ;
The Saviour still doth stay ;
The New Year comes ; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.
- 3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er ;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams :
Our sins are swelling evermore :
But pardoning grace still streams.
- 4 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight ;
Oh, make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright :
- 5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou shouldst take us home.
- 6 Oh, golden then the hours must be ;
The year must needs be sweet ;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. Gill.

652 *Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare.*
—ISAIAH xlii. 9.

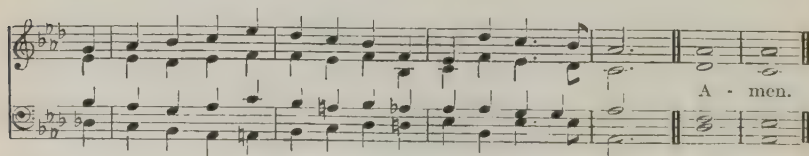
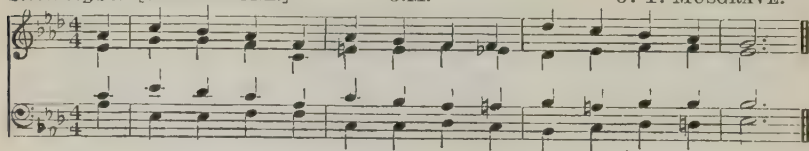
- 1 **T**HE New Year, Lord, we welcome make
With gladsome heart and tongue ;
The newness of the gift doth wake
The gladness of the song.
- 2 We look for things unseen before ;
We hope for joys unknown ;
But Thou canst on this New Year pour
A newness all Thine own.
- 3 Grant us new beams of Thine to see,
New steps of Thine to trace,
New visions of Thy majesty,
New visits of Thy grace.
- 4 Help us new peaks of truth to climb,
To win new realms of lore,
Each depth divine, each height sublime
More amply to explore.
- 5 Augment our skill this lore divine
Without, within, to read,
And let this year in joy divine
Each earlier year exceed.
- 6 May grace those sweet surprises lend
That bring our God more near,
And novelties divine commend
The newness of the year.

T. H. Gill.

Allwright. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.

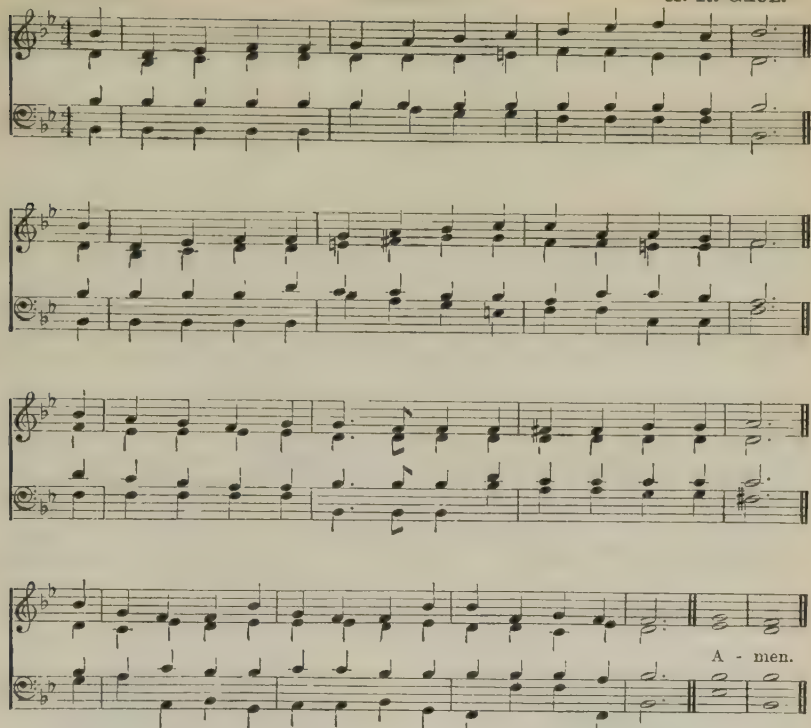


(See also Tune ST. SAVIOUR, No. 79.)

Filius Dei.

C.M.D.

A. R. GAUL.



653 *But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love.—1 THESSALONIANS V. 8.*

1 **T**HE old year's long campaign is o'er ;

Behold a new begun ;

Not yet is closed the holy war,

Not yet the triumph won :

Out of its still and deep repose

We hear the old year say,

'Go forth again to meet your foes,

Ye children of the day.'

2 'Go forth, firm faith in every heart,

Bright hope on every helm,

Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,

And this no fear o'erwhelm :

Go in the spirit and the might

Of Him Who led the way ;

Close with the legions of the night,

Ye children of the day.'

3 So forth we go to meet the strife,

We will not fear nor fly ;

We love the holy warrior's life,

His death we hope to die :

We slumber not, that charge in view,

'Toil on, while toil ye may,

Then night shall be no night to you,

Ye children of the day.'

4 Lord God, our Glory, Three in One.

Thine own sustain, defend ;

And give, though dim this earthly sun,

Thy true light to the end,

Till morning tread the darkness down,

And night be swept away,

And never-ending triumph crown

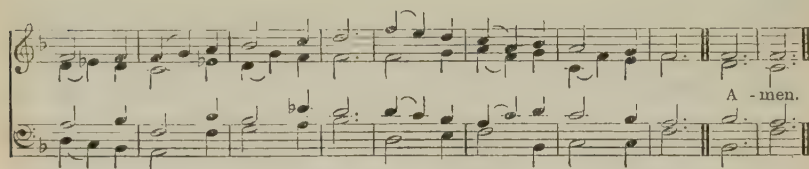
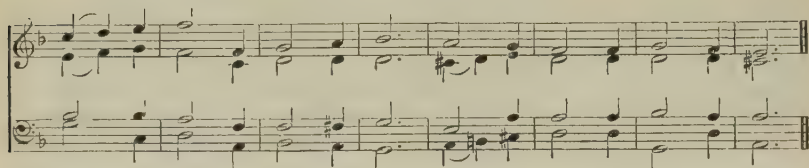
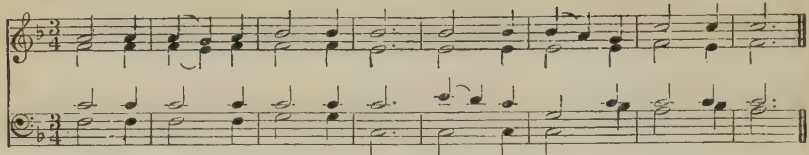
The children of the day.

S. J. Stone.

Asbburton.

7s., six lines.

R. JACKSON.



654

Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life.—

MATTHEW vii. 14.

1 **L**ORD, Thy children guide and keep,
 As with feeble steps they press
 On the pathway rough and steep,
 Through this weary wilderness :
 Holy Jesus, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are stony ways to tread ;
 Give the strength we sorely lack :
 There are tangled paths to thread ;
 Light us, lest we miss the track :
 Holy Jesus, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are sandy wastes that lie
 Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
 Where the feeble faint and die ;
 Grant us grace to persevere :
 Holy Jesus, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flowery glades
 Decked with golden-fruited trees,
 Sunny slopes and scented shades ;
 Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease :
 Holy Jesus, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

5 Upward still to purer heights,
 Onward yet to scenes more blest,
 Calmer regions, clearer lights,
 Till we reach the promised rest :
 Holy Jesus, day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

W. W. How.

Lancashire.

7.6., eight lines.

H. SMART.

(See also Tune AURELIA, No. 454.)

655

That thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day.—

1 KINGS viii. 29.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O THOU Whose hand hath brought us
 Unto this joyful day,
 Accept our glad thanksgiving,
 And listen as we pray :
 And may our preparation
 For this day's service be
 With one accord to offer
 Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.</p> <p>2 For this our* house we praise Thee,
 Reared by Thine own command ;
 For every generous bosom,
 And every willing hand ;
 And now within Thy temple
 Thy glory let us see ;
 For all its strength and beauty
 Are nothing without Thee.</p> | <p>3 And oft as here we gather,
 And hearts in worship blend,
 May truth reveal its power,
 And fervent prayer ascend ;
 Here may the busy toiler
 Rise to the things above ;
 The young, the old, be strengthened,
 And all men learn Thy love.</p> <p>4 And as the years roll over,
 And strong affections twine,
 And tender memories gather
 About this sacred shrine,
 May this, its chief distinction,
 Its glory ever be,
 That multitudes within it
 Have found their way to Thee.</p> |
|---|--|
- 5 Lord God, our fathers' helper,
 Our joy and hope and stay,
 Grant now a gracious earnest
 Of many a coming day :
 Our yearning hearts Thou knowest ;
 We wait before Thy throne ;
 Oh, come, and by Thy presence
 Make this our* house Thine own.

F. W. Goadby.

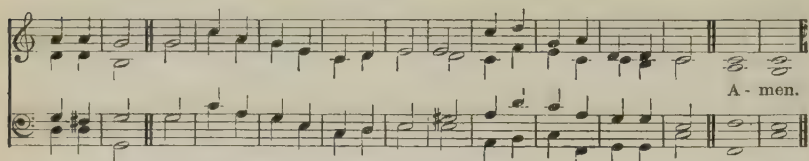
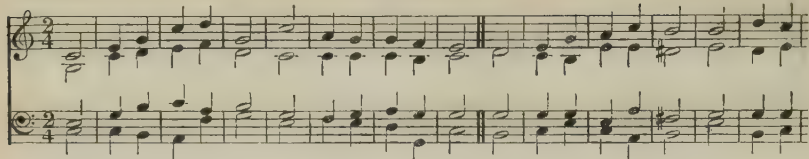
* For opening a new building, the word 'new' may be substituted.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Christchurch. [FIRST TUNE.]

66.66.4444.

C. STEGGALL.



A - men.

656 *The Lord said unto him, . . . I have hallowed this house . . . to put My Name there for ever, and Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually.—*

1 KINGS ix. 3.

1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
On Him alone we build ;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled ;
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing ;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh ;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

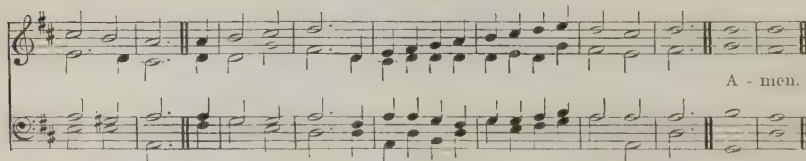
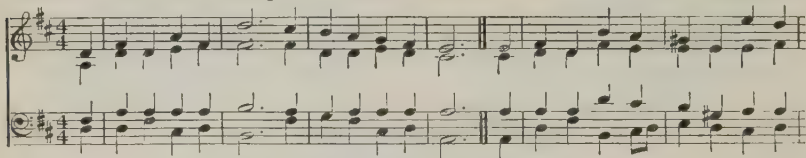
4 Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore ;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

From the Latin, tr. J. Chandler.

Darwall. [SECOND TUNE.]

66.66.4444.

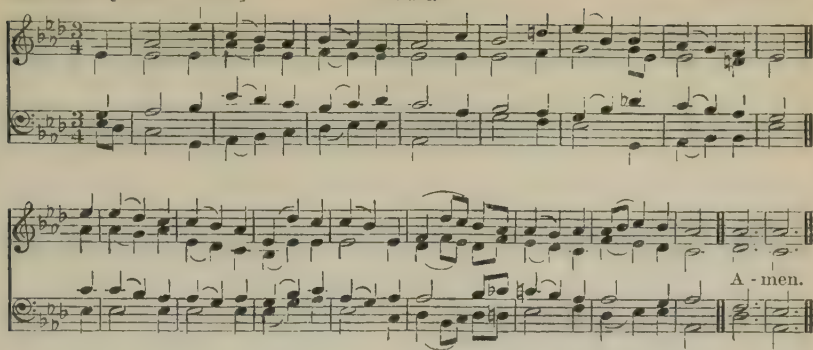
J. DARWALL.



A - men.

British. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

657 *There he builded an altar unto the Lord.—GENESIS xii. 8.*

- 1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make our waiting hearts Thine own.

W. Cowper.

658 *Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem.—JOHN iv. 21.*

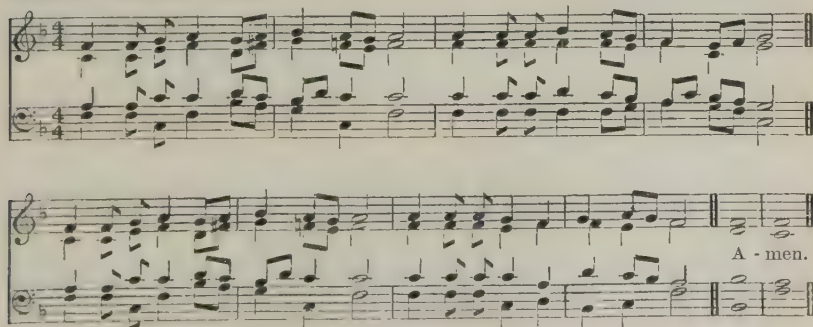
- 1 O THOU to Whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue,
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favoured worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.
- 5 O Thou to Whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee at last in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

J. Pierpont.

Boston. [SECOND TUNE.]

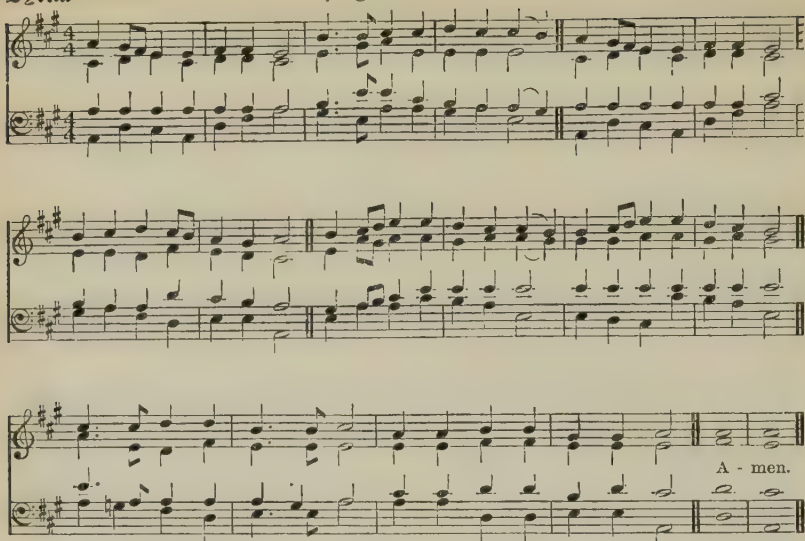
L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



Syria.

7s., eight lines.



(For this Tune in Key G, see No. 705.)

659

Open ye the gates.—ISAIAH xxvi. 2.

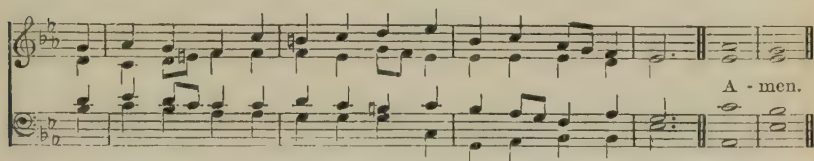
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 COME to bless Thy people, Lord,
 From the hills of peace afar ;
 Come, and let Thy whispered word
 Greet the souls that weary are.
 Lo ! Thy congregation waits
 One sweet look from Thee to win ;
 Lift your heads on high, ye gates ;
 Christ, our King, will enter in.</p> | <p>3 We will bid the poor to meet
 In this house our promised Guest ;
 We will lead them to the feet
 Where the weary are at rest ;
 For them all His mercy waits,
 Smiles and blessings they shall win :
 Lift your heads on high, ye gates,
 That Christ's poor may enter in.</p> |
| <p>2 Come, and let Thy glory dwell
 In this house for evermore.
 Great High Priest of Israel,
 Whom the saints in light adore.
 He has heard our prayer, He waits
 To absolve us from all sin :
 Lift your heads on high, ye gates ;
 Christ, our Priest, will enter in.</p> | <p>4 Who are we, to entertain
 In the house our hands have made
 Him, the glory of Whose train
 Makes the stainless heavens afraid ?
 Yet He comes, and sweetly waits
 Entrance to our hearts to win :
 Lift your heads on high, ye gates ;
 Let the gentle Master in.</p> |
- 5 And as we receive this day
 Joyfully our Royal Guest,
 So at length, when far away
 Breaks the dawn of promised rest,
 Where the Lord His Church awaits,
 Sweetest welcome may we win :
 ' Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 Let My ransomed people in ! '

Mrs. Barbara MacAndrew.

Sudeley. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. STAINER.



660 *Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary.—PSALM lxxvii. 13.*

1 **T**HOU Whose unmeasured temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to Thee.

2 And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before Thy mercy-seat.

3 May they who err be guided here
To find the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant.

661 *It is good that the heart be established by grace.—HEBREWS xiii. 9 (R.V.).*

1 **L**IGHT up this house with glory, Lord;
Enter, and claim Thine own;
Receive the homage of our souls,
Erect Thy temple-throne.

2 We rear no altar—Thou hast died;
We deck no priestly shrine;
What need have we of creature-aid?
The power to save is Thine.

3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
To glorify the place;
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
A plenitude of grace.

4 No rushing mighty wind we ask,
No tongues of flame desire;
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.

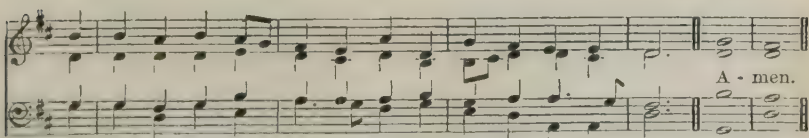
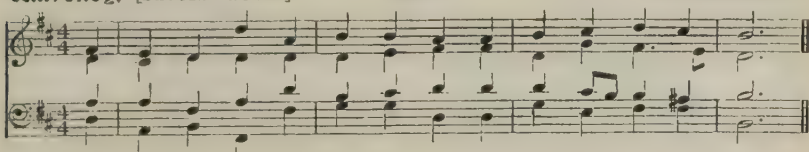
5 Light up this house with glory, Lord—
The glory of that love
Which forms and saves a Church below,
And makes a heaven above.

John Harris.

Waveney. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

R. REDHEAD.

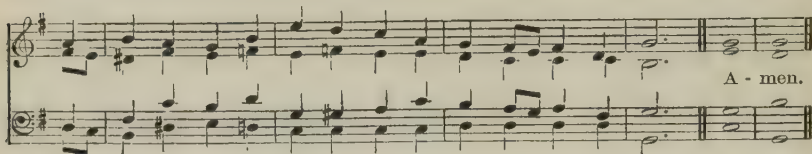
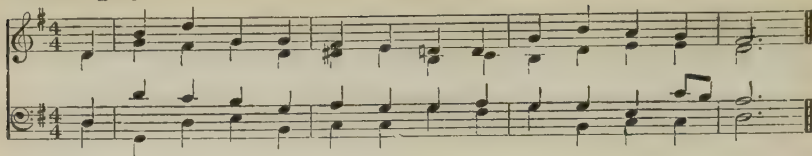


(See also Tunes TOTTENHAM, No. 400. and MERTON, No. 491.)

Eversley. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



(See also Tune DALEHURST, No. 257.)

(3) SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

662

Thou renewest the face of the earth.—PSALM civ. 30.

1 THE glory of the spring how sweet !
The new-born life how glad !
What joy the happy earth to greet,
In new, bright raiment clad !

2 Divine Renewer, Thee I bless ;
I greet Thy going forth ;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewed earth.

3 But oh, these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine,

4 These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new,
These mourning souls by Thee made
blest,
These faithless hearts made true,

5 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragraney of prayer !

6 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine ;
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.

7 Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given ;
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven.

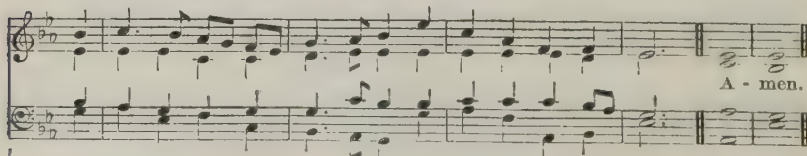
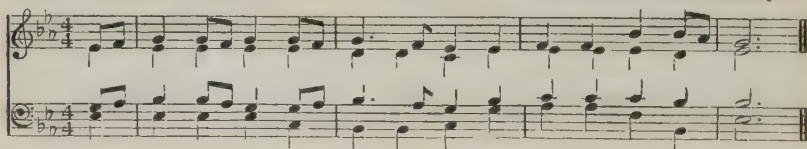
T. H. Gill.

From 'The English Hymnal.' By permission of the Oxford University Press.

Capel. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

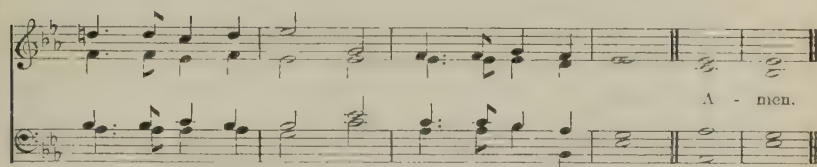
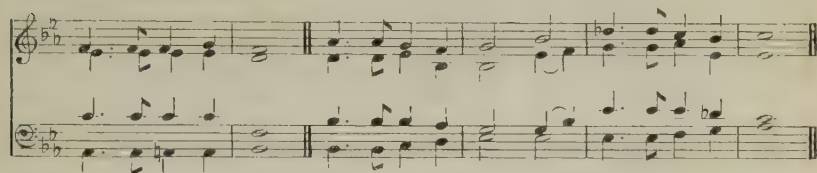
English
Traditional Carol Melody.



Ruth.

6.5., eight lines.

SAMUEL SMITH.



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663 *The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come.*
—CANTICLES ii. 12.

1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays ;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour ;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light ;
Life is dark without Thee ;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way ;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

W. W. How.

Clare Market. [FIRST TUNE.] 11.10.11.10.

MARY PALMER.

664

The Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys.—CANTICLES ii. 1.

- 1 **H**ERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
 Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field,
 Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest
 More for the love than the wealth that we yield.
- 2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
 Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
 Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,
 Grant the departing a gentle release.
- 3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened;
 Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
 Give, of Thy grace, to the souls Thou hast quickened
 Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.
- 4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
 We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
 Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
 Grant us a place in Thy home in the sky.

A. G. W. Blunt.

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 on behalf of the Executors of the late Dr. E. J. Hopkins.

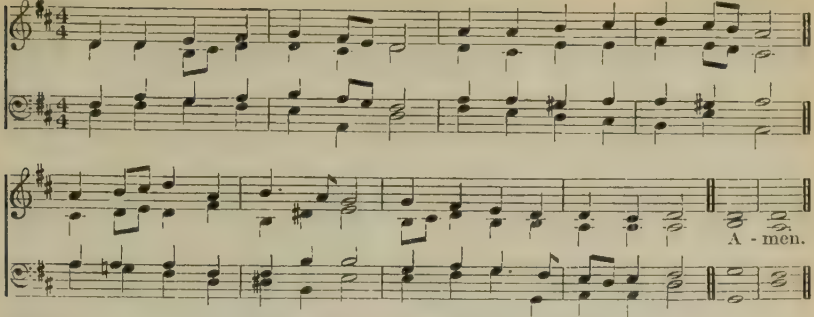
Epiphany. [SECOND TUNE.] 11.10.11.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.

St. Lucy.

7.7.7.7.

H. J. POOLE.



665

How unsearchable are His judgments.—ROMANS xi. 33.

1 **M**ANY things in life there are
Past our understanding far ;
And the humblest flower that grows
Hides a secret no one knows.

2 While we may so little scan
Of Thy vast creation's plan,
Teach us, O our God, to be
Humble in our walk with Thee.

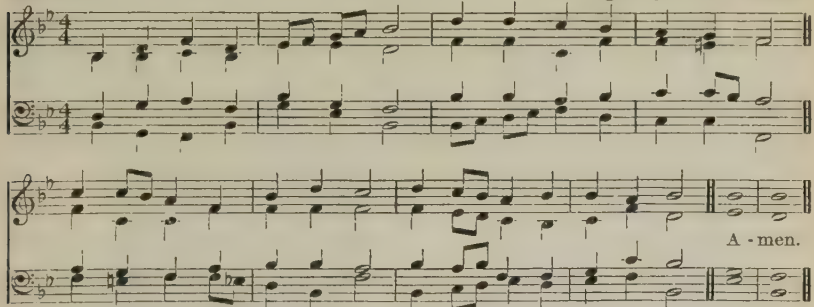
3 May we trust, through ill and good,
Thine unchanging Fatherhood ;
And our highest wisdom find
In the reverent heart and mind.

4 Clearer vision shall be ours,
Larger wisdom, ampler powers ;
And the meaning yet appear
Of what passes knowledge here.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

Monkland.

7.7.7.7.

Original Unknown.
Arranged by J. B. WILKES.

(For this Tune in Key C, see No. 15.)

(See also Tune EPHRAIM, No. 537.)

666

Who can show forth all His praise.—PSALM cvi. 2.

1 **P**RAISE, oh, praise our God and King ;
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure ;

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure ;

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise Him for our harvest-store ;
He hath filled the garner-floor ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure ;

7 And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

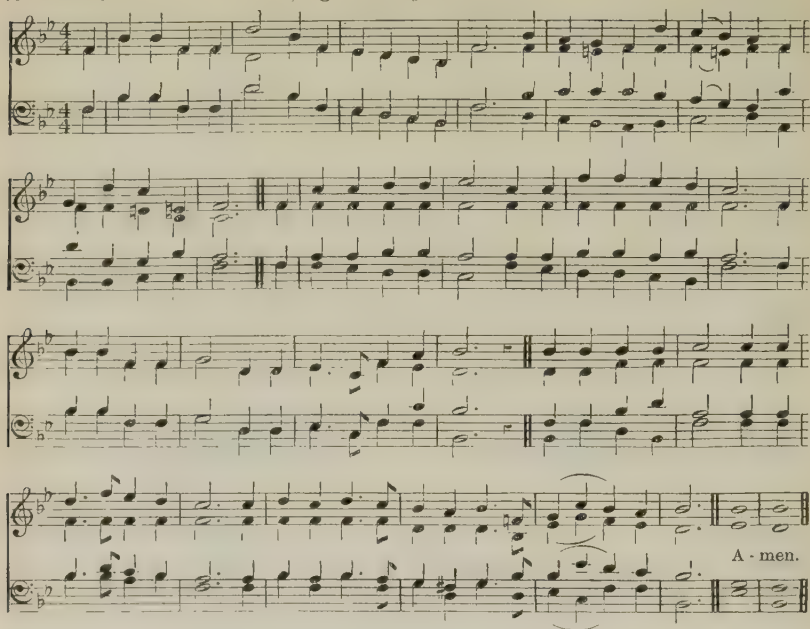
8 Glory to our bounteous King ;
Glory let creation sing ;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One !

H. W. Baker.

Dresden,

7.6., eight lines (with Refrain).

J. A. P. SCHULZ.



667

Thou blessest the springing thereof.—PSALM lxxv. 10.

1 **W**E plough the fields, and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand ;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine
 And soft refreshing rain.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, oh thank the
 For all His love. (Lord,

2 He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far ;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star ;
 The wind and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed ;
 Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, oh thank the
 For all His love. (Lord,

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food :
 No gifts have we to offer
 For all Thy love imparts,
 But that which Thou desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, oh thank the Lord,
 For all His love.

M. Claudius, tr. Jane M. Campbell.

Golden Sheaves.

8.7., eight lines (Iambic).

A. SULLIVAN.

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668

He . . . filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.—PSALM cxlvii. 14.

1 **T**O Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
 In hymns of adoration,
 To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
 With shouts of exultation ;
 Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
 The hills with joy are ringing,
 The valleys stand so thick with corn
 That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
 Thy bounteous hand confessing,
 Before Thee thankfully we lay
 The first-fruits of Thy blessing :
 By Thee the souls of men are fed
 With gifts of grace supernal,
 Thou Who dost give us earthly bread,
 Give us the bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
 And often toil seems dreary,
 But labour ends with sunset ray,
 And rest comes for the weary ;
 May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
 Stand at the last accepted,
 Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
 To garners bright elected.

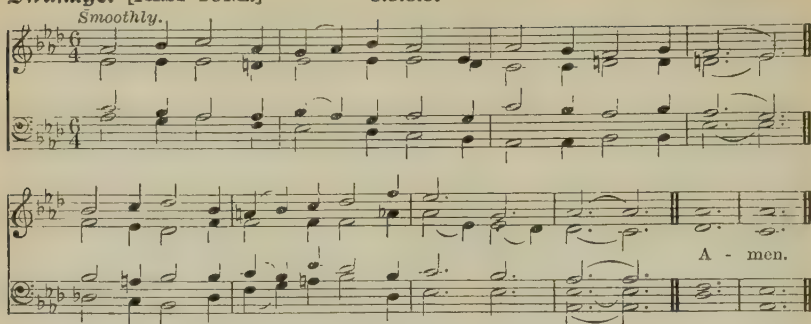
4 Oh, blessèd is that land of God,
 Where saints abide for ever,
 Where golden fields spread far and broad,
 Where flows the crystal river :
 The strains of all its holy throng
 With ours to-day are blending ;
 Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
 Which never hath an ending.

W. C. Dix.

Swanage. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

J. STAINER.



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669

Who giveth food to all flesh ; for His mercy endureth for ever. —
 PSALM CXXXVI. 25.

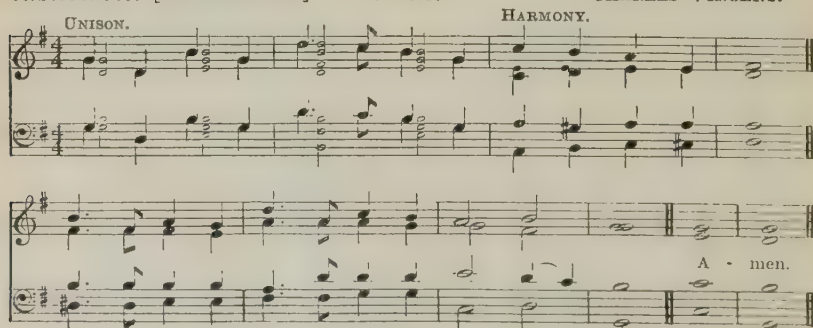
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 PRAISE, oh, praise the Lord of harvest, —
 Providence and Love !
 Praise Him in His earthly temples,
 And above !</p> <p>2 Praise Him, every living creature,
 By His goodness fed,
 Whose rich mercy daily giveth
 Daily bread.</p> <p>3 Sing Him thanks for all the bounties
 Of His gracious Hand ;
 Smiling peace and welcome plenty
 O'er our land.</p> | <p>4 Praise His Name that war's loud thunder
 Breaks not on our shore !
 Fields of harvest, not of plunder,
 Yield their store.</p> <p>5 Quickened unto life eternal,
 Bear we heavenly fruit ;
 Lest, if barren, He reject us
 Branch and root.</p> <p>6 Speed, oh, speed that glorious harvest
 Of the souls of men ;
 When Christ's members, here long-
 Meet again. [scattered,</p> |
|---|---|
- 7 Glory to the Lord of harvest,
 Holy Three in One !
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Praise be done !

J. Hamilton.

Whitstable. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

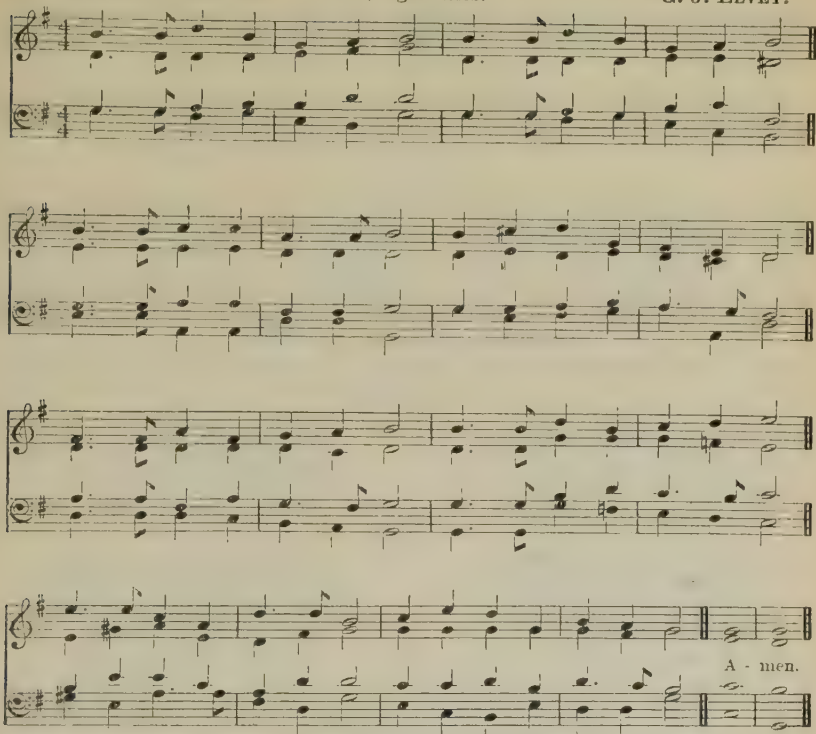
CHARLES VINCENT.



St. George's, Windsor.

7s., eight lines.

G. J. ELVEY.



670

In the time of harvest.—MATTHEW xiii. 30.

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of harvest home :
 All is safely gathered in
 Ere the winter storms begin ;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied :
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

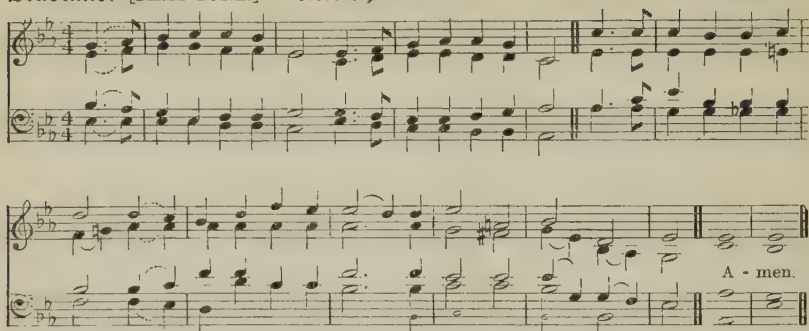
3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His harvest home,
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away,
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 Bring Thy final harvest home ;
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There, for ever purified,
 In Thy garner to abide :
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious harvest-home.

H. Alford.

Studland. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.7.7.7., with Refrain.

J. STAINER.



(Copyright, 1899, by Novello and Company, Limited.)

671 *Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it ; Thou greatly enrichest it.—*

PSALM lxxv. 9.

1 **F**OR the sunshine and the rain,
For the dew and for the shower,
For the yellow ripened grain,
And the golden harvest hour,
We bless Thee, O our God.

2 For the heat and for the shade,
For the gladness and the grief,
For the tender sprouting blade,
And for the nodding sheaf,
We bless Thee, O our God.

3 For the hope and for the fear,
For the storm and for the peace,
For the trembling and the cheer,
And for the glad increase,
We bless Thee, O our God.

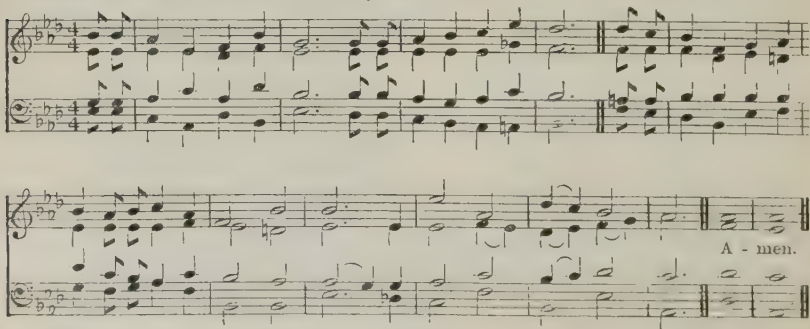
4 Our hands have tilled the sod,
And the torpid seed have sown ;
But the quickening was of God,
And the praise be His alone ;
We bless Thee, O our God.

5 For the sunshine and the shower,
For the dew and for the rain,
For the golden harvest hour,
And for the garnered grain,
We bless Thee, O our God.

Mrs. Jane Creadson.

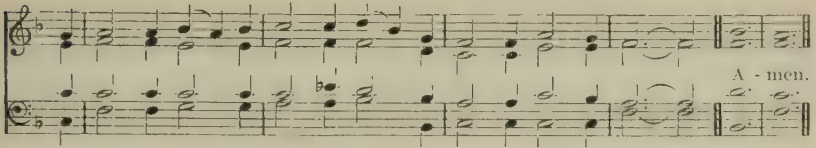
Gratbay. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.7., with Refrain.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



Ceres. [FIRST TUNE.]

S.M.

GIOVANNI PAISIELLO.
Based on an old English Air.

672 *In the day of the first fruits . . . bring a new meat-offering unto the Lord. -*
NUMBERS xxviii. 26.

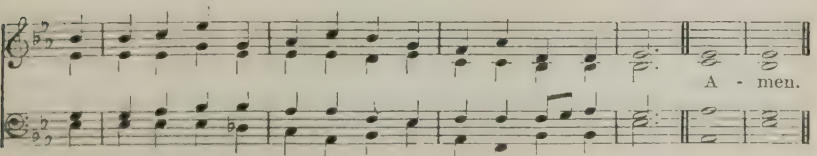
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When, full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.</p> <p>2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.</p> <p>3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran :
'The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man.'</p> | <p>4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.</p> <p>5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.</p> <p>6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below
And join Thy saints in heaven.</p> |
|--|--|

J. Hampden Gurney.

Holyrood. [SECOND TUNE.]

S.M.

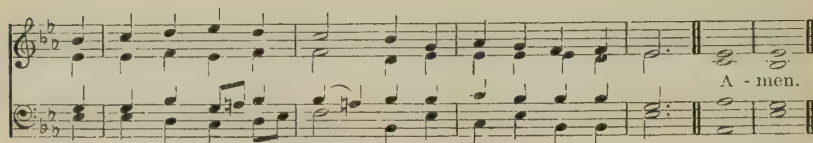
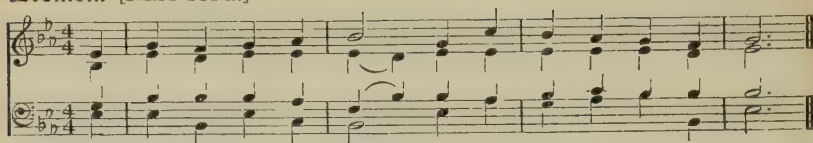
JAMES WATSON.



Bremen. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

M. VULPIUS.

673 *He . . . gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons.—ACTS xiv. 17.*

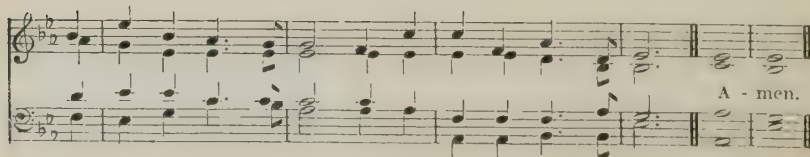
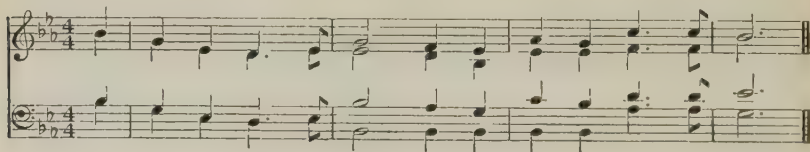
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THE year is swiftly waning ;
 The summer days are past ;
 And life, brief life, is speeding ;
 The end is nearing fast.</p> <p>2 The ever-changing seasons
 In silence come and go ;
 But Thou, Eternal Father,
 No time or change canst know.</p> <p>3 Oh, pour Thy grace upon us,
 That we may worthier be,
 Each year that passes o'er us,
 To dwell in heaven with Thee.</p> | <p>4 Behold the bending orchards
 With bounteous fruit are crowned ;
 Lord, in our hearts more richly
 Let heavenly fruits abound.</p> <p>5 Oh, by each mercy sent us,
 And by each grief and pain,
 By blessings like the sunshine,
 And sorrows like the rain,</p> <p>6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
 With every goodly grace,
 That we Thy Name may hallow,
 And see at last Thy face.</p> |
|--|--|

W. W. How.

Autumn. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

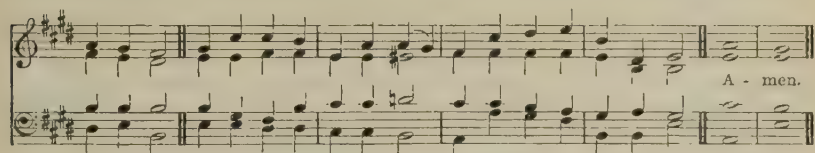
From MENDELSSOHN.



Clarence

7.7.7.7.

A. SULLIVAN.

Verses 1 to 4 only.*Verses 5 and 6 only.*

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

674 *He casteth forth His ice like morsels ; who can stand before His cold?—*
 PSALM cxlvii. 17.

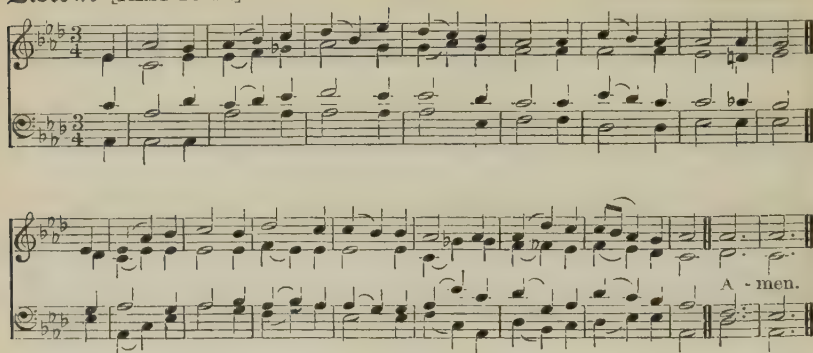
- 1 WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
 Freezing with its icy breath ;
 Dead and bare the tall trees stand
 All is chill and drear as death.
- 2 Yet it seemeth but a day
 Since the summer flowers were here,
 Since they stacked the balmy hay,
 Since they reaped the golden ear.
- 3 Sunny days are past and gone :
 So the years go, speeding fast,
 Onward ever, each new one
 Swifter speeding than the last.
- 4 Life is waning ; life is brief ;
 Death, like winter, standeth nigh :
 Each one, like the falling leaf,
 Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.
- 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
 And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
 And all nature rising break
 Glorious from its wintry tomb.
- 6 So the saints from slumber blest
 Rising shall awake and sing,
 And our flesh in hope shall rest
 Till there breaks the endless spring.

W. W. How.

Elstow. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

From MENDELSSOHN.



(4) HOSPITAL SERVICES.

675 *Great multitudes followed Him, and He healed them all.*—MATTHEW xii. 15.

1 O THOU through suffering perfect
made,
On Whom the bitter cross was laid,
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind ;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure ;
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But oh, far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

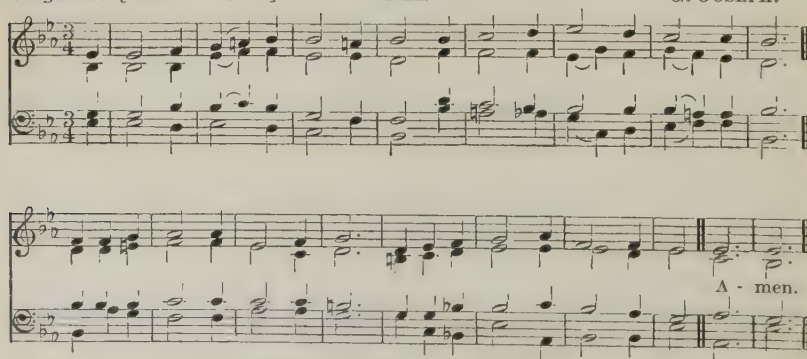
5 Oh, heal the bruised heart within ;
Oh, save our souls all sick with sin ;
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore.

W. W. How.

Angelus. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

G. JOSEPH.



Requiem.

87.87.77.

W. SCHULTHES.

Org.

A - men.

676 *Jesus . . . was moved with compassion toward them, and He healed their sick.*—MATTHEW xiv. 14.

1 THOU to Whom the sick and dying

Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying

Need a brother's, sister's care ;
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,

Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness

To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

G. Thring.

Seraph.

C.M.D.

Old Melody.
Har. by C. B.

(See also Tune PETERSHAM, No. 104.)

677

And they brought unto Him all sick people, . . . and He healed them.—
MATTHEW iv. 24.

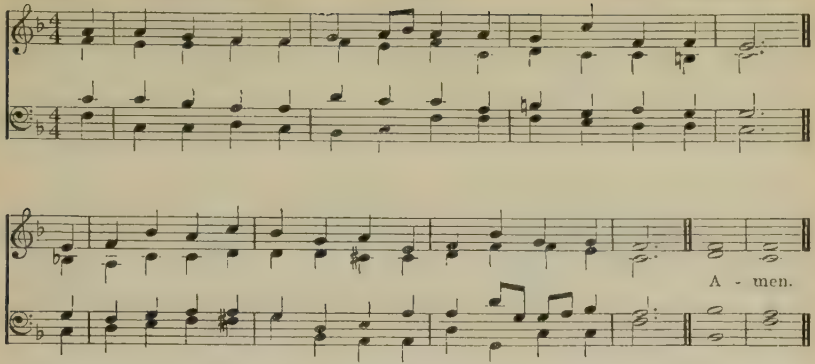
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THINE arm, O Christ, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame ;</p> | <p>2 And lo ! Thy touch brought life and
health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light ;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.</p> |
|---|---|
- 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death ;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath :
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. Plumpton.

Midhurst. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. T. MUSGRAVE.



678

God gave them knowledge and skill.—DANIEL i. 17.

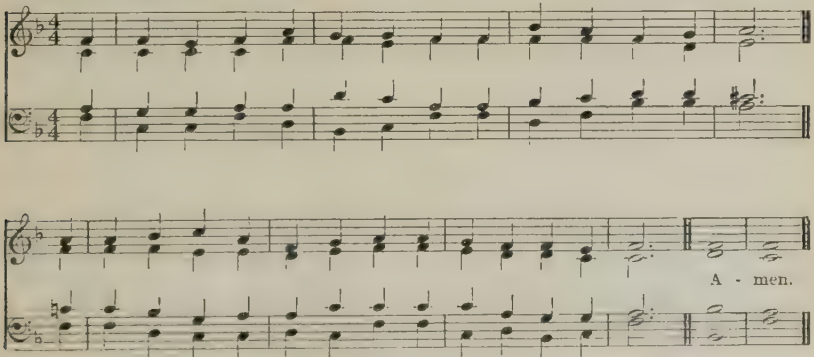
- 1 FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope ;
Oh, pour them from above ;
- 2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.
- 3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace ;
- 4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod ;
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

C. Kingsley.

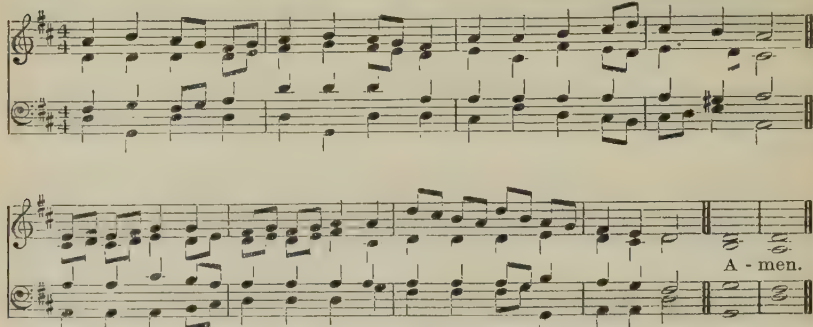
St. Flavian. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

DAY'S Psalter, 1563



Sicilian Mariners. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.

TATTERSALL'S
'Improved Psalmody,' 1794.

679

The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail.—
1 KINGS xvii. 16.

- 1 **I**S thy cruse of comfort wasting? haste its scanty drops to share,
And through all the years of famine, thou shalt still have drops to spare.
- 2 Love Divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.
- 3 For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.
- 4 Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.
- 5 Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and, together, both shall glow.
- 6 Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.
- 7 Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.
- 8 Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.

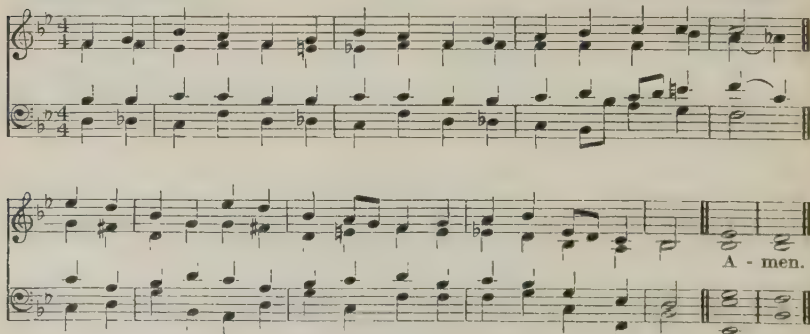
Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

Anima Hominum.

[SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

A. T. BLANCHET.

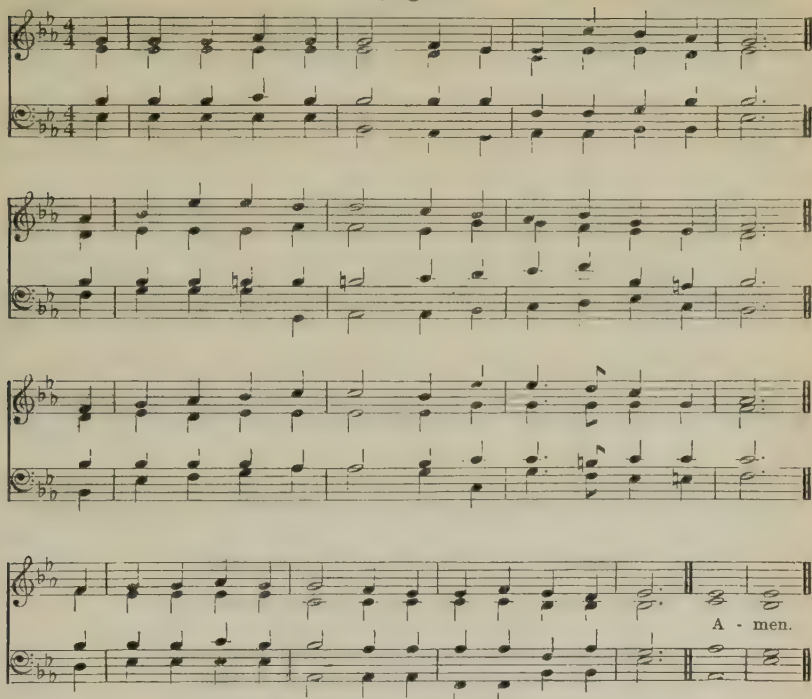


Copyright, 1905, by W. Garrett Horder.

Aurelia.

7.6., eight lines.

S. S. WESLEY.



(For this Tune in Key E, see No. 454.)

(5) MARRIAGE SERVICES.

680

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.—

PSALM CXXVII. 1.

1 O LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden
Looks up for life and light:
O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest,
Beneath whose care parental
The world lies down in rest,

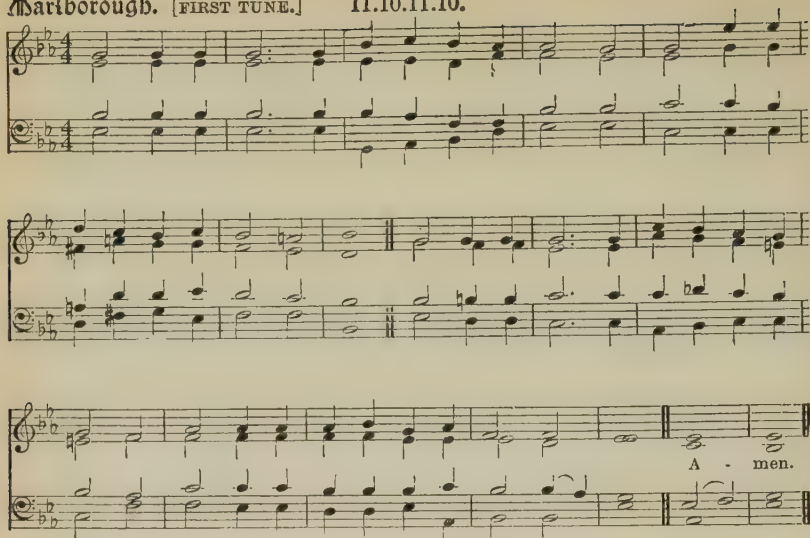
2 The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise,
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise:
Thou art the joy of gladness;
The Life of life Thou art;
The dew of gentle sadness,
That droppeth on the heart

3 O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes dost move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love,
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

4 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright Home above;
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where God is love.

J. S. B. Monseil.

Marlborough. [FIRST TUNE.] 11.10.11.10.



(See also TUNE STRENGTH AND STAY, No. 363.)

681

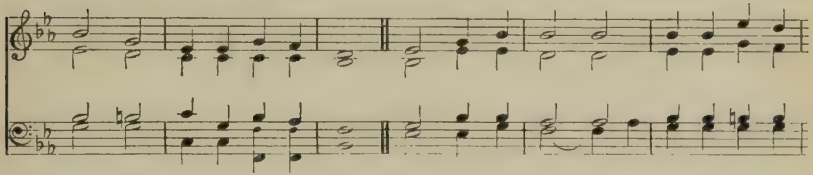
*The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the
righteous.—PSALM cxviii. 15.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honoured place !
- 2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessed hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun !
- 3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, Who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care !
- 4 O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee !
- 5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free,
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,—
- 6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
Al meet Thee in the blessed home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love !

C. J. P. Spitta, tr. Sarah L. Findlater.

Perfect Love. [SECOND TUNE.] 11.10.11.10.

J. BARNBY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

682

As Christ also loved the Church.—EPHESIANS v. 25.

1.

O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending
 Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
 That theirs may be the love which knows no ending
 Whom Thou for evermore dost join n one.

2.

O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
 Of tender charity, and steadfast faith,
 Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
 With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3.

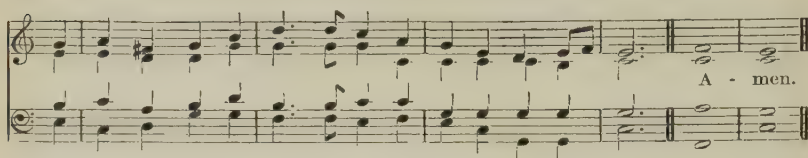
Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow ;
 Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
 And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
 That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Mrs. D. F. Gurney.

St. George.

S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



683 *Both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.—JOHN ii. 2*

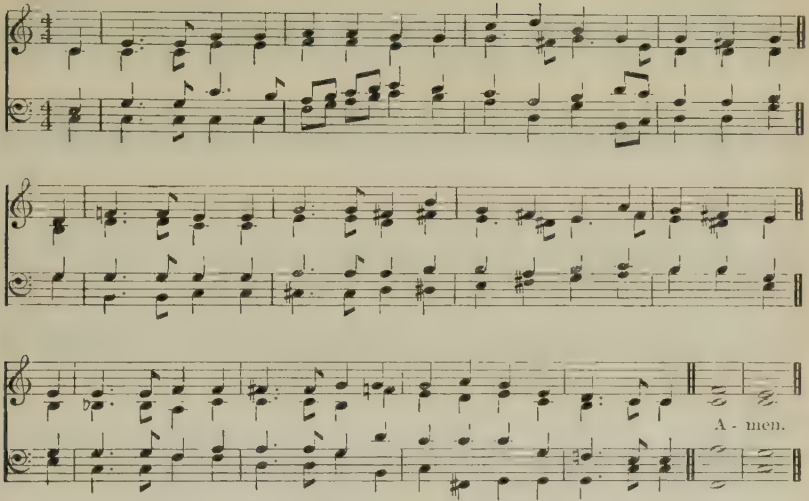
- 1 **H**OW welcome was the call,
 And sweet the festal lay,
 When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
 To bless the marriage-day !
- 2 And happy was the bride,
 And glad the bridegroom's heart,
 For He Who tarried at their side
 Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 His gracious power Divine
 The water vessels knew ;
 And plenteous was the mystic wine
 The wondering servants drew.
- 4 O Lord of life and love,
 Come Thou again to-day,
 And bring a blessing from above
 That ne'er shall pass away.
- 5 Oh, bless, as erst of old
 The bridegroom and the bride ;
 Bless with the holier stream that flowed
 Forth from Thy pierced side.
- 6 Before Thine altar-throne
 This mercy we implore :
 As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
 So bless them evermore.

H. W. Baker.

Melita,

8s., six lines.

J. B. DYKES.



(6) FOR THOSE AT SEA, Etc.

684

Thou rulest the raging of the sea.—PSALM lxxxix. 9.

1 **E**THERNAL Father, strong to save,
 Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
 Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
 Its own appointed limits keep,
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard,
 And hushed their raging at Thy word,
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amid the storm didst sleep,
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,
 And bid its angry tumult cease,
 And give, for wild confusion, peace,
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour,
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
 Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

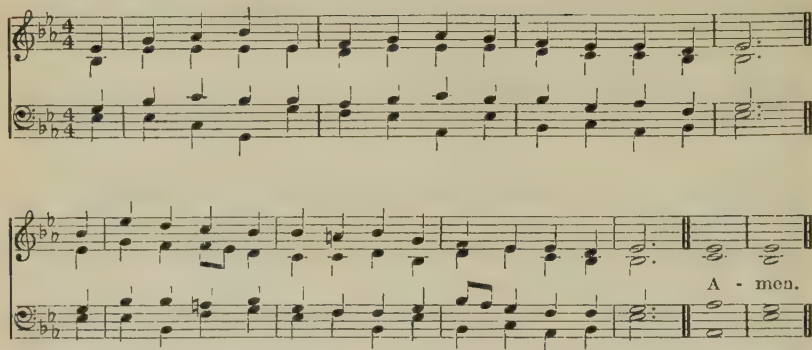
W. Whiting.

Dundee (or French).

[FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



685

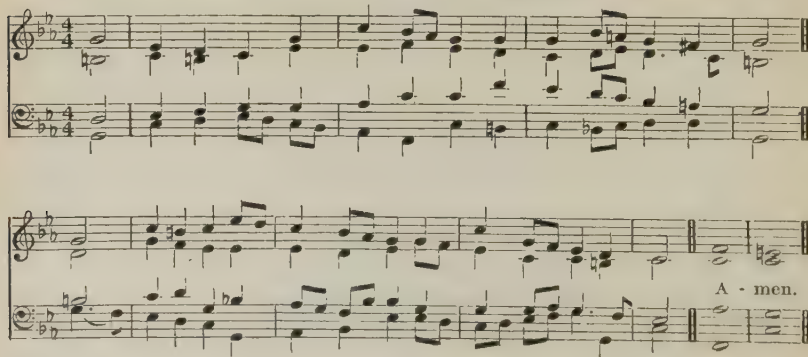
So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—PSALM cvii. 30.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.</p> <p>2 We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge,
For Thou, O God, art near.</p> <p>3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thy hand.</p> | <p>4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save,</p> <p>5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, 'Peace, be still!'</p> <p>6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.</p> |
|---|--|

E. A. Dayman.

Bangor. [SECOND TUNE.]

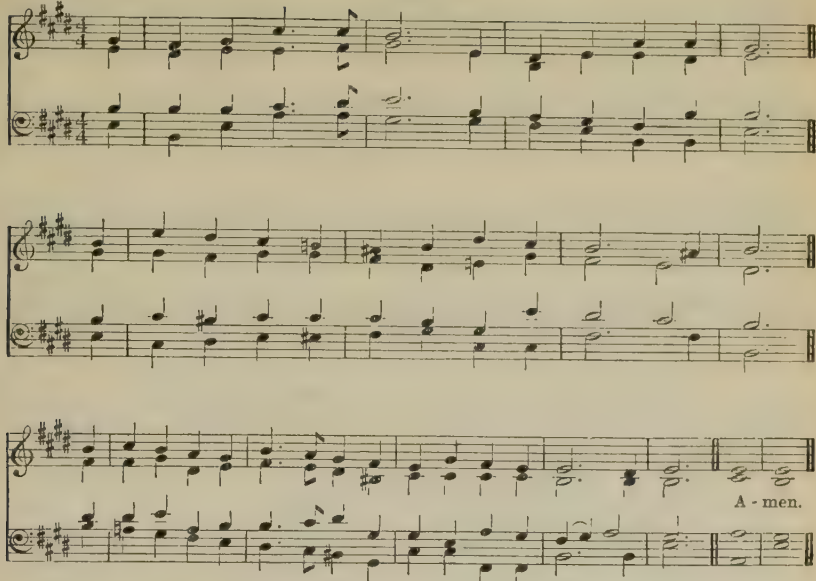
C.M. Tans'ur's Harmony of Zion, 1735.



Raleigh.

66.66.88.

E. PROUT.



(See also Tunes ST. GODRIC, No. 141, and ST. JOHN, No. 388.)

686 *The confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.—PSALM lxxv. 5.*

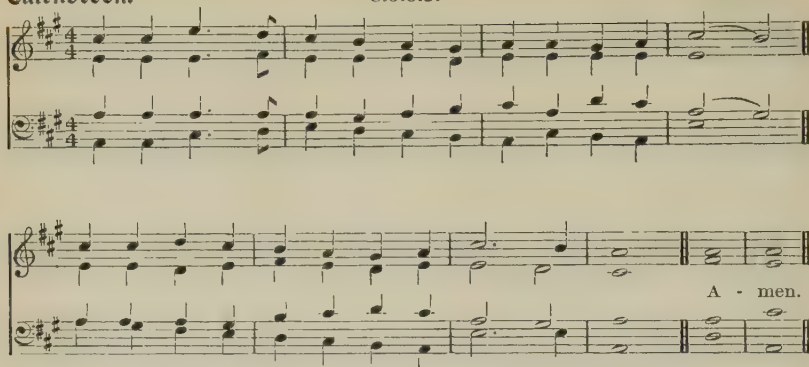
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 FATHER, Who art alone
Our helper and our stay,
Oh, hear us, as we plead
For loved ones far away,
And shield with Thine almighty hand
Our wanderers by sea and land.</p> | <p>3 Oh, compass with Thy love
The daily path they tread;
And may Thy light and truth
Upon their hearts be shed,
That, one in all things with Thy will,
Heaven's peace and joy their souls may fill.</p> |
| <p>2 For Thou, our Father God,
Art present everywhere,
And bendest low Thine ear
To catch the faintest prayer,
Waiting rich blessings to bestow
On all Thy children here below.</p> | <p>4 Guard them from every harm
When dangers shall assail,
And teach them that Thy power
Can never, never fail;
We cannot with our loved ones be,
But trust them, Father, unto Thee.</p> |
| <p>5 We all are travellers here
Along life's various road,
Meeting and parting oft
Till we shall mount to God,—
At home at last, with those we love,
Within the Fatherland above.</p> | |

Edith Jones.

Cairnbrook.

8.5.8.3.

E. PROUT.



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687

Am I a God at hand . . . and not a God afar off?—JEREMIAH xxiii. 23.

- 1 **H**OLY Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, in their absence,
'Neath Thy care.
- 2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy Presence
Be their Light and Guide;
Keep, oh, keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.
- 3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.
- 4 May the joy of Thy Salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.
- 5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life
Send Thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.
- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee.

Isabel S. Stevenson.

Section 11.

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL.

Holy Trinity. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

J. BARNBY.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, with a final cadence. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

(See also Tune JAZER, No. 146.)

688 *One body, whether Jews or Greeks.—*
1 CORINTHIANS xii. 13.

- 1 **I**N Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North,
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.
- 2 In Him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find :
His service is the golden cord,
Close-binding all mankind.
- 3 Join hands then, brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be !
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.
- 4 In Christ now meet both East and West,
In Him meet South and North,
All Christly souls are one in Him,
Throughout the whole wide earth.

John Oxenham.

689 *The land of your fathers.—*
GENESIS xlviii. 21.

- 1 **L**ORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.
- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too ; how should we love
Another land so well ?
- 3 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless ;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee ;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend,
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

J. R. Wreford.

St. David. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, with a final cadence. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

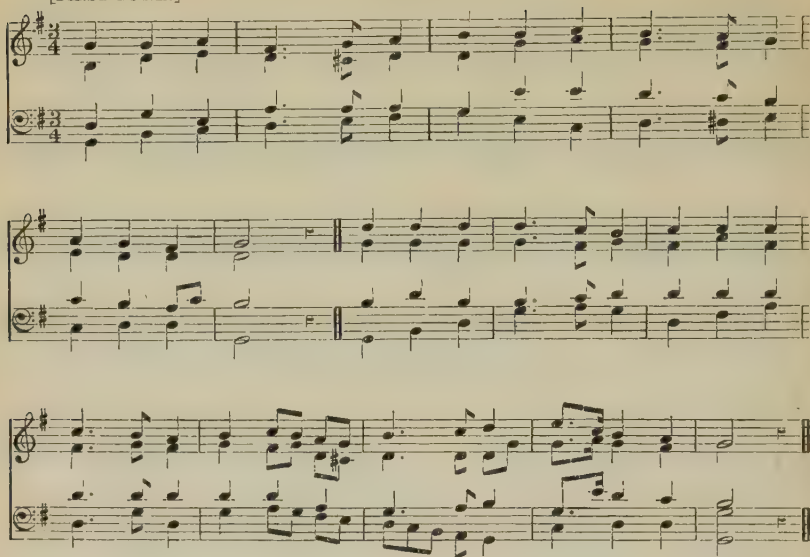
(See also Tunes FARRANT, No. 508, and ST. ANNE, No. 44.)

Rational Anthem.

[FIRST TUNE.]

664.6664.

Anon.



690 *And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king !—1 SAMUEL x. 24.*

1 GOD save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King !
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us :
 God save the King !

2 O Lord our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 Make wars to cease
 Keep us from plague and dearth,
 Turn Thou our woes to mirth,
 And over all the earth
 Let there be peace.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
 On him be pleased to pour ;
 Long may he reign :
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice
 God save the King !

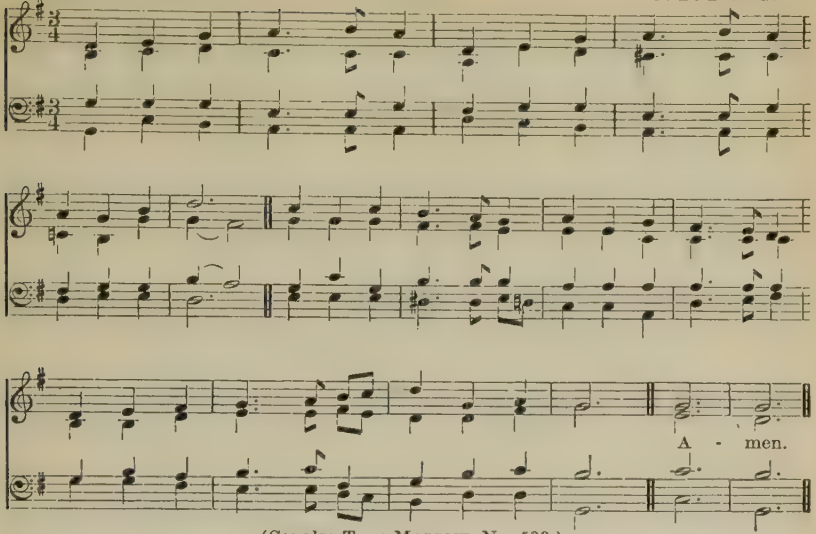
2nd verse alt. by S. R. Hole,

Salvator Mundi.

[SECOND TUNE.]

664.6664.

J. F. BRIDGE.



(See also Tune Moscow, No. 533.)

691

God be merciful unto us and bless us.—PSALM lxxvii. 1.

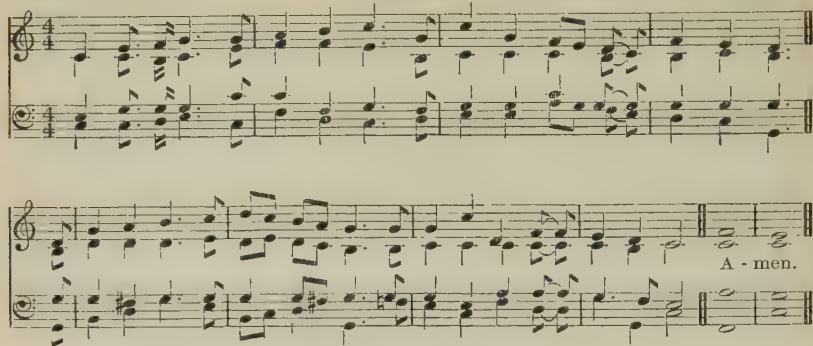
- 1 GOD bless our native land !
 May His protecting hand
 Still guard our shore :
 May peace her power extend,
 Foe be transformed to friend,
 And Britain's rights depend
 On war no more.
- 2 O Lord, our monarch bless
 With strength and righteousness ;
 Long may he reign :
 His heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above ;
 And in a nation's love
 His throne maintain.
- 3 May just and righteous laws
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our isle :
 Home of the brave and free,
 Thou land of liberty,
 May heaven ne'er cease on thee
 With love to smile.
- 4 Nor on this land alone,
 But be God's mercies known
 From shore to shore :
 And may the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family
 The wide world o'er.

W. E. Hickson.

Truro.

L.M.

Psalmody Evangelica, 1789.



(See also Tunes DUKE STREET, No. 518, and FULDA, No. 52.)

692 *Ye shall be a delightsome land,
saith the Lord of Hosts.—
MALACHI iii. 12.*

1 PRAISE to our God, Whose bounteous
hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,—
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, strong and free !

2 Praise to our God ! through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast ;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful
years.

3 Praise to our God ! the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet ;
On many a shore her seedlings grow ;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

4 Praise to our God ! His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

5 Praise to our God ! though chastenings
stern
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn,
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage.

J. Ellerton.

693 *Go out into the highways and
hedges, and compel them to come
in.—LUKE xiv. 23.*

1 LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might,
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee !

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened
old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant.

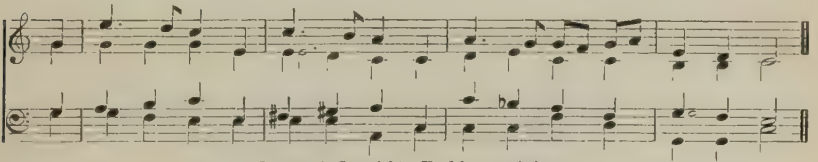
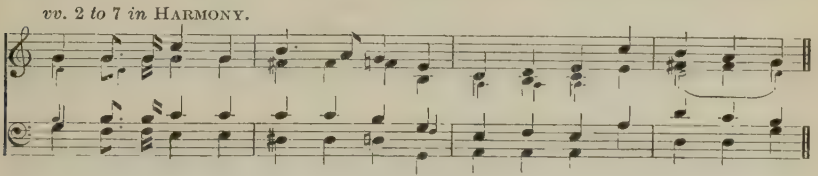
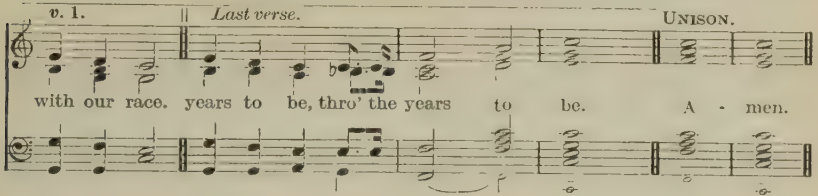
Land of our Birth.

UNISON. vv. 1 & 8.

L.M.

A. E. FLOYD.





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(Or to Tune TRURO, No. 692.)

694

That they may fear Thee all the days that they live in the land.—
1 KINGS viii. 40.

- 1 *LAND of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,—
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.*
- 2 *Father in heaven, Who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call,—
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.*
- 3 *Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadfastness and careful truth,—
That in our time Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.*
- 4 *Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day,—
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.*

- 5 *Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge, and not our friends,
That we with Thee may walk, uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.*
- 6 *Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak,—
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.*
- 7 *Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs,—
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.*
- 8 *Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died,
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years
to be.*

Rudyard Kipling.

Words by permission of the Author.

Simon.

L.M.

S. STANLEY.

(See also Tune ARIZONA, No. 212.)

695

A people for God's own possession.—1 PETER ii. 9 (R.V.).

- 1 **T**HESE things shall be : a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.
- 2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.
- 3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Inarmed shall live as comrades free ;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
- 4 Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.
- 5 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.
- 6 There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die ;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

J. A. Symonds.

Selborne.

L.M.

Ancient Melody.



(See also Tunes ARIZONA, No. 212, and BROOKFIELD, No. 604.)

696

His people . . . from the islands of the sea.—ISAIAH xi. 11.

1.

WHOM oceans part, O Lord, unite
To love Thy Name and seek Thy light ;
Though from each other far we be,
Let none, O Christ, be far from Thee.

2.

On many a distant island shore
Still let men see heaven's opened door ;
'Mid silent hills, beneath fresh skies,
Let Bethel's shining ladder rise.

3.

Bring thoughts of home and Christian ways
To those who miss sweet Sabbath days ;
The long-forgotten prayer recall
To those who sin, and mourn their fall.

4.

Our sons and daughters guide in truth
Take for Thyself the flower of youth ;
Afair from home, through gain or loss
Keep them true-hearted to Thy Cross.

5.

Whom oceans part, O Lord, unite—
One commonwealth for God and right,
A ransomed people, strong and free,
To bring the whole wide world to Thee !

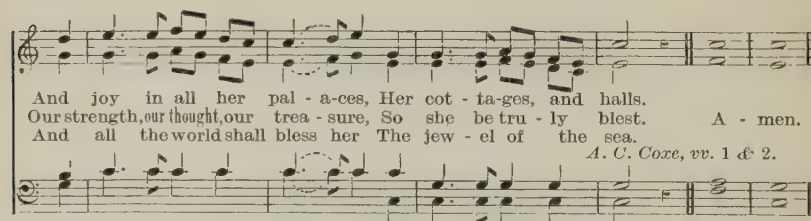
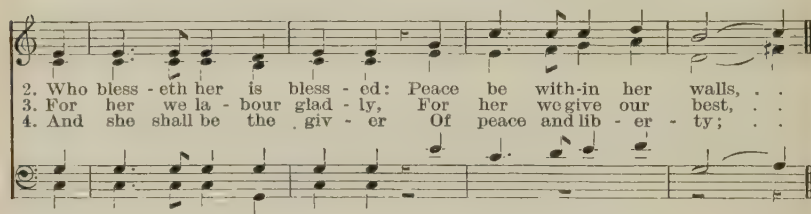
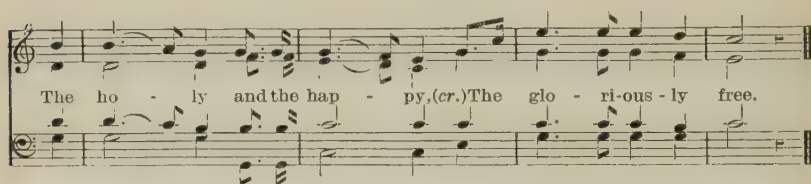
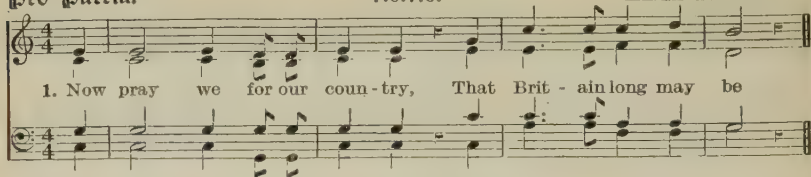
H. Elvet Lewis.

697 *Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.—PSALM cxxii. 7.*

Pro Patria.

7.6.7.6.

ELIZA FLOWER.

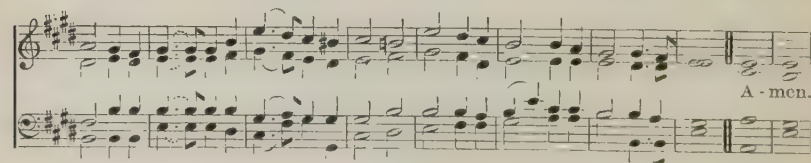
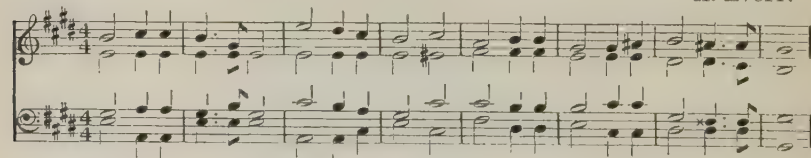


(See also Tune ST. ALPHEGE, No. 107.)

Russia.

11.10.11.10.

A. LVOFF.



698

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem.—PSALM cxxxvii. 5.

1 GOD bless our motherland! Cradled
in ocean,
Nursed into greatness by storm and
by sea: [commotion
Out on the stormy winds, and in war's
She had no helper, Jehovah, but Thee!

2 God bless our motherland! Men who
have loved her, [fame,—
Lived for her glory and died for her
Men who have ruled her, and men who
have served her,
Ruled in Thy fear, Lord, and served
in Thy Name.

3 God bless our motherland! Land of the
faithful, [in flame,
Slain for their staunchness, exulting
All things forsaken, yet valiant and
joyful—
These were her children and bore her
dear name.

4 God bless our motherland! Wide wave
her banner
Over a people contented and free!
Be her Defender, her Shield and
Protector, [on sea,
Long may she serve Thee on land and

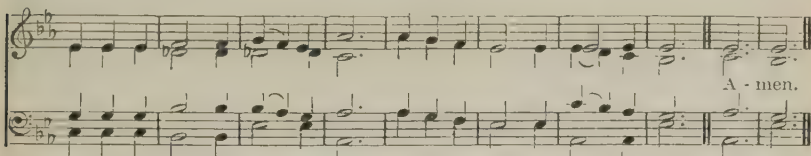
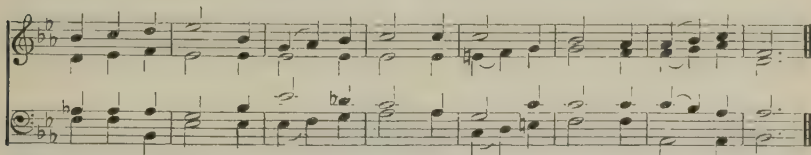
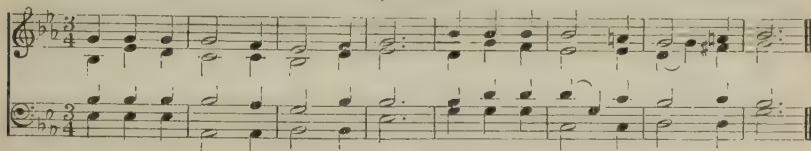
Nathaniel Barnaby.

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St. Chrysostom.

8s., six lines.

J. BARNBY.



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699

Bless the Lord . . . and forget not all His benefits.—PSALM ciii. 2.

1 GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

2 The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3 Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in
Such boasting as the Gentiles use, [awe;
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In recking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

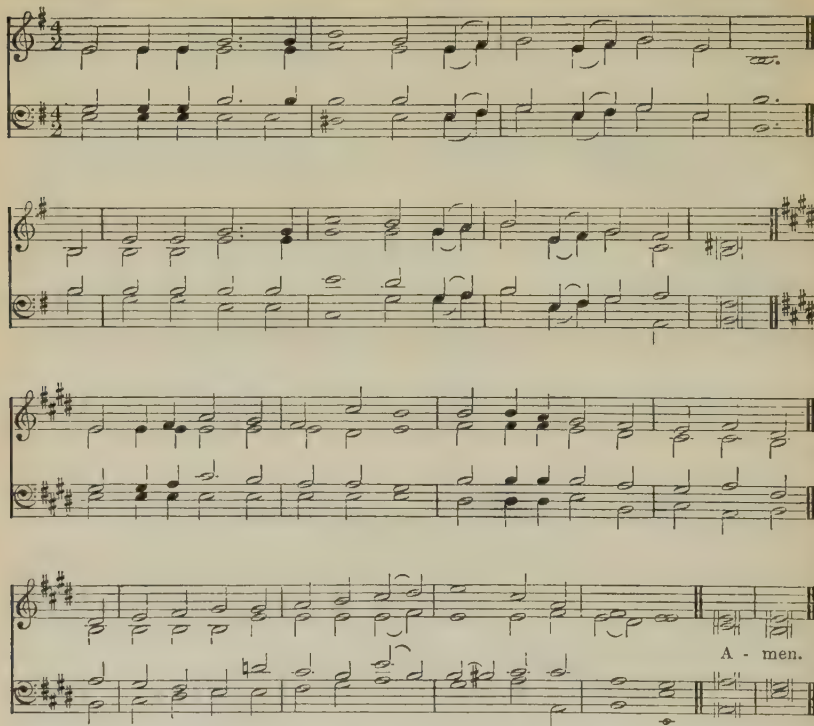
Rudyard Kipling.

By permission of the Author.

Commonwealth.

7.6.7.6.8.8.5.

J. BOOTH.



700 *He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great.*—PSALM CXV. 13.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 WHEN wilt Thou save the people,
 O God of mercy, when ?
 Not kings and lords, but nations ;
 Not thrones and crowns, but men :
 Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they ;
 Let them not pass like weeds away—
 Their heritage a sunless day :
 God save the people !</p> | <p>2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
 Strength aiding still the strong ?
 Is it Thy will, O Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong ?
 ‘No,’ say Thy mountains ; ‘No,’ Thy
 skies ;
 Man’s clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs ascend instead of sighs :
 God save the people !</p> |
|--|--|

- 3 When wilt Thou save the people,
O God of mercy, when ?
The people, Lord, the people ;
Not thrones and crowns, but men :
God save the people ; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair :
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people !

Ebenezer Elliott.

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL.

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Tharted.

UNISON.

7.6., twelve lines.

GUSTAV HOLST.

701

Unto Thee shall the vow be performed.—PSALM lxxv. 1.

- 1 **I** VOW to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question : the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best :
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.
- 2 And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies : we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

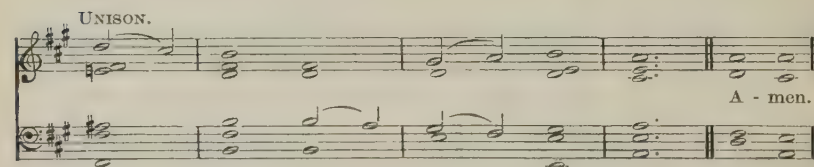
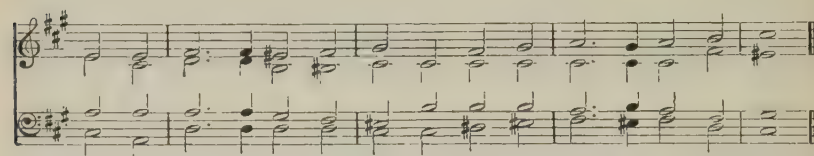
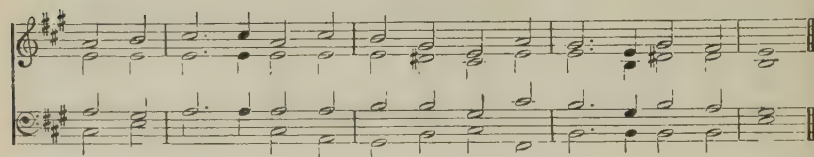
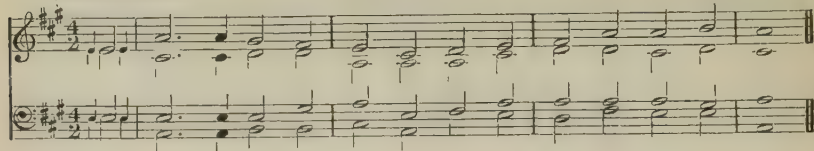
Cecil Spring Rice.

Highbury Quadrant.

[FIRST TUNE.]

15.15.15.6.

HAROLD E. BRIERLEY.



702

When thou marchedst . . . the earth trembled.—JUDGES v. 4.

- 1 **M**INE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword :
 His Truth is marching on.
- 2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
 I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :
 His Day is marching on.

3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

4 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free,
While God is marching on.

5 He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;
He is wisdom to the mighty, He is succour to the brave;
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of time His slave;
Our God is marching on.

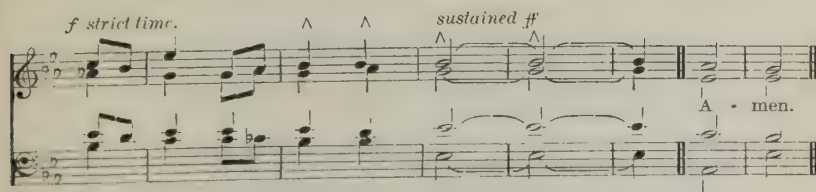
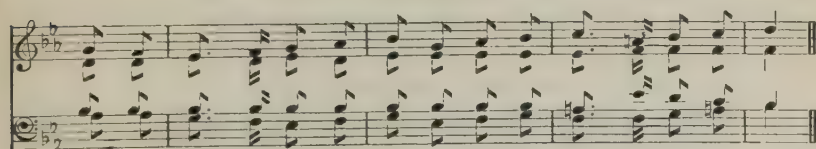
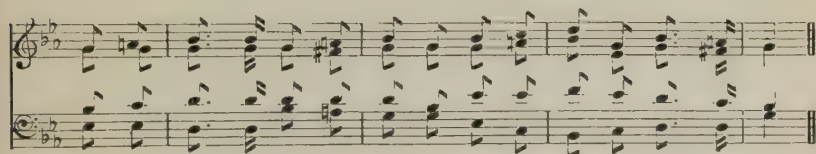
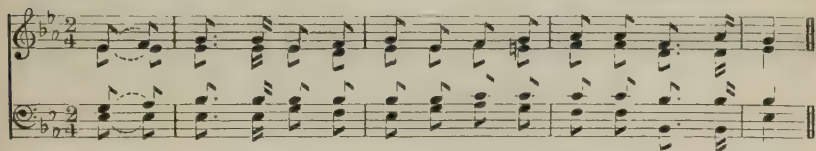
Julia Ward Howe.

The Battle Hymn.

[SECOND TUNE.]

15.15.15.6.

FRANK E. NEWTON.

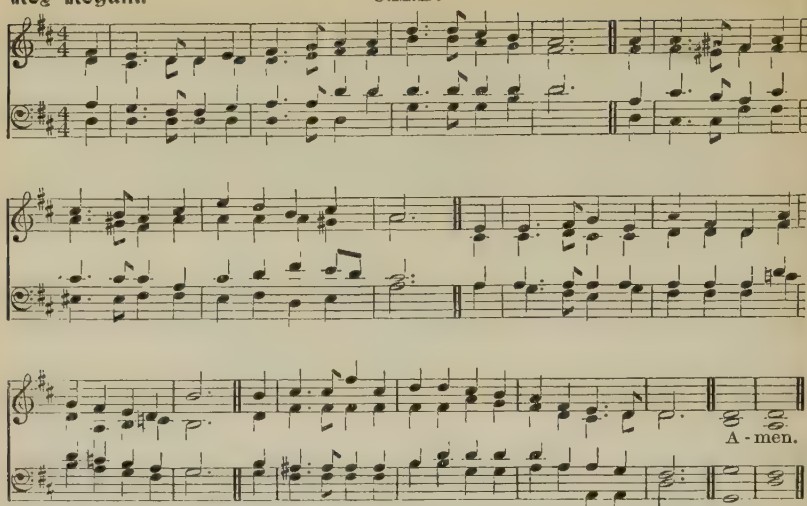


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Rex Regum.

C.M.D.

J. STAINER.



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(Or to OLD 44TH, No. 289.)

703

Mine own country.—1 KINGS xl. 21.

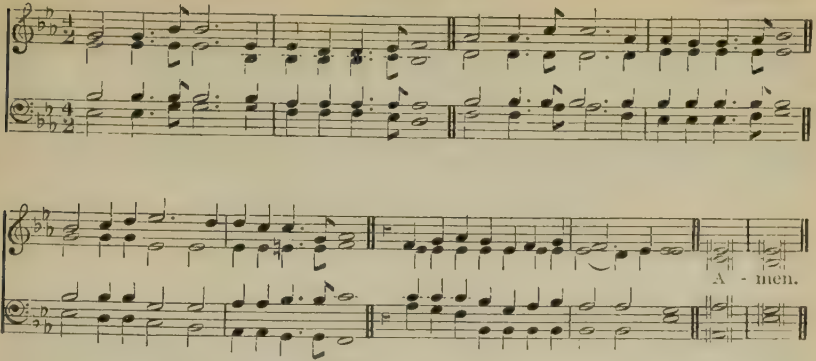
- 1 **O** KING of kings, O Lord of hosts, Whose throne is lifted high
Above the nations of the earth, the armies of the sky,—
The spirits of the perfected may give their nobler songs ;
And we, Thy children, worship Thee, to Whom all praise belongs.
- 2 Thou Who didst lead Thy people forth, and make the captive free,
Hast drawn around our native land the curtain of the sea,
To make another holy place, where golden lamps should shine,
And human hearts keep loving watch around the ark divine.
- 3 Our bounds of empire Thou hast set in many a distant isle,
And in the shadow of our throne the desert places smile ;
For in our laws and in our faith 'tis Thine own light they see—
The truth that brings to captive souls the wider liberty.
- 4 Thy hand has hid within our fields treasures of countless worth ;
The light, the suns of other years shine from the depths of earth ;
The very dust, inbreathed by Thee, the clods all cold and dead,
Wake into beauty and to life, to give Thy children bread.
- 5 Thou Who hast sown the sky with stars, setting Thy thoughts in gold,
Hast crowned our nation's life, and ours, with blessings manifold ;
Thy mercies have been numberless ; Thy love, Thy grace, Thy care
Were wider than our utmost need, and higher than our prayer.
- 6 O King of kings, O Lord of hosts, our fathers' God and ours !
Be with us in the future years ; and if the tempest lowers,
Look through the cloud with light of love, and smile our tears away,
And lead us through the brightening years to heaven's eternal day.

Henry Burton.

The Supreme Sacrifice.

10.10.10.10.

C. HARRIS.



704

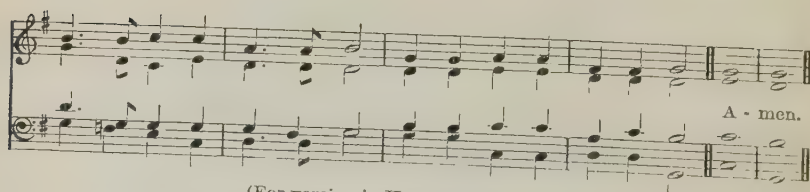
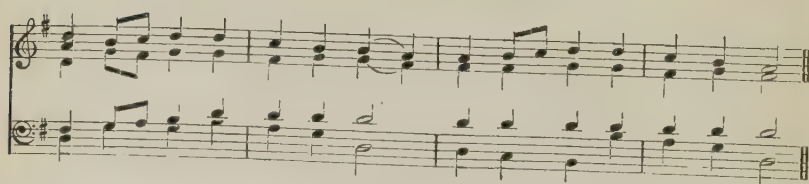
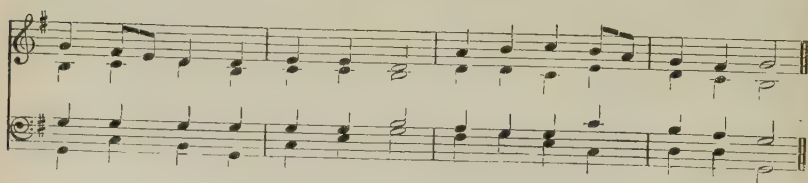
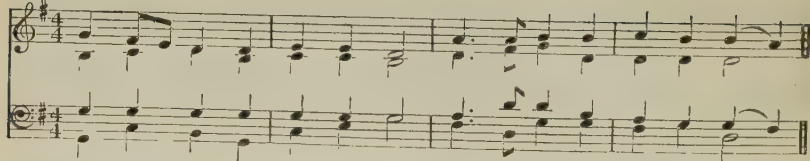
The men that went in jeopardy of their lives.—2 SAMUEL xxiii. 17.

- 1 **O** VALIANT Hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle-flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.
- 2 Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save Mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.
- 3 Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that nevermore shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.
- 4 Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.
- 5 Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.
- 6 These were His servants, in His steps they trod,
Following through death the martyr'd Son of God.
Victor He rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of Sacrifice.
- 7 O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our Dead,
Whose Cross has brought them and whose Staff has led—
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to Thy gracious hand.

J. S. Arkwright.

Syria.

7s., eight lines.



(For version in Key A, see No. 659.)

(See also Tune ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR, No. 670.)

1.

WHERE the flag of Britain flies,
 In the lands across the seas,
 Under dark or smiling skies,
 In the warm or wintry breeze :
 Lord of hosts, Thy Sovereign Hand
 Over all our comrades be,
 Hear us from our Motherland
 For our lands across the sea.

2.

Far and wide Thy word be known,
 On Thy love, Lord, let us wait,
 Let the Empire be Thine own,
 By Thy gentleness made great ;
 By Thy will alone we stand,
 We are strong alone in Thee,
 Hear us from our Motherland
 And the lands across the sea.

3.

Through the Empire spread Thy Light,
 Over all shed Thou Thy calm,
 Arm us for our heavenly fight
 By the oak, the pine, the palm :
 One world-wide confederate band,
 May we all be one in Thee,
 Hear us from our Motherland
 And the lands across the sea.

F. A. Jackson.

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Section 12.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

West Dean. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.4., eight lines.

J. BARNBY.

A - men.

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(1) INTERCESSION FOR THE YOUNG.

706

Will thou not from this time cry unto Me, my Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth.—JEREMIAH lli. 4.

1 **S**TANDING forth on life's rough way,
 Father, guide them ;
 Oh, we know not what of harm
 May betide them ;
 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
 Father, hide them ;
 Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
 Go beside them.

INTERCESSION FOR THE YOUNG.

2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
 Thou wilt hear them ;
 From the stains of sin and shame
 Thou wilt clear them ;
 'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
 Thou wilt steer them ;
 In temptation, trial, grief,
 Be Thou near them.

3 Unto Thee we give them up ;
 Lord, receive them ;
 In the world we know must be
 Much to grieve them,
 Many striving oft and strong
 To deceive them ;
 Trustful, in Thy hands of love
 We must leave them.

W. Bryant.

Gwalchmai. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.4., eight lines.

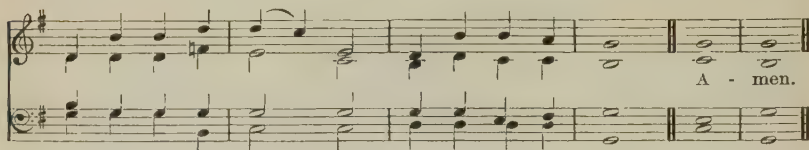
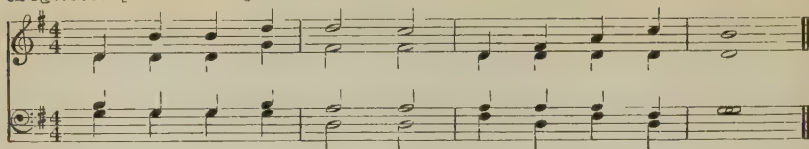
J. D. JONES, senr.

A - men.

Berfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

Anon.



707

I have asked him of the Lord.—1 SAMUEL i. 20.

1 FATHER, now we thank Thee
For this little child ;
Thou hast given him to us,
On him Thou hast smiled.

2 Baby, little baby,
Sweet, and small, and weak,
We are praying for you,
Since you cannot speak.

3 When the babes are waking,
Stretching arms so wide,
Father, then watch o'er them,
Be Thou by their side.

4 When the babes are sleeping ;
Father, guard their bed ;
May the wings of angels
Over them be spread.

5 May all little children
Find in us a friend ;
May we love and help them,
Now and to the end !

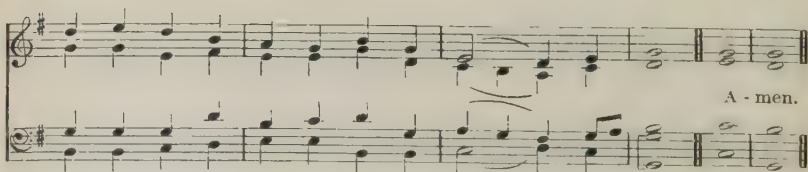
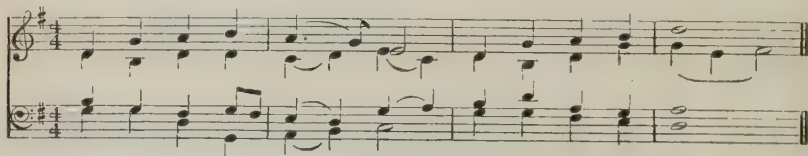
F. A. Jackson.

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Glenfinlas. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

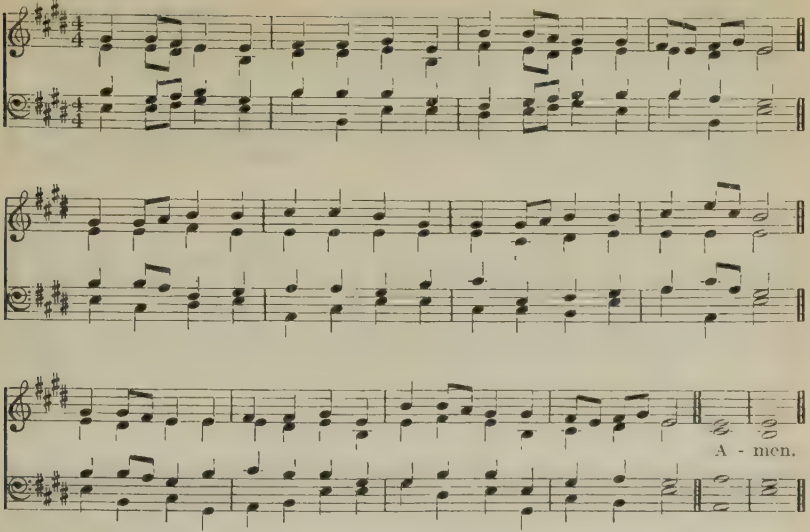
K. G. FINLAY.



Rousseau.

8.7., six lines.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



708

The Lord will feed them as a lamb.—HOSEA iv. 16.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
 Little ones are dear to Thee ;
 Gathered with Thine arms and carried
 In Thy bosom may they be,
 Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
 From all want and danger free.
- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them
 From Thy fold to go astray ;
 By Thy look of love directed
 May they walk the narrow way ;
 Then direct them and protect them,
 Lest they fall an easy prey.
- 3 Let Thy holy word instruct them,
 Fill their minds with heavenly light,
 Let Thy love and grace constrain them
 To approve whate'er is right :
 Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
 Let them prove Thy burden light.
- 4 Taught to lisp the holy praises,
 Which on earth Thy children sing,
 Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
 Glad thanksgiving may they bring :
 Then with all Thy saints in glory
 Join to praise their Lord and King.

Cento from Jane E. Leeson and J. Keble.

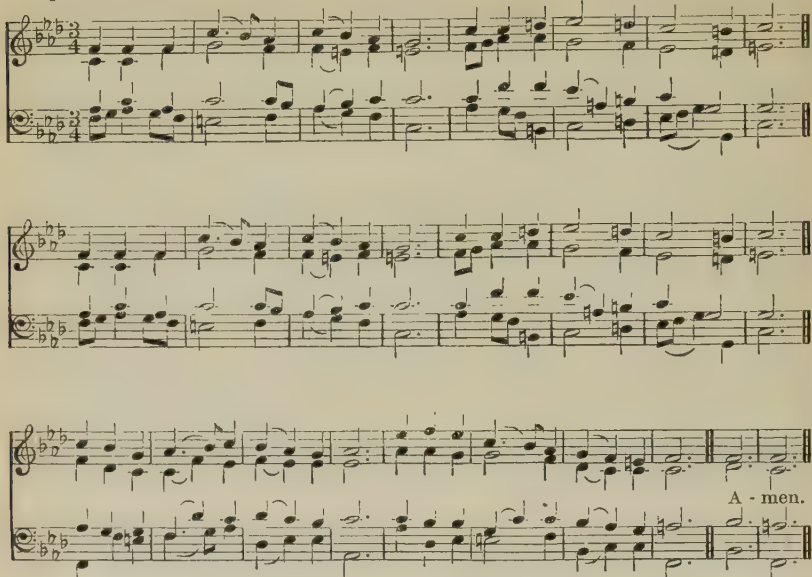
Das neugeborne Kindelein.

[FIRST TUNE.]

8s., six lines.

M. VULPIUS.

Arr. by J. S. BACH.



709

To present him to the Lord.—LUKE ii. 22.

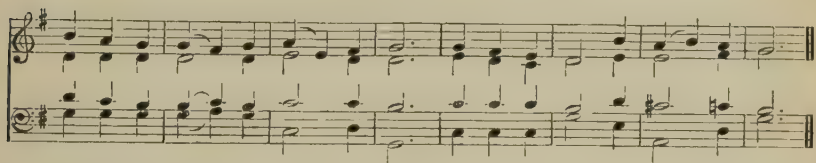
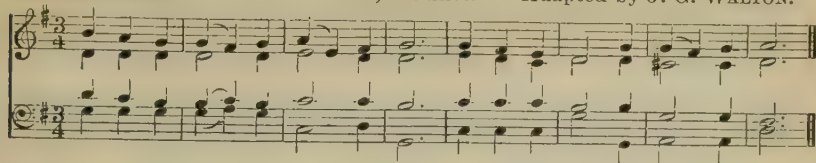
- 1 **L**ORD Jesus Christ, our Lord most dear,
 As Thou wast once an infant here,
 So give this child of Thine, we pray,
 Thy grace and blessing day by day.
 O holy Jesus, Lord Divine,
 We pray Thee, guard this child of Thine.
- 2 As in Thy heavenly kingdom, Lord,
 All things obey Thy sacred word,
 Do Thou Thy mighty succour give,
 And shield this child by morn and eve.
 O holy Jesus, Lord Divine,
 We pray Thee, guard this child of Thine.
- 3 Their watch let angels round *him* keep,
 Where'er *he* be, awake, asleep;
 Thy holy Cross now let *him* bear,
 That *he* Thy crown with saints may wear.
 O holy Jesus, Lord Divine,
 We pray Thee, guard this child of Thine.

H. von Laufenburg, tr. C. Winkworth.

St. Catherine,
[SECOND TUNE.]

8s., six lines.

H. F. HEMY.
Adapted by J. G. WALTON.



(See also Tunes SURREY, No. 76, or ST. CHRYSOSTOM, No. 440.)

(2) YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS AND RESOLVES.

710

I am come a Light into the world.—JOHN xii. 46.

- 1 O LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.
- 2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.
- 3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.
- 4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.
- 5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

E. H. Plumpton.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

From the 'English Hymnal.' By permission of the Oxford University Press.

711

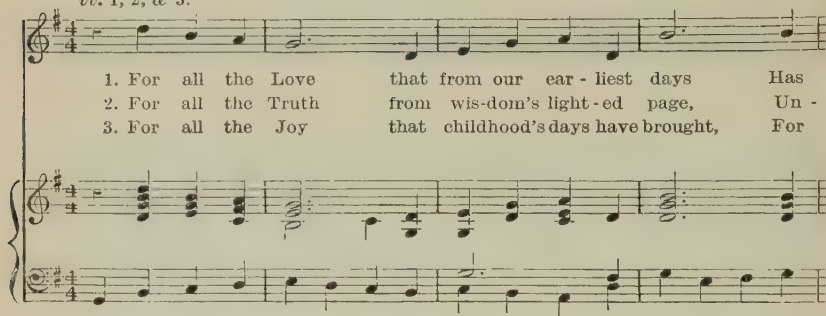
I will praise Thy Name for Thy lovingkindness.—PSALM cxxxviii. 2.

Sine Nomine.

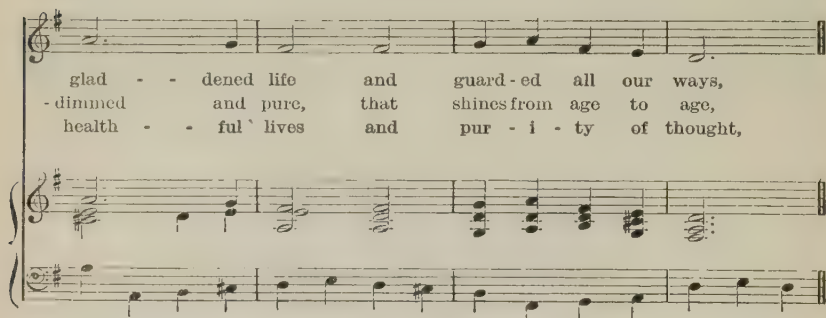
UNISON.
vv. 1, 2, & 3.

10.10.10.4.

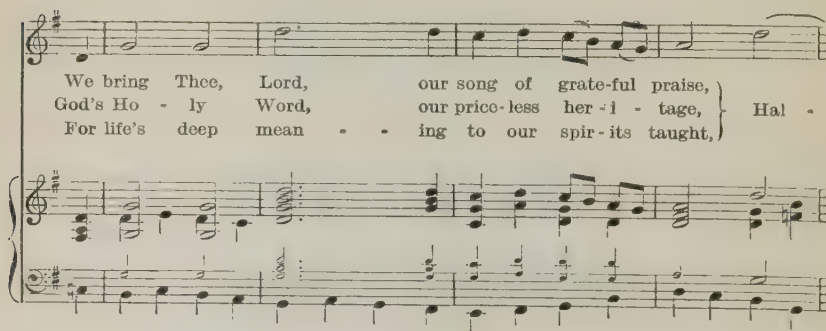
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.



1. For all the Love that from our ear - liest days Has
 2. For all the Truth from wis - dom's light - ed page, Un -
 3. For all the Joy that childhood's days have brought, For



glad - - dened life and guard - ed all our ways,
 - dimmed and pure, that shines from age to age,
 health - - ful' lives and pur - i - ty of thought,



We bring Thee, Lord, our song of grate - ful praise,
 God's Ho - ly Word, our price - less her - i - tage, } Hal -
 For life's deep mean - - ing to our spir - its taught,

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS AND RESOLVES.

le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

HARMONY.
vv. 4, 5, & 6.

4. For all the Hope that sheds its glo-rious ray A - long the .. dark, and
5. For all the Strength that has been gained thro' prayer, To face life's tasks, its
6. For Christ the Lord, our Sa-viour and our Friend, Up - on Whose Love and

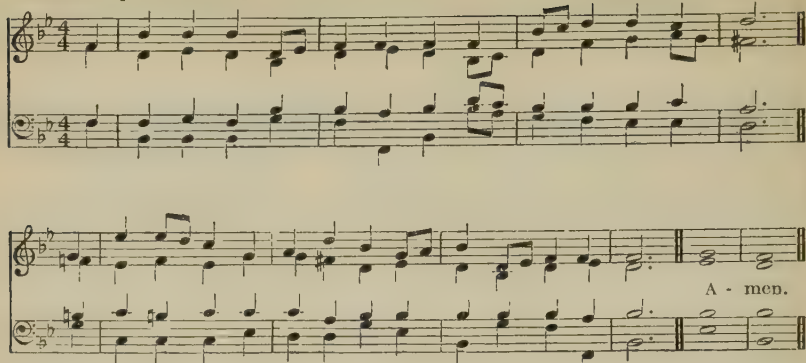
unknown fu-ture way, And lights the .. path to God's e - ter - nal
eag - er quests to share, Till am - pler powers ful - fil its pro - mise
Truth our souls de - pend, Our Hope, our .. Strength, our Joy that knows no ..

day,
fair,
end, } Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A-men,
L. J. Egerton Smith.

Mirfield. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



712

Thou hast the dew of Thy youth.—PSALM cx. 3.

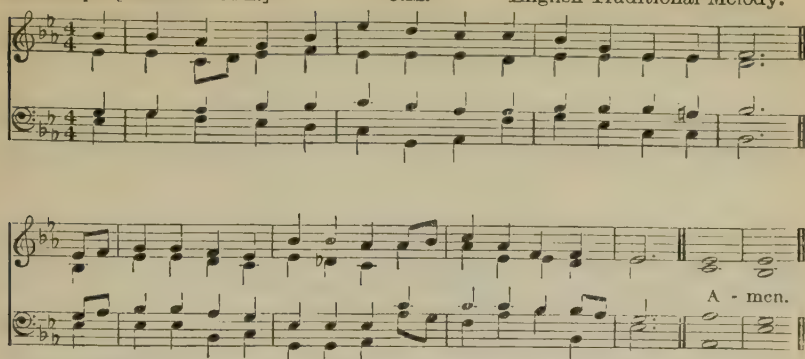
- 1 **L**ORD, in the fulness of my might
 I would for Thee be strong ;
 While runneth o'er each dear delight,
 To Thee should soar my song.
- 2 I would not give the world my heart,
 And then profess Thy love :
 I would not feel my strength depart,
 And then Thy service prove.
- 3 I would not with swift-wingèd zeal
 On the world's errands go :
 And labour up the heavenly hill
 With weary feet and slow.
- 4 Oh, not for Thee my weak desires,
 My poorer, baser part !
 Oh, not for Thee my fading fires,
 The ashes of my heart !
- 5 Oh, choose me in my golden time,
 In my dear joys have part ;
 For Thee the glory of my prime,
 The fulness of my heart !
- 6 I cannot, Lord, too early take
 The covenant divine :
 Oh, ne'er the happy heart may break
 Whose earliest love was Thine.

T. H. Gill.

Mendip. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

English Traditional Melody.



(See also Tune ST. FULBERT, No. 334.)

713

Abound more and more.—1 THESSALONIANS iv. 1.

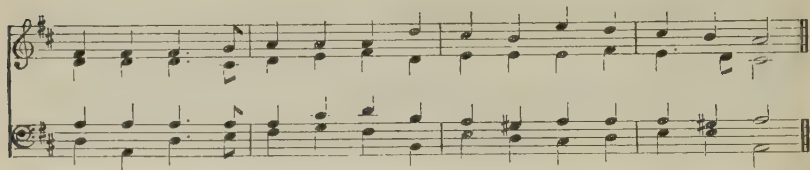
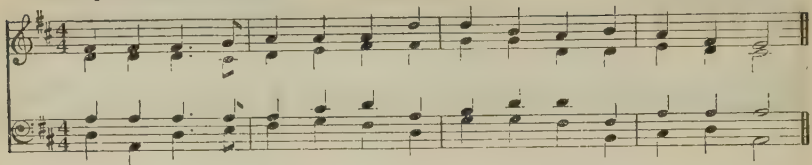
- 1 O JESU, strong and pure and true,
Before Thy feet we bow ;
The grace of earlier years renew,
And lead us onward now.
- 2 The joyous life that year by year
Within these walls is stored,
The golden hope, the gladsome cheer,
We bring to Thee, O Lord.
- 3 Our faith endow with keener powers,
With warmer glow our love,
And draw these halting hearts of ours
From earth to heaven above.
- 4 In paths our bravest ones have trod,
Oh, make us brave to go,
That we may give our lives to God
In serving man below.
- 5 Free us, O Lord, from selfish aim,
And thine own spirit give,
That we may glorify Thy Name
While on Thine earth we live.
- 6 So hence shall flow fresh strength and grace
As from a full-fed spring,
To make the world a better place,
And life a worthier thing.

W. W. How.

St. Asaph. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.7., eight lines.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



A - men.

(See also Tune DEERHURST, No. 124.)

714

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth.—ECCLESIASTES xi. 9.

1 **L**ORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
 That our happy lifetime gives,
 The inestimable treasure
 Of a soul that ever lives ;
 Mind that looks before and after,
 Yearning for its home above,
 Human tears, and human laughter,
 And the depths of human love.

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS AND RESOLVES.

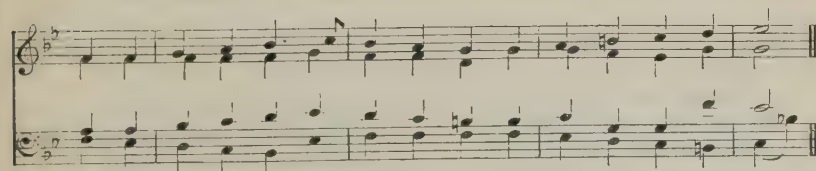
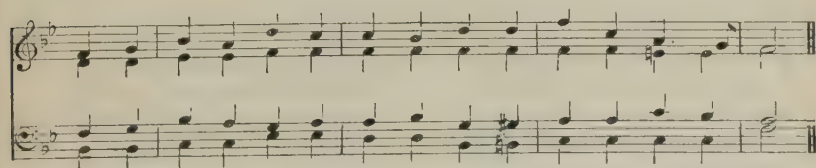
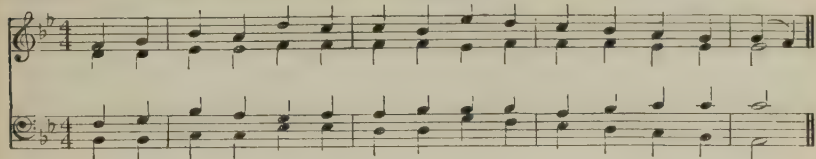
2 For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
 Of our pulses flowing free ;
 E'en for every touch of sadness
 That may bring us nearer Thee ;
 But, above all other kindness,
 Thine unutterable love,
 Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
 Sent Thy dear Son from above.

3 Teach us so our days to number
 That we may be early wise ;
 Dreamy mist, or cloud, or slumber,
 Never dull our heavenward eyes.
 Hearty be our work and willing,
 As to Thee, and not to men ;
 For we know our souls' fulfilling
 Is in heaven, and not till then.

T. W. Jex-Blake.

Sursum Voces. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7., eight lines.

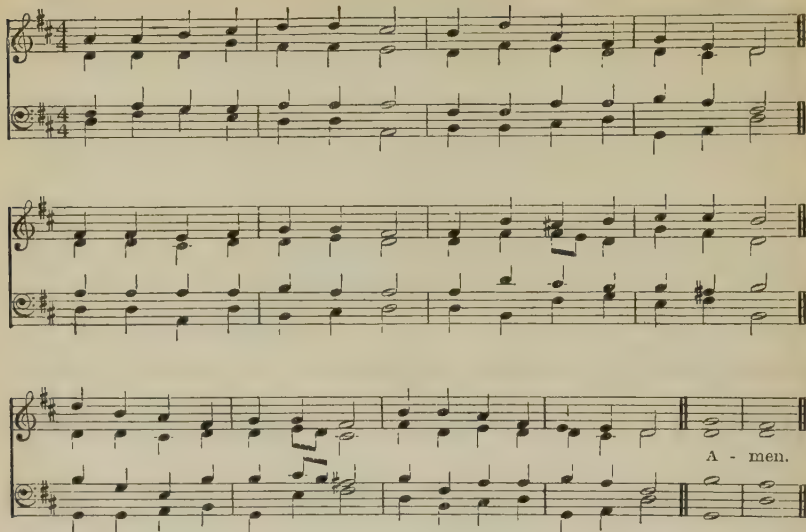
H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



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Ratisbon.

7s., six lines. WERNER's Choralbuch, 1815.



(Or to Tune INCARNATION, No. 56.)

715

Ye may be filled with all the fulness of God.—EPHESIANS iii. 19.

1 **L**IFE and light and joy are found
 In the presence of the Lord ;
 Life, with richest blessings crowned,
 Light, from many fountains poured :
 Life and light and holy joy
 None can darken or destroy.

2 Bring to Him life's brightest hours,
 He will make them still more bright ;
 Give to Him your noblest powers,
 He will hallow all your might.
 Come to Him with eager quest,
 You shall hear His high behest.

3 All your questions large and deep,
 All the open thoughts of youth,
 Bring to Him, and you shall reap
 All the harvest of His truth ;
 You shall find in that great store
 Largest love and wisest lore.

4 Then, when comes life's wider sphere
 And its busier enterprise,
 You shall find Him ever near,
 Looking with approving eyes
 On all honest work and true
 His dear servants' hands can do.

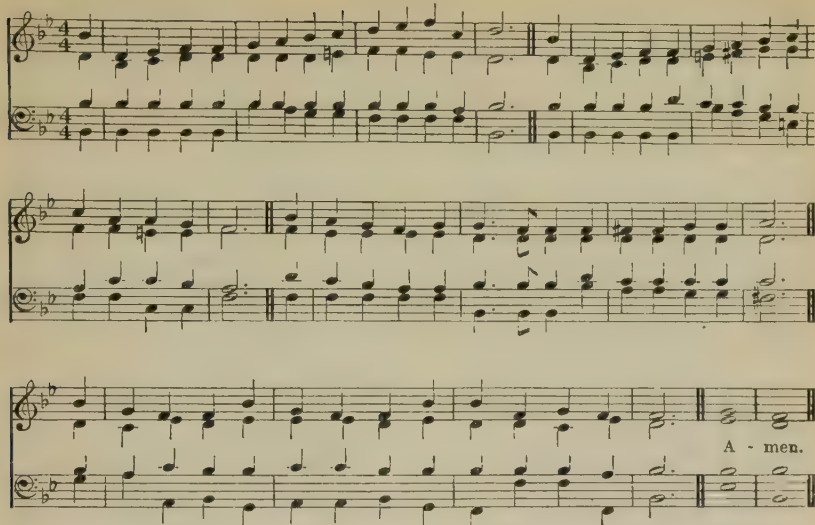
5 And if care should dim your eye,
 And life's shadows come apace,
 You shall find Him ever nigh
 In His all-abounding grace,
 Changing sorrow's darkest night
 Into morning clear and bright.

C. E. Mudie.

Filius Dei.

C.M.D.

A. R. GAUL.



(See also Tunes ELLACOMBE, No. 402, and LAND OF REST, No. 365.)

716 *I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring.*
—ISAIAH xlv. 3.

- 1 **O** LORD of life, and love, and power,
How joyful life might be
If in Thy service every hour
We lived and moved with Thee ;
If youth in all its bloom and might
By Thee were sanctified,
And manhood found its chief delight
In working at Thy side !
- 2 'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
A new life to begin ;
'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
And break with self and sin :
And we this day, both old and young,
Would earnestly aspire
For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
And purified desire:
- 3 Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
But for all faithful souls
Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
Whose names Thy book enrolls :
Oh, speed Thy work, victorious King,
And give Thy workers might,
That through the world Thy truth may ring,
And all men see Thy light.

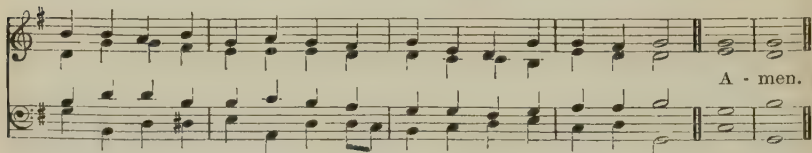
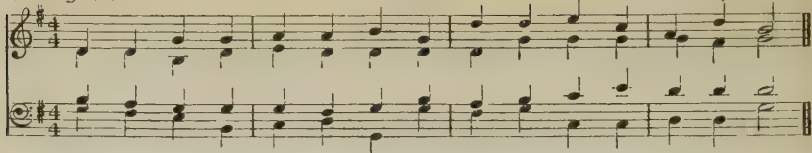
Mrs. Ella S. Armitage.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Stuttgart.

8.7.8.7.

C. F. WITT, 1715.



717

What is good for a man in his life?—ECCLESIASTES vi. 12.

- 1 TELL me not in mournful numbers
'Life is but an empty dream,'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
- 2 Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal ;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

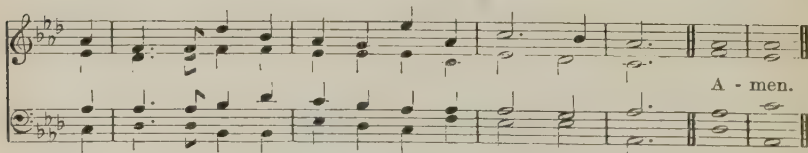
- 4 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;
- 5 Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's fitful main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, may take heart again.
- 6 Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

Dona Lucem.

8.6.8.4.

JOHN GOSS.



(Or to TUNE WRETFORD, No. 173.)

718

Every good gift and every perfect gift . . . cometh down from the Father of lights.—JAMES i. 17.

- 1 GIVE light, O Lord, that we may learn
The way that leads to Thee,
That where our hearts true joy discern
Our life may be.
- 2 Give light, O Lord, that we may know
Thy one unchanging Truth,
And follow, all our days below,
Our Guide in youth.
- 3 Give light, O Lord, that we may see
Where wisdom bids beware ;
And turn our doubting minds to Thee
In faithful prayer.

- 4 Give light, O Lord, that we may look
Beneath, around, above,
And learn from nature's living book
Thy power and love.
- 5 Give light, O Lord, that we may read
All signs that Thou art near,
And, while we live, in word and deed
Thy Name revere.
- 6 Give light, O Lord, that we may see
A home beyond the sky,
Where all who live in Christ with Thee
Shall never die.

L. Tuliett.

Constantia.

8.4.4.8.8.8.

J. F. BRIDGE.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

719 *Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? . . . He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness.—PSALM XV. 1, 2.*

1 **H**OW shall we worship Thee, O Lord?
 What shall we bring
 To Thee, our King,
 By children and by men adored?
 More dear to Thee than prayer and
 praise
 Are loyal deeds and patient days.

2 What can we give? Thou dost desire
 A steadfast will,
 Obedient still,
 And faithful work that does not tire:
 More dear to Thee than prayer and
 praise
 Are loyal deeds and patient days.

3 How easy in the golden light
 Of summer hours,
 Among the flowers,
 To bless Thee for a world so bright!
 More dear to Thee than prayer and
 praise
 Are loyal deeds and patient days.

4 When sorrow darkens all our sky,
 Life's blossoms lost
 In sudden frost,
 And all our courage like to die,
 Oh, help us still Thy Name to praise
 By loyal deeds and patient days.

5 In life, in death, in joy and pain,
 May we adore
 Thee more and more,
 Till love turns all our loss to gain,
 And tunes the years to perfect praise
 In loyal deeds and patient days.

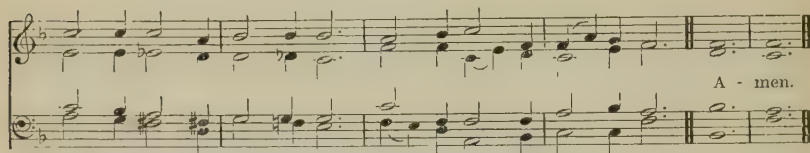
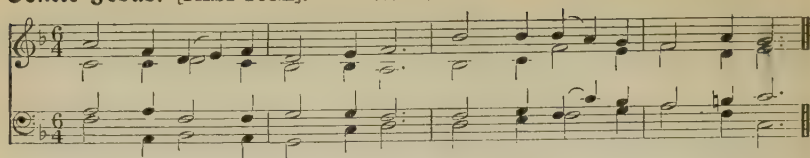
Annie Matheson.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Gentle Jesus. [FIRST TUNE].

7.7.7.7.

ROWLAND BRIANT.



720

The meekness and gentleness of Christ—2 CORINTHIANS x. 1.

1 **G**ENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

6 Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.

7 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

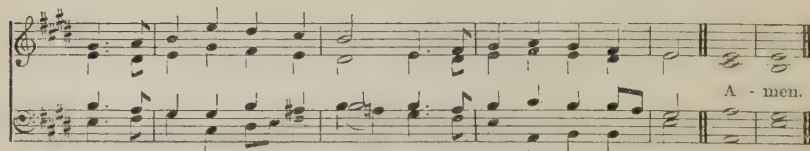
8 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

C. Wesley.

Innocents. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7.

The Parish Choir, 1850.



Bystrydol.

8.7., eight lines.

R. H. PRITCHARD.

Harmony Copyright

(See also Tune CORINTH, No. 425.)

A - men.

721

Another generation cometh.—ECCLESIASTES i. 4.

1 O'ER the hills and by the valleys
Winds the ancient Pilgrims' Way :
Here a track across the mountains,
There a path o'er water grey,
From the mists of far horizons
Broadening down from age to age.
With its endless train of pilgrims
On their sacred pilgrimage.

2 Here the prophets lift their torches,
Here the martyrs won their crown,
Here are saints, and here are singers
Of the deeds of old renown ;
Heroes named in famous story,
Heroes, too, by name unknown,
Down the sacred Way have followed
Where the feet of Christ have gone.

3 Ever new the generations
Onward press in brave advance,
From the meads of Childhood hasting,
From the heights of Youth's romance :
Wide their eyes with wonder gazing,
Mute their lips with hope and fear,
For the Way of Life is calling,
And the Lord of Life stands near,

4 Stands, and to the children beckons,
Bids them tread this Way along,
Come, ye children, come with music,
Come with laughter and with song,
In the morning, in the twilight,
In the sun-glow on the hill,
Christ is calling, Love is leading,
Follow, children, follow still.

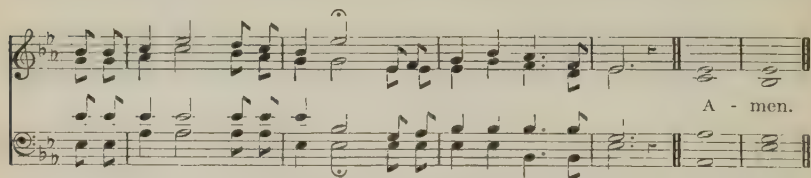
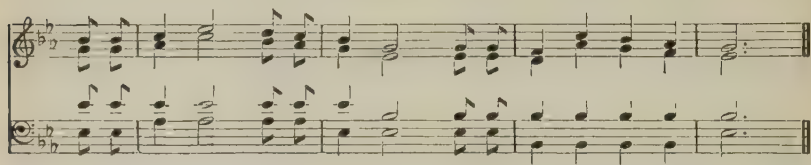
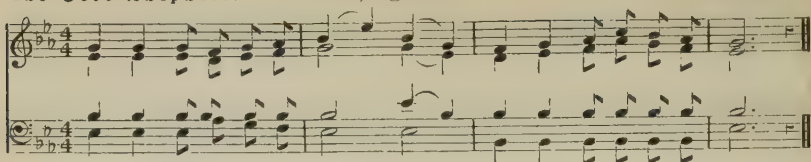
5 And where'er Man's march is thwarted,
And his earthly leaders fail,
Where across uncharted country
Marsh-lights gleam and fears prevail,
Yet the Guiding Star of Heaven
Shines where'er God's Will is done ;
Youth arise ! Break new the pathway !
God is calling, Christ leads on.

G. E. Darlaston.

The Good Shepherd.

8.7., eight lines.

W. B. BRADBURY.



(Or to Tune ST. WERBURGH, No. 70.)

722 *He will . . . keep him as a shepherd doth his flock.*—JEREMIAH xxxi. 10.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need Thy tenderest care ;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare.
 Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine : do Thou befriend us ;
 Be the Guardian of our way ;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
 Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
 Let us early turn to Thee.

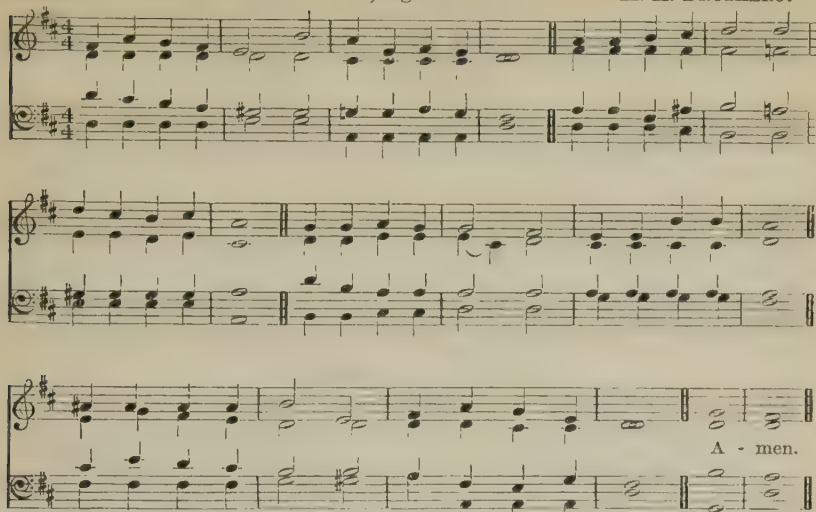
4 Early let us seek Thy favour,
 Early let us do Thy will ;
 Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

(?) H. F. Lytle.

Vespers.

6.5., eight lines.

H. A. PROTHERO.



(See also Tunes LYNDHURST, No. 779, and EDINA, No. 144.)

723

The manifold wisdom of God.—EPHESIANS iii. 10.

1 **I**N life's earnest morning,
When our hope was high,
Came Thy voice in summons
Not to be put by :
Nor in toil nor sorrow,
Weakness nor dismay,
Need we ever falter—
Art not Thou our stay ?

2 Teach us, Lord, Thy wisdom,
While we seek men's lore ;
May the mind be humbled
As we know Thee more ;
Let the larger vision
Bring the childlike heart,
And our deeper knowledge
Holier zeal impart.

3 Should our faith be palsied
By the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty,
Faithless, undevout,
Lord, in mercy lead us
To our springs in Thee,
Where are healing waters
Plentiful and free.

4 Should Thy face be clouded
To our spirits' sight,
Speak through human kindness,
Shine through Nature's light ;
In the face of loved ones,
In the ties of home—
Only, gracious Father,
To Thy children come.

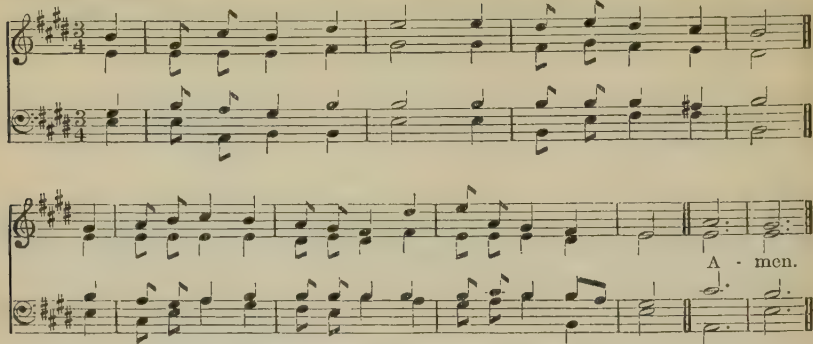
5 Save us, Lord, from seeking
Earth's unhallowed goals ;
May our lifelong passion
Be the love of souls ;
Let us live and labour,
Father, in Thy sight.
Through the grace of Jesus,
By the Spirit's might.

E. S. Oakley.

Huddersfield.

S.M.

WILLIAMS' Psalmody, 1770.



(See also Tune DONCASTER, No. 372.)

724

Behold the Man ! . . . behold your King !—JOHN xix. 5, 14.

1 THOU perfect Hero-Knight,
Help us to follow Thee,
To right the wrong, protect the weak,
And serve Thee faithfully.

2 Thou bravest of the brave,
We bring Thee joyful praise,
Make us unfearing, loyal, true,
Like Thee in all our ways.

3 Thou mightiest of the strong,
We praise Thee with our might,
Help us to guard our purity,
And use our strength aright.

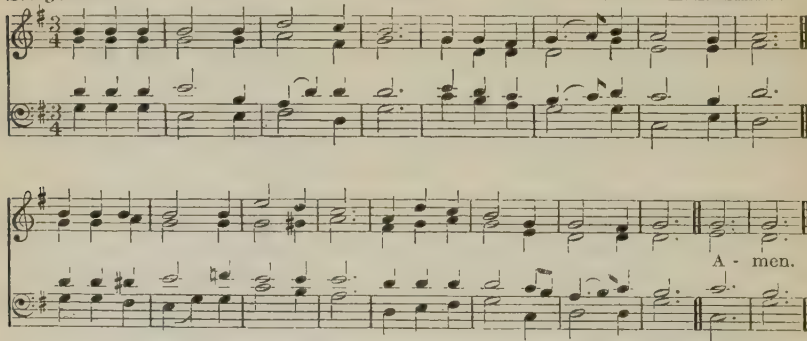
4 Thou Kingliest King of all,
We bring Thee loyal praise,
Help us to be true sons of Thee,
To-day and all our days.

A. M. Pullen.

Arizona.

L.M.

R. H. EARNSHAW.



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(See also Tune HAMPSTEAD, No. 373.)

(For this Tune in Key F, see No. 212.)

725

Your young men shall see visions.—ACTS ii. 17.

1 WHAT purpose burns within our
hearts [stand,
That we together here should
Pledging each other mutual vows,
And ready hand to join in hand ?

2 We see in vision fair a time
When evil shall have passed away ;
And thus we dedicate our lives
To hasten on that blessed day ;

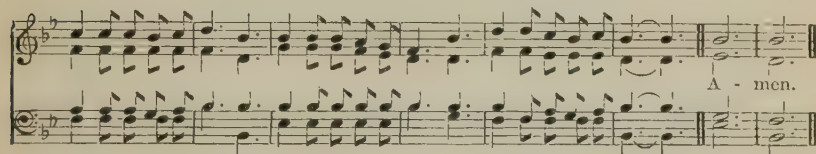
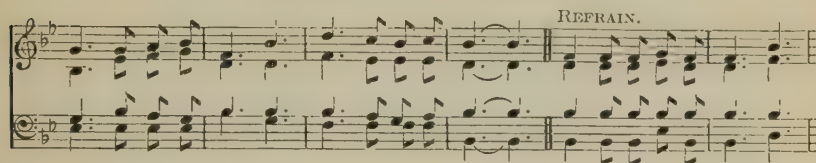
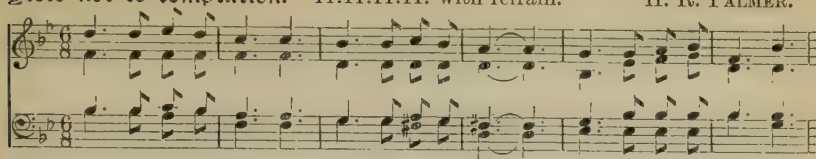
3 To seek the truth whate'er it be,
To follow it where'er it leads ;
To turn to facts our dreams of good,
And coin our lives in loving deeds :

4 For this, we gather here to-day ;
To such a church of God we bring
Our utmost love and loyalty,
And make our souls an offering.

Minot F. Savage.

Yield not to temptation. 11.11.11.11. with refrain.

H. R. PALMER.



726

I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee.—ISAIAH xli. 10.

- 1 **Y**IELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
 Each victory will help you some other to win;
 Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
 Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
 Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort, strengthen, and keep you
 He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

- 2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
 God's Name hold in rev'rence, nor take it in vain;
 Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
 Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

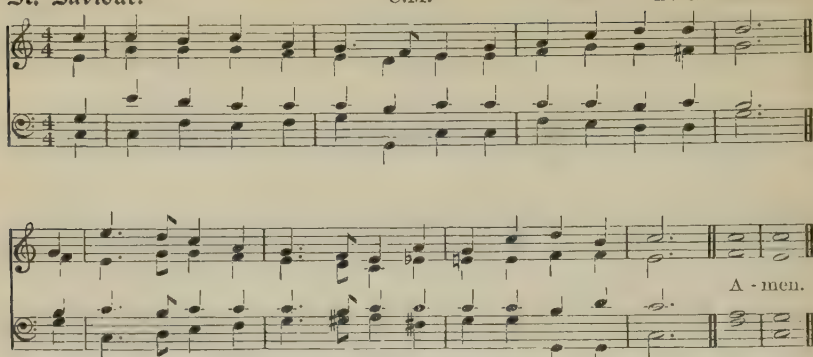
- 3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
 Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
 He Who is our Saviour our strength will renew,
 Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

H. R. Palmer.

St. Saviour.

C.M.

F. G. BAKER.



(See also Tune ST. FULBERT, No. 23.)

727

With what comparison shall we compare it?—MARK iv. 30.

- 1 **T**HY Word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair ;
And every one who seeks may pluck
A lovely garland there.
- 2 Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine ;
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths,
For every searcher there.
- 3 Thy Word is like a starry host ;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller
And make his pathway bright.
- 4 Thy Word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring ;
Though many parts and tongues unite,
It is one song they sing.
- 5 Thy Word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find for life's long battle-day
All needful weapons there.
- 6 Oh, may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine !
- 7 Oh, may I find my armour there,
Thy Word my trusty sword ;
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord.

Edwin Hodder.

DELIGHT IN GOD'S WORKS.

Solomon. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

From HANDEL.



FOR CHILDREN.

(3) DELIGHT IN GOD'S WORKS.

728 *God said, Let the earth bring forth.—GENESIS i. 11.*

- 1 **G**OD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
- 2 He might have made enough—enough
For every want of ours,
For food and medicine and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.
- 3 Then wherefore, wherefore, were they
All dyed with rainbow light, {made,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night ?
- 4 Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by ?
- 5 Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.
- 6 To whisper hope, to comfort man,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For He Who careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him.

Mary Howitt.

729 *He that built all things is God.—HEBREWS iii. 4.*

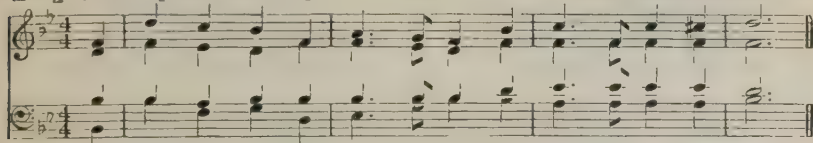
- 1 **I** SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food :
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.
- 5 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye ;
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Whose love is ever nigh ?

I. Watts.

Holy Cross. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

From MENDELSSOHN.

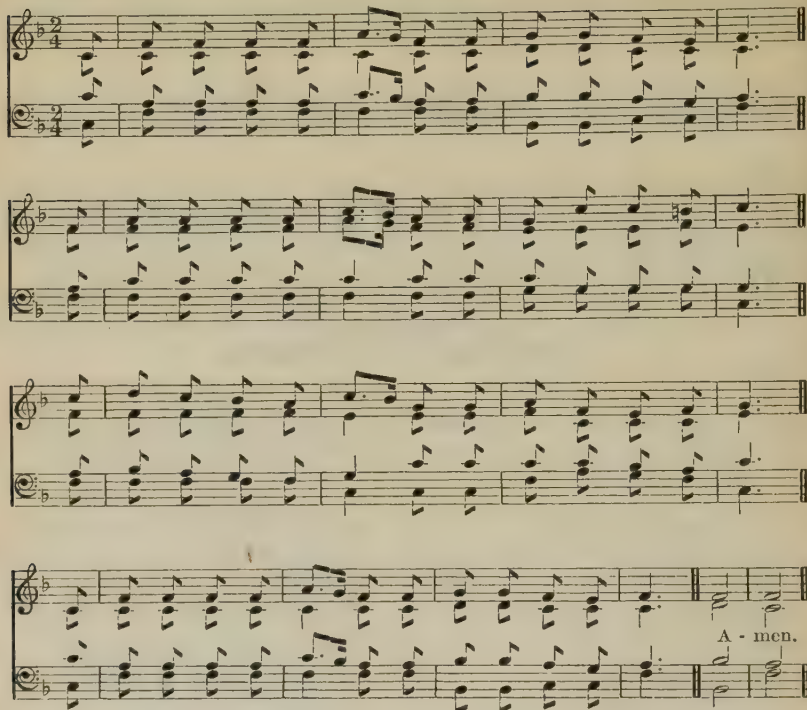


CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Westridge. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

G. F. ROOT.



730 *Happy is he . . . whose hope is in the Lord his God, which made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is.—PSALM cxlvi. 5, 6.*

1 'TWAS God that made the ocean,
And laid its sandy bed ;
He gave the stars their motion,
And built the mountain's head ;
He made the rolling thunder,
The lightning's forked flame ;
His works are full of wonder,
All glorious is His Name.

2 And must it not surprise us
That One so high and great
Should see and not despise us,
Poor sinners, at His feet ?
Yet day by day He gives us
Our raiment and our food ;
In sickness He relieves us,
And is in all things good.

3 But things that are far greater
His mighty hand hath done,
And sent us blessings sweeter
Through Christ, His only Son,
Who, when He saw us dying
In sin and sorrow's night,
On wings of mercy flying,
Came down with life and light.

4 He gives His word to teach us
Our danger and our wants,
And kindly doth beseech us
To take the life He grants
His Holy Spirit frees us
From Satan's deadly powers,
Leads us by faith to Jesus,
And makes His glory ours.

G. B. Bubier's 'Hymns and Sacred Songs.'

Salvatori. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

S. SALVATORI.

731 Behold the fowls of the air . . . Consider the lilies of the field.—MATT. vi. 26, 28.

1 **H**OW dearly God must love us
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers !
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents holy,
His kindness and His care.

2 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread ;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed ;
He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food ;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.

3 The Bible, too, He sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose word can save and cleanse us
From guilt and sin and shame :
Oh, may God's mercies move us
To serve Him with our powers,
For oh, how He must love us
And this poor world of ours !

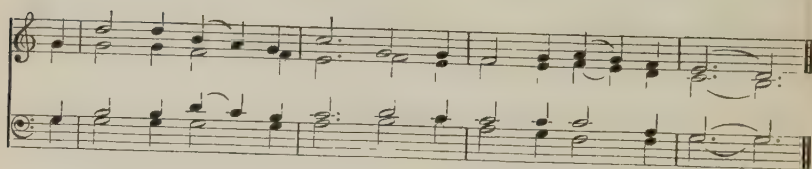
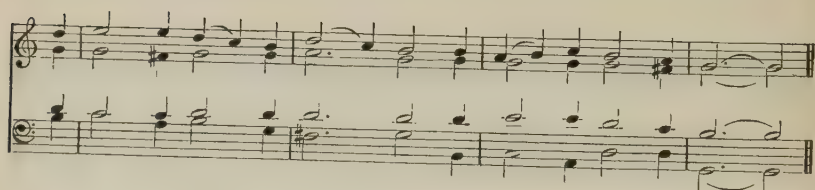
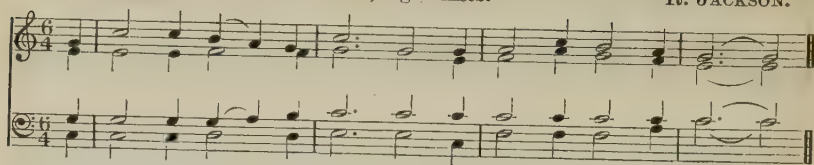
S. W. Partridge.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

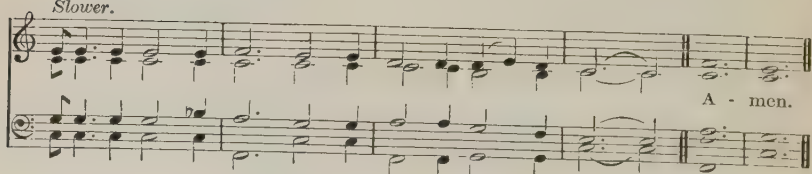
Watermouth.

7.6., eight lines.

R. JACKSON.



Slower.



1.

GOD Who hath made the daisies,
 And every lovely thing,
 He will accept our praises,
 And hearken while we sing :
 He says, though we are simple,
 Though ignorant we be,
 'Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me.'

2.

Though we are young and simple,
 In praise we may be bold ;
 The children in the temple
 He heard in days of old ;
 And if our hearts are humble
 He says to you and me,
 'Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me.'

3.

He sees the bird that wingeth
 Its way o'er earth and sky ;
 He hears the lark that singeth
 Up in the heaven so high ;
 But sees the heart's low breathings
 And says, well pleased to see,
 'Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me.'

4.

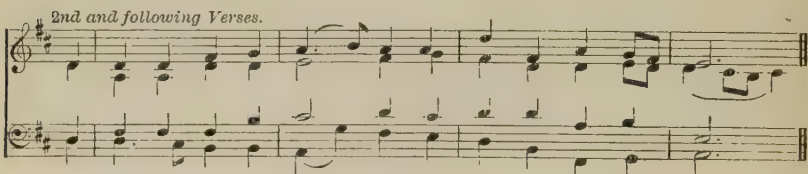
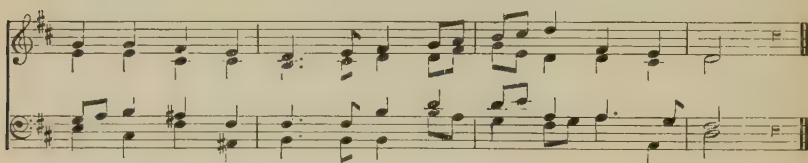
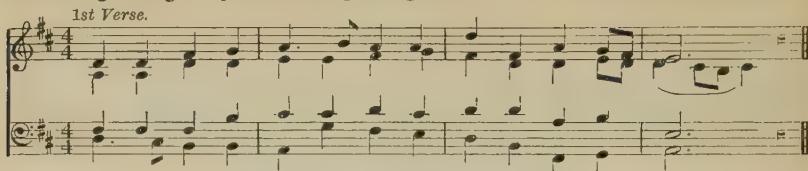
Therefore we will come near Him,
 And joyfully we'll sing ;
 No cause to shrink or fear Him,
 We'll make our voices ring ;
 For in our temple speaking,
 He says to you and me,
 'Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me.'

E. Parlon Hood.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

All things bright. [FIRST TUNE.] Irregular.

F. A. G. OUSELEY.



733 *He hath made every thing beautiful in its time.—ECCLESIASTES iii. 11 (R.V.).*

1 ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky ;

DELIGHT IN GOD'S WORKS.

- 4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.
- 5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day,
- 6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

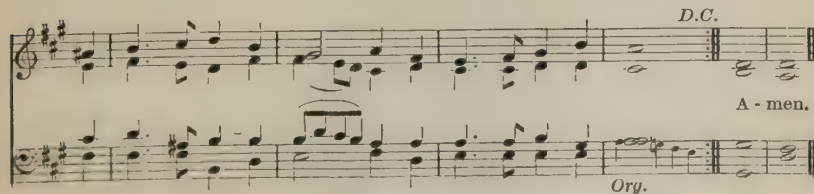
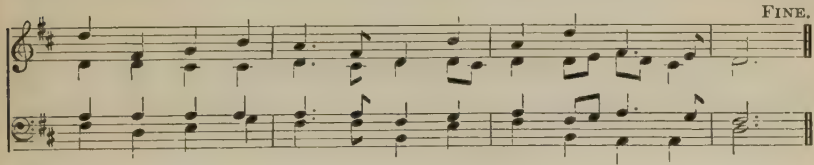
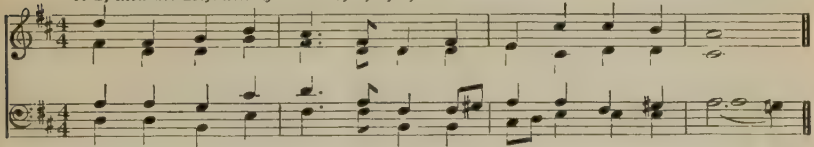
All things bright and beautiful.

[SECOND TUNE.]

Irregular and Refrain.

W. H. MONK.

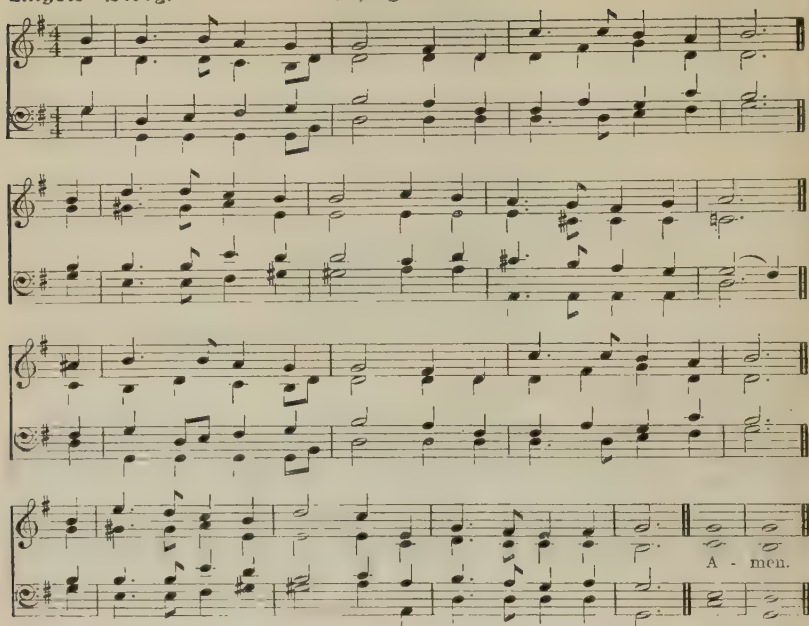
v. 1, and the Refrain after vv. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.



Angels' Story.

7.6.; eight lines.

A. H. MANN.



By permission.

(4) THE COMING OF JESUS.

734 *Because the Lord loved you . . . hath the Lord . . . redeemed you.*—DEUT. vii. 8.

- 1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell:
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
- 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forsake me,
Because He loves me so.
- 3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

Mrs. Emily H. Miller.

(See also Section IV. (2), Nos. 79 to 97.)

Christmas.

Irregular.

R. N. MATTHEWS.



1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth.. Long a - go;
 2. Far a - way in a good - ly land,.. Fair and bright,
 3. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair A child was born,
 4. He has put on His king - ly ap - par - el now, In that good - ly land;



And the an - gels of God pro - claimed His birth, High and low.
 Chil - dren with crowns of . : glo - ry stand, Robed in white,
 And, that they might a crown of . : glo - ry wear, Wore a crown of thorn,
 And He leads to where foun - tains of wa - ter flow That cho - sen band;



Out on the night, so . . calm and still, Their song was heard;
 In white more pure than the spot - less snow; And their tongues u - nite
 And in mor - tal weak - ness, in want and pain, Came forth to die,
 And for ev - er - more, in their robes most fair And un - de - filed,



For they knew that the Child on . . Bethlehem's hill Was Christ the Lord.
 In the psalm which the an - gels sang long a - go On Christ - mas night.
 That the chil - dren of earth might for ev - er reign With Him on high.
 Those ran - somed chil - dren His praise declare Who was once a child. A - men.
 Emily E. S. Elliott.

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CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

736 There were . . . shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night—LUKE ii. 8.

In the Field.

Irregular.

J. FARMER.

Allegretto.

♩ = 120. *p*

Ped.

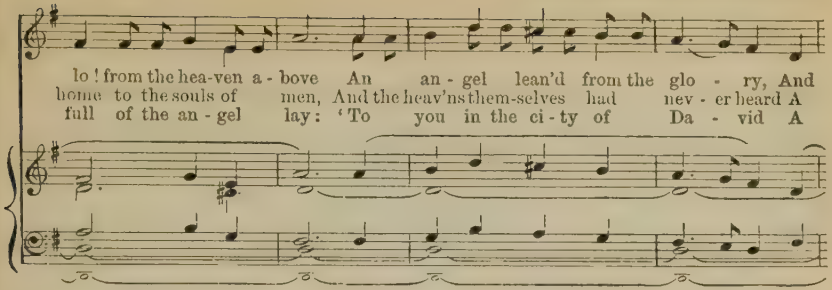
FOR ONE OR MORE TREBLE VOICES.

1. In the field with their flocks a - bid - ing, They
2. 'To you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A
3. And the shep - herds came to the man - ger, And

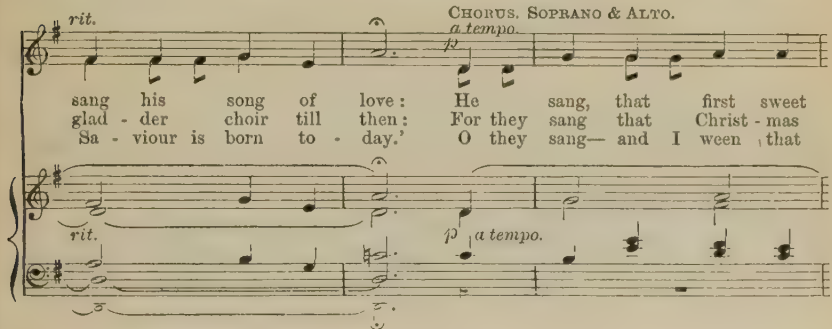
lay on the dew - y ground, And glim - mer - ing un - der the star - light, The
Sa - viour is born to - day.' And sud - den a host of the heav'n - ly ones Flash'd
gaz'd on the Ho - ly Child; And calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The

sheep lay white a - round, When the light of the Lord stream'd o'er . . . them, And
forth to join the lay. O nev - er hath sweet - er mes - sage Thrill'd
vir - gin mo - ther smil'd: And the sky, in the star - lit si - lence, Seem'd

THE COMING OF JESUS.



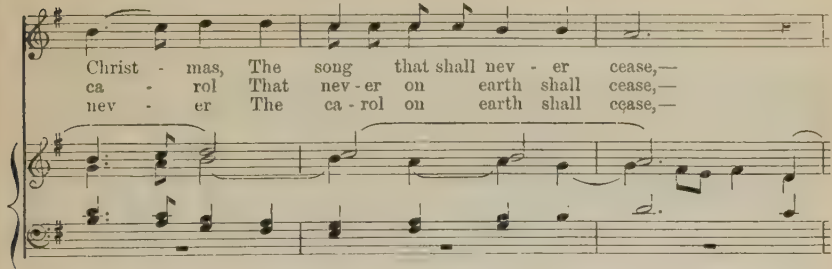
lo! from the hea-ven a - bove An an - gel lean'd from the glo - ry, And
home to the souls of men, And the heav'n's them-selves had nev - er heard A
full of the an - gel lay: 'To you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A



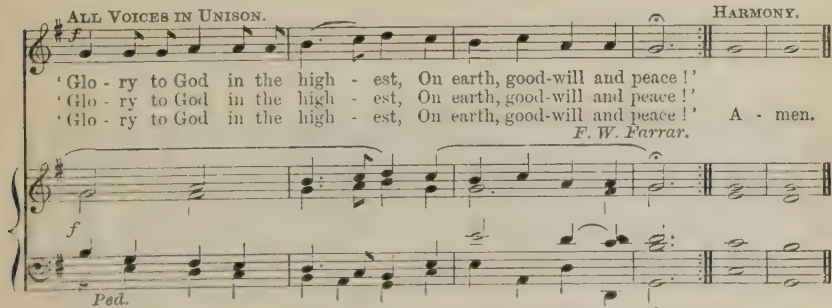
rit. sang his song of love: He sang, that first sweet
glad - der choir till then: For they sang that Christ - mas
Sa - viour is born to - day.' O they sang— and I ween that

CHORUS. SOPRANO & ALTO.
a tempo.

rit. *p a tempo.*



Christ - mas, The song that shall nev - er cease,—
ca - rol That nev - er on earth shall cease,—
nev - er The ca - rol on earth shall cease,—



ALL VOICES IN UNISON. HARMONY.

'Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth, good-will and peace!'
'Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth, good-will and peace!'
'Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth, good-will and peace!' A - men.
F. W. Farrar.

f *Ped.*

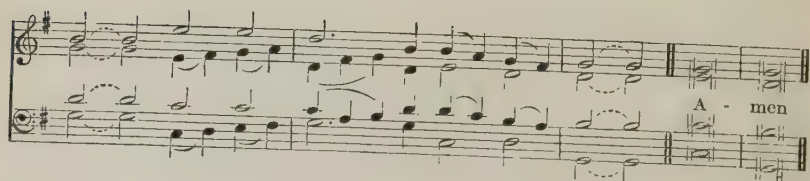
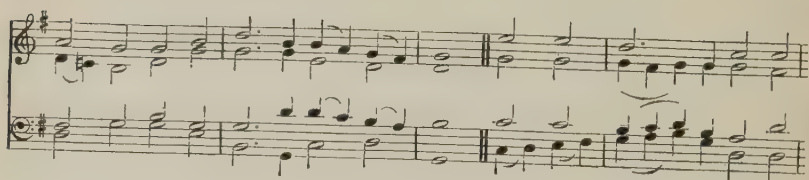
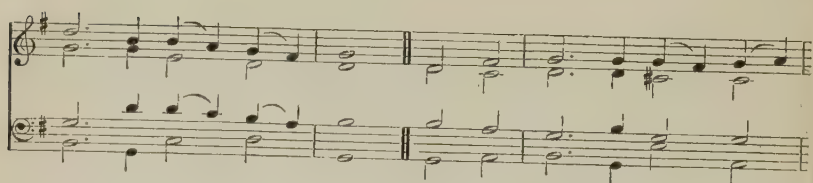
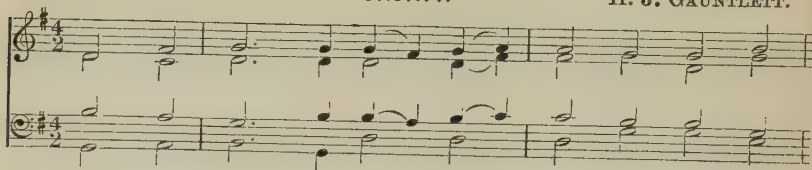
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CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

3rby.

87.87.77.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



737 *And He . . . came to Nazareth and was subject unto them.*—LUKE ii. 51.

- 1 **O**NCE in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
 In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.
- 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
 Who is God and Lord of all ;
And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall :
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 And through all His wondrous childhood
 He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly mother
 In whose gentle arms He lay :
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern :
 Day by day like us He grew ;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew ;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love ;
For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above ;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.
- 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high,
When, like stars, His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Christmas Carol.

86.86.76.86.

H. WALFORD DAVIES,
Mus. Doc.

Org. *pp* *vv. 1 to 3 by SOPRANOS.*

The first system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and includes an organ (*Org.*) part. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. A bracket above the staves indicates that verses 1 to 3 are sung by sopranos.

The second system of the musical score, continuing the organ and soprano parts from the first system.

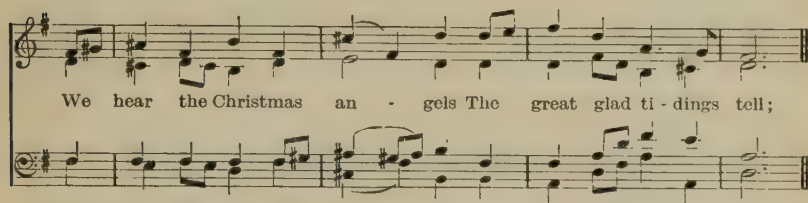
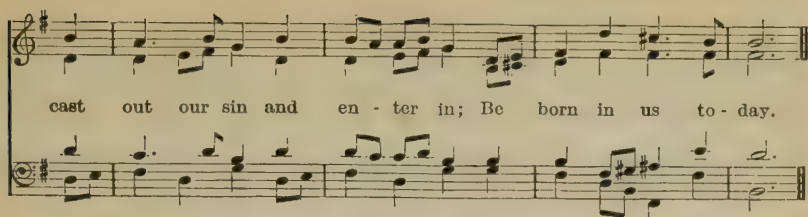
The third system of the musical score, continuing the organ and soprano parts.

The fourth system of the musical score, continuing the organ and soprano parts.

The fifth system of the musical score, continuing the organ and soprano parts. It ends with a double bar line and a 4/4 time signature.

v. 4 HARMONY.

The sixth system of the musical score, featuring a harmony part. It consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature as the previous systems. The lyrics "O ho - ly Child of Beth - le-hem, De - scend to us, we pray;" are written below the staves.



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738

Bethlehem, in the land of Judah.—MATTHEW ii. 6.

1 **O** LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

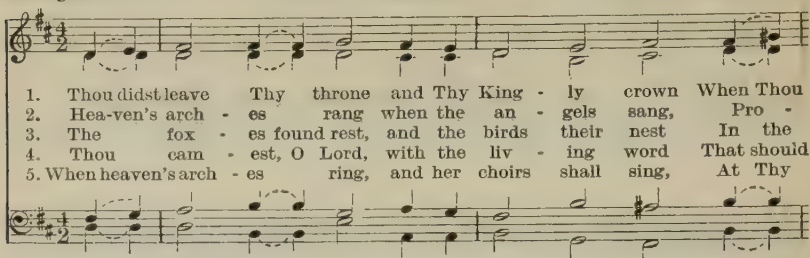
739

There was no room for them in the inn.—LUKE ii. 7.

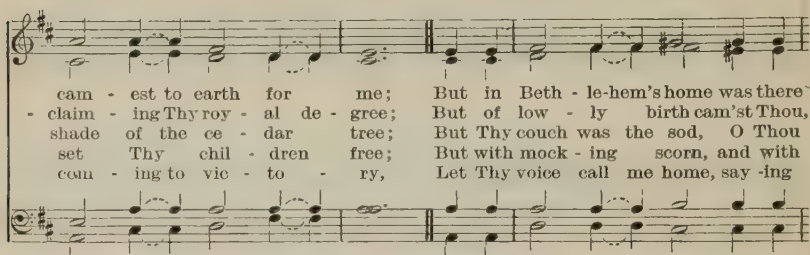
Margaret.

Irregular.

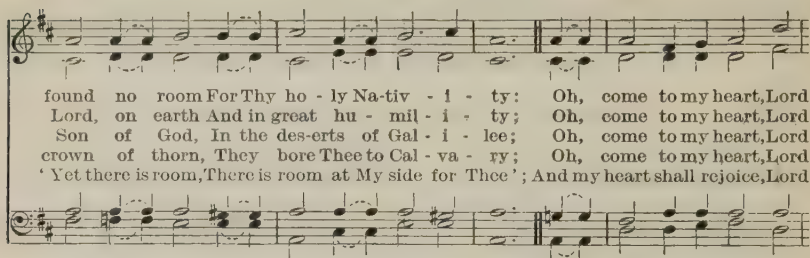
T. R. MATTHEWS.



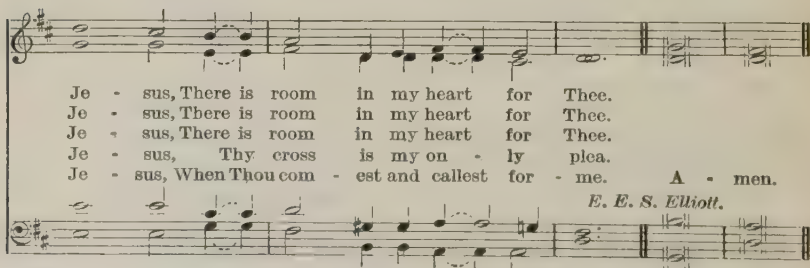
1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy King - ly crown When Thou
 2. Hea-ven's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro -
 3. The fox - es found rest, and the birds their nest In the
 4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should
 5. When heaven's arch - es ring, and her choirs shall sing, At Thy



cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's home was there -
 - claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But of low - ly birth cam'st Thou,
 shade of the ce - dar tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
 set Thy chil - dren free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with
 com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing



found no room For Thy ho - ly Na-tiv - i - ty: Oh, come to my heart, Lord
 Lord, on earth And in great hu - mil - i - ty; Oh, come to my heart, Lord
 Son of God, In the des-erts of Gal - i - lee; Oh, come to my heart, Lord
 crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry; Oh, come to my heart, Lord
 'Yet there is room, There is room at My side for Thee'; And my heart shall rejoice, Lord



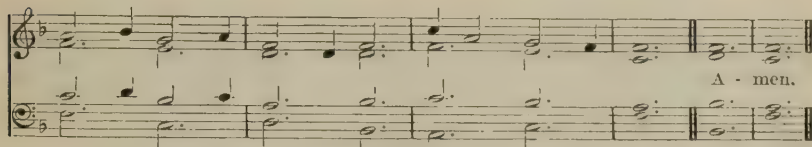
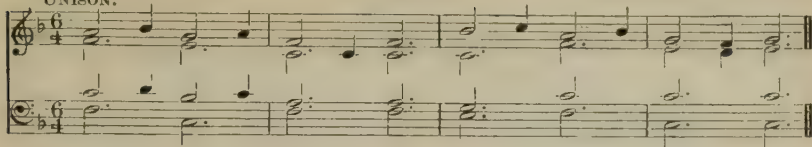
Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
 Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
 Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
 Je - sus, Thy cross is my on - ly plea.
 Je - sus, When Thou com - est and callest for - me. A - men.
 E. E. S. Elliott.

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Humility. [FIRST TUNE.]
UNISON.

7.7.7.5.

Adapted from Mrs. FRANCIS.



740

He took them up in His arms . . . and blessed them.—MARK X. 16.

1 JESUS, when He left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.

3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, He kindly bid them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought,—
Little ones like me.

4 'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave;
Jesus able is to save
Little ones like me.

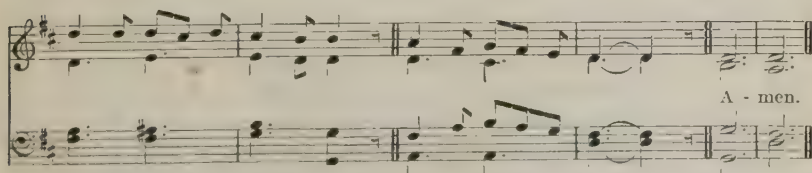
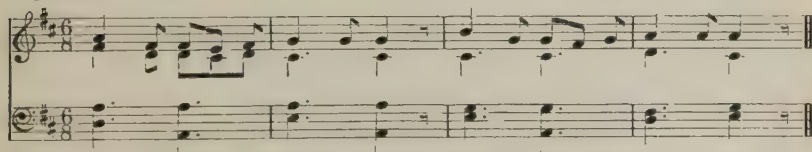
5 Children then should love Him now,
Strive His holy will to do,
Pray to Him and praise Him too,—
Little ones like me.

Mrs. M. Rumsey.

Little ones, like me.
[SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.5.

H. ERNEST NICHOL.



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Away in a manger.

11.11.11.11.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

UNISON.

A - men.

741

Lying in a manger.—LUKE ii. 12.

1.

AWAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,
 The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
 The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay—
 The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

2.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
 But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
 I love Thee, Lord Jesus ! look down from the sky,
 And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

3.

Be near me, Lord Jesus ; I ask Thee to stay
 Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
 Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
 And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

Anon. (Based on Martin Luther.)

Cranbam.

Irregular.

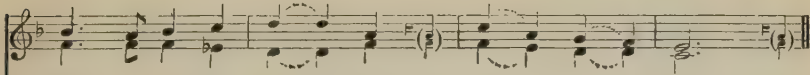
GUSTAV HOLST.



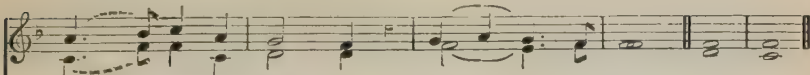
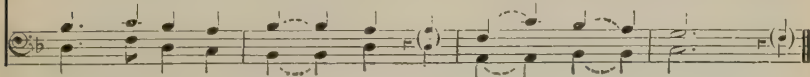
- | | | | |
|----|--------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. | In | the bleak mid-win - ter, | Frost - y wind made moan, |
| 2. | Our | God, heaven can-not hold Him, | Nor . . earth sus - tain; |
| 3. | An - gels | and arch - an - gels | May have ga - thered there, |
| 4. | What . . can | I give Him, | Poor . . as I am? |



Earth stood hard as	ir - on,	Wa - ter like	a stone:
Heaven and earth shall	flee a - way	When He comes	to reign:
Che - ru - bim and	se - ra - phim	Throng - ed	the air—
If I were a	shep - herd,	I would bring	a lamb;

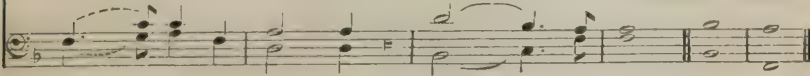


Snow had fal - len, snow on snow,	Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid - win - ter	A sta - ble place suf - ficed
But His mo - ther on - ly,	In her maid - en bliss,
If I were a wise man,	I would do my part; Yet



In . . . the bleak mid - win - ter,	Long . . . a - go.
Lord . . . God Al - migh - ty,	Je - sus Christ.
Wor-shipped the Be - lov - ed	With . . . a kiss.
what . . I can I give Him—	Give . . . my heart. A - men.

Christina Rossetti.



CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Goss.

7.7.7.7. and Refrain.

J. Goss.

UNISON.

REFRAIN. HARMONY.

A - men.

743

God, will provide Himself a lamb.—GENESIS xxii. 8.

1 SEE, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years !

Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn !
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn !
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

2 Lo, within a manger lies
He Who built the starry skies,
He Who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim !

3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day ;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lowly mountain steep ?

4 ' As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light ;
Angels singing, " Peace on earth,"
Told us of the Saviour's birth.'

5 Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this !

6 Teach, oh teach us, holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility !
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn ! &c.

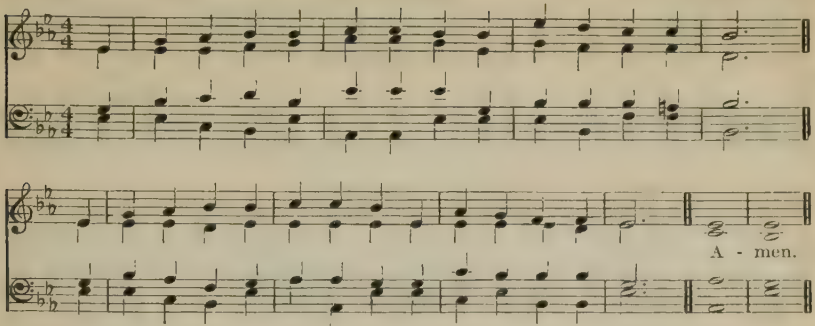
E. Caswall.

LIFE OF JESUS ON EARTH.

Tallis' Ordinal. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

T. TALLIS.



(5) LIFE OF JESUS ON EARTH.

744 *And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.*—LUKE ii. 52.

- 1 I LOVE to think, though I am young,
My Saviour was a child ;
That Jesus walked this earth along,
With feet all undenied.
- 2 He kept His Father's word of truth,
As I am taught to do ;
And while He walked the path of youth
He walked in wisdom too.
- 3 I love to think that He Who spake
And made the blind to see,
And called the sleeping dead to wake,
Was once a child like me.

- 4 That He Who wore the thorny crown,
And tasted death's despair,
Had a kind mother like my own,
And knew her love and care.
- 5 I know 'twas all for love of me
That He became a child,
And left the heavens so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.
- 6 Then, Saviour, Who wast once a child.
A child may come to Thee ;
And oh, in all Thy mercy mild,
Dear Saviour, come to me.

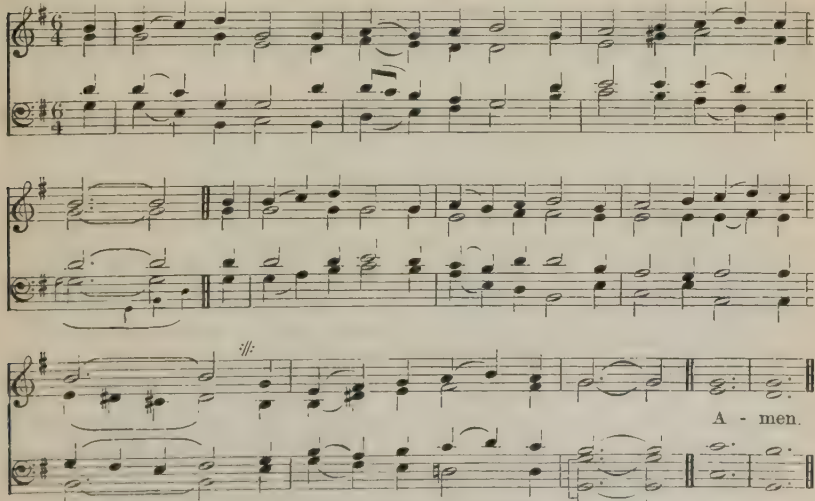
E. Paxton Hood.

Old Melody, 'Corner's Gesangbuch,' 1631.

C.M.

Harmonised by C. B.

Paxton. [SECOND TUNE.]



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CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Athens.

Irregular.

Greek Melody.

745

Then were brought unto Him little children.—MATTHEW xix. 13.

- 1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story
of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children, as lambs to
His fold, [then.
I should like to have been with them
I wish that His hands had been placed on
my head, [me,
That His arm had been thrown around
And that I might have seen His kind look
when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'
- 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may
go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:

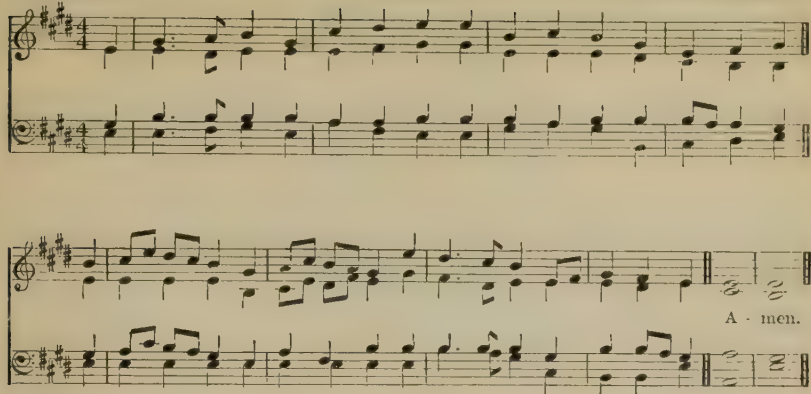
- In that beautiful place He has gone to
prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven.
And many dear children are gathering
there, [heaven,'
'For of such is the kingdom of
- 3 But thousands and thousands who wander
and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room
for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every
clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Jemima Luke.

Samson.

L.M.

From HANDEL.



746

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 TIMOTHY I. 15.

- 1 JESUS, Who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.
- 2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.
- 3 And more than that, He told them too
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.
- 4 But such a cruel death He died!
He was hung up and crucified;
And those kind hands, that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.
- 5 And so He died! and this is why
He came to be a man and die,
The Bible says, He came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.

Mrs. Ann Gilbert,

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Exultation. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

C. E. KETTLE.

747

Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord.—PSALM cxviii. 25.

1.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His Name.
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But as He rode along,
 He bade them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.

2.

And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth,
 On Zion's heavenly hill,

We'll flock around His banner,
We'll bow before His throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son !

3.

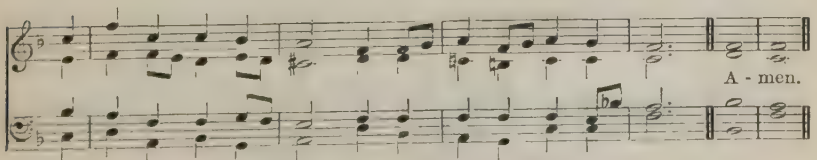
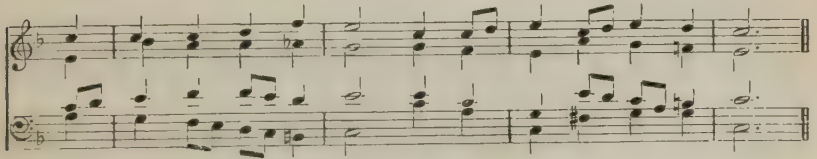
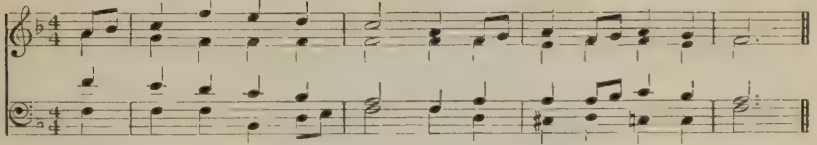
For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise :
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words ?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

John King.

Tours. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6., eight lines.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



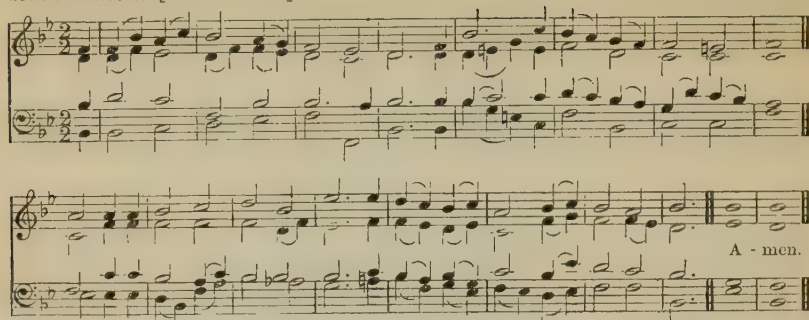
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CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Roscommon. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

WILLIAM BURY.



748

The children crying . . . Hosanna to the Son of David.—
MATTHEW xxi. 15.

- 1 **T**HERE was a time when children sang
The Saviour's praise with sacred glee,
And all the hills of Judah rang
With their exulting jubilee.
- 2 Oh, to have joined their rapturous songs,
And swelled their sweet hosannas high,
And blessed Him with our feeble tongues,
As He, the Man of grief, went by !
- 3 But Christ is now a glorious King,
And angels in His presence bow :
The humble songs that we can sing,
Oh, will He, can He, hear them now ?
- 4 He can, He will, He loves to hear
The notes which babes and sucklings raise :
Jesus, we come with trembling fear ;
Oh, teach our hearts and tongues Thy praise.
- 5 We join the hosts around Thy throne,
Who once, like us, the desert trod ;
And thus we make their song our own—
' Hosanna to the Son of God !'

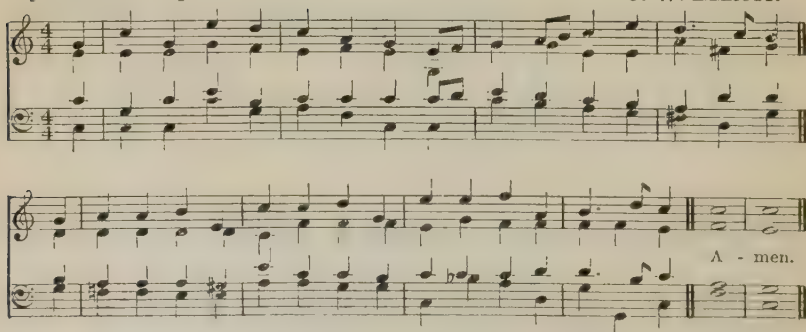
T. Rawson Taylor.

Church Triumphant.

[SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

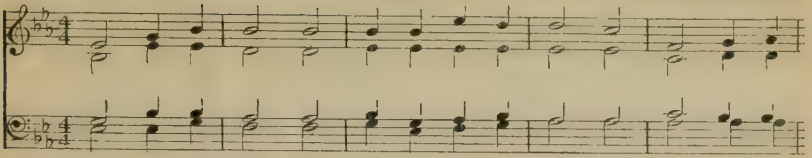


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Perfect Love.

11.10.11.10.

J. BARNBY.



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(Or to TUNE DAWNING, No. 272.)

749

To be admired in all them that believe.—2 THESSALONIANS i. 10.

- 1 **O** SON of Man, our Hero strong and tender,
Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,
Our living sacrifice to Thee we render,
Who sharest all our sorrows, all our mirth.
- 2 **O** feet so strong to climb the path of duty,
O lips divine that taught the words of truth,
Kind eyes that marked the lilies in their beauty,
And heart that kindled at the zeal of youth :
- 3 **L**over of children, boyhood's inspiration,
Of all mankind the Servant and the King,
O Lord of joy and hope and consolation,
To Thee our fears and joys and hopes we bring.
- 4 **N**ot in our failures only and our sadness
We seek Thy presence, Comforter and Friend ;
O rich man's Guest, be with us in our gladness,
O poor man's Mate, our lowliest tasks attend.

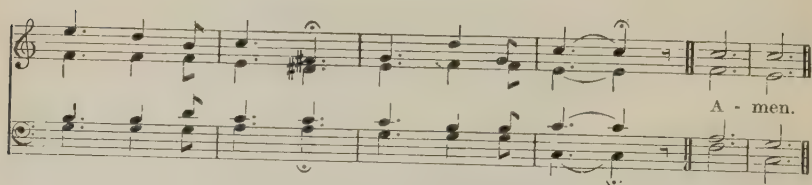
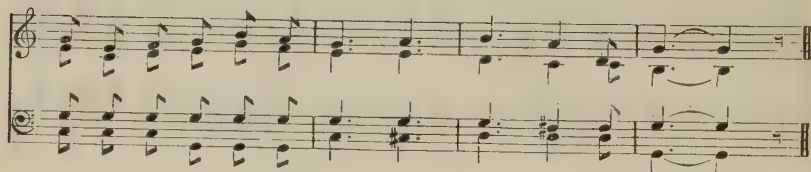
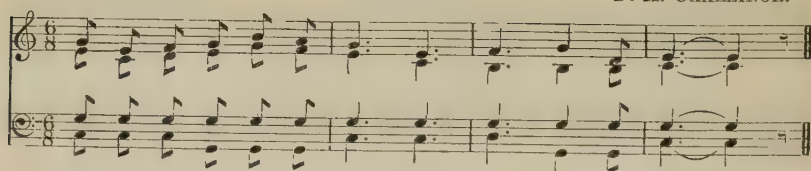
Frank Fletcher.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Stories of Jesus.

84.84.54.54.

F. A. CHALLINOR.



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750

Things concerning Jesus of Nazareth.—LUKE xxiv. 19. (R.V.).

1 **T**ELL me the stories of Jesus
 I love to hear;
 Things I would ask Him to tell me
 If He were here;
 Scenes by the wayside,
 Tales of the sea,
 Stories of Jesus,
 Tell them to me.

(Girls)

- 2 First let me hear how the children
 Stood round His knee ;
And I shall fancy His blessing
 Resting on me ;
 Words full of kindness,
 Deeds full of grace,
All in the lovelight
 Of Jesu's face.

(Boys)

- 3 Into the city I'd follow
 The children's band,
Waving a branch of the palm-tree
 High in my hand ;
 One of His heralds,
 Yes, I would sing
Loudest hosannas !
 Jesus is King !

(All)

- 4 Tell me, in accents of wonder,
 How rolled the sea,
Tossing the boat in a tempest
 On Galilee !
And how the Master,
 Ready and kind,
Chided the billows,
 And hushed the wind.

(Girls)

- 5 Tell how the sparrow that twitters
 On yonder tree,
And the sweet meadow-side lily
 May speak to me—
 Give me their message,
 For I would hear
How Jesus taught us
 Our Father's care.

(All)

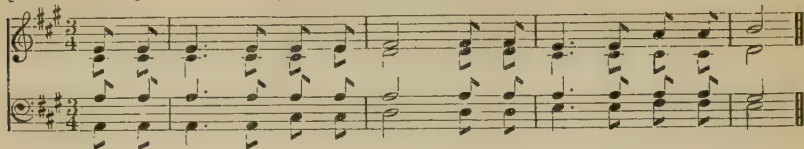
- 6 Show me that scene in the garden,
 Of bitter pain ;
And of the cross where my Saviour
 For me was slain—
 Sad ones or bright ones,
 So that they be
Stories of Jesus,
 Tell them to me.

W. H. Parker.

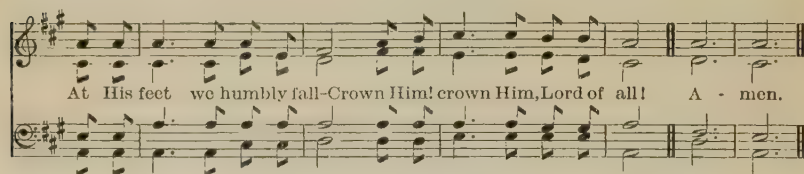
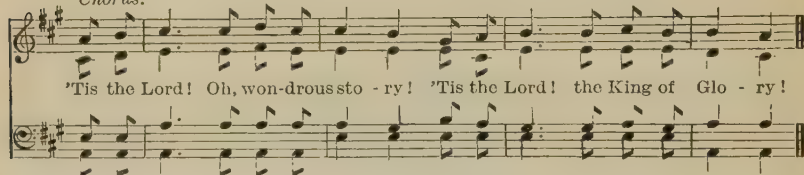
Who is He?

[FIRST TUNE.]

7.7., with Chorus. Antiphonal. B. RUSSELL HANBY.



Chorus.



751

Who is this?—MATTHEW xxi. 10.

- 1 WHO is He in yonder stall,
At Whose feet the shepherds fall?
'Tis the Lord! Oh, wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall
Crown Him! crown Him, Lord of all!
- 2 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
'Tis the Lord, &c.
- 3 Who is He the people bless
For His words of gentleness?
'Tis the Lord, &c.
- 4 Who is He to Whom they bring
All the sick and sorrowing?
'Tis the Lord, &c.
- 5 Who is He Who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
'Tis the Lord, &c.
- 6 Who is He the gathering throng
Greet with loud triumphant song?
'Tis the Lord, &c.
- 7 Lo! at midnight, Who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
'Tis the Lord, &c.
- 8 Who is He on yonder tree
Dies in grief and agony?
'Tis the Lord, &c.
- 9 Who is He Who from the grave
Comes to succour, help, and save?
'Tis the Lord, &c.
- 10 Who is He Who from His throne
Rules through all the worlds alone?
'Tis the Lord, &c.

B. Russell Hanby.

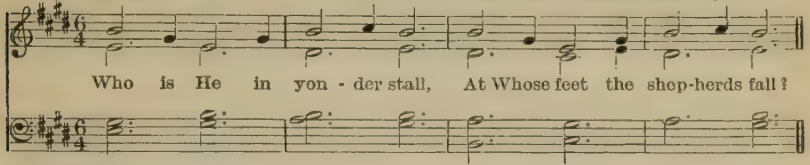
LIFE OF JESUS ON EARTH.

NOTE.—When sung to the following music, two verses are taken as one, and the wording of the Chorus is as given.

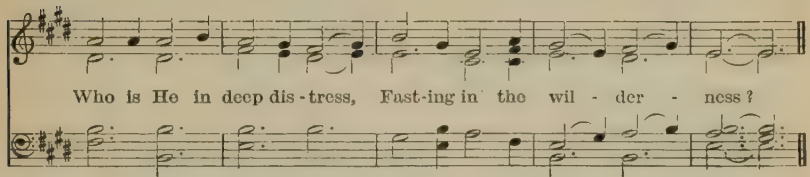
Resonet in Laudibus.

[SECOND TUNE.]

Music Adapted from Old Melody
7.7.7.7., with Chorus. and Harmonised by C. B.

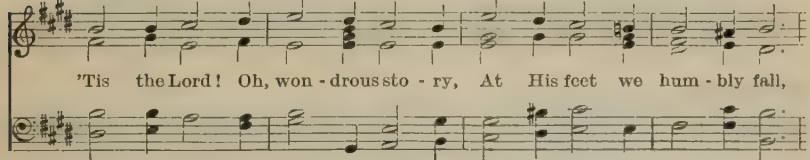


Who is He in yon - der stall, At Whose feet the shop-herds fall?

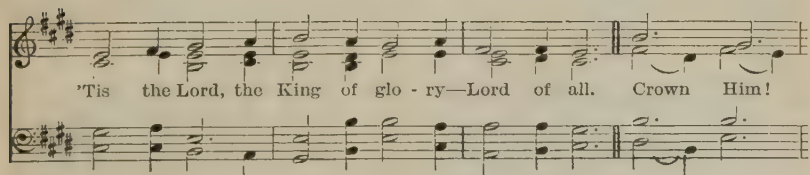


Who is He in deep dis-tress, Fast-ing in the wil - der - ness?

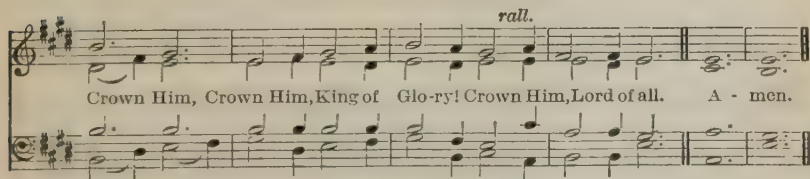
Chorus.



'Tis the Lord! Oh, won - drous sto - ry, At His feet we hum - bly fall,



'Tis the Lord, the King of glo - ry—Lord of all. Crown Him!



rall.
Crown Him, Crown Him, King of Glo - ry! Crown Him, Lord of all. A - men.

Arrangement Copyright.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

Horsley. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

W. HORSLEY.

752

The place which is called Calvary.—LUKE xxiii. 33.

1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Outside a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,

That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved !
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Meditation. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

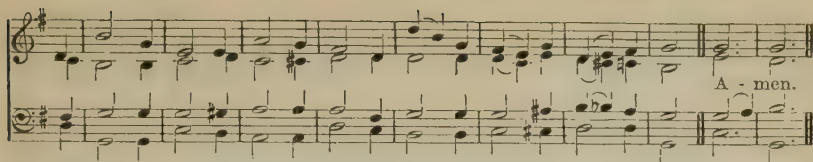
J. H. GOWER.

(See also Tune LLOYD, No. 446.)

Brookfield.

L.M.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.



753

Christ . . . hath loved us.—EPHESIANS v. 2.

- 1 **I**T is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from
heaven,
And die to save a child like me.
- 2 And yet I know that it is true :
He came to this poor world below,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and
Only because He loved us so. [died,
- 3 I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin ;

His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

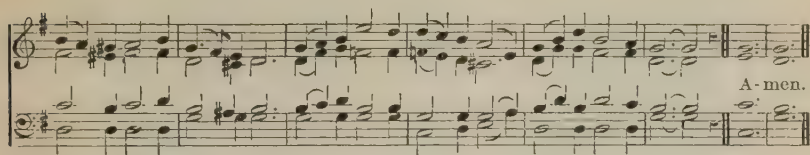
- 4 It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure ;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.
- 5 And yet I want to love Thee, Lord ;
Oh, light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

W. W. How.

Armstrong.

775.775.

G. W. CHADWICK.



754

Who went about doing good.—ACTS x. 38.

- 1 **W**HEN the Lord of love was here,
Happy hearts to Him were dear
Though His heart was sad ;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet He turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

- 2 Meek and lowly were His ways ;
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer :
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

- 3 When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers and birds and dew
Parables of God ;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.

- 4 Fill us with Thy deep desire
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life ;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

- 5 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love ;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

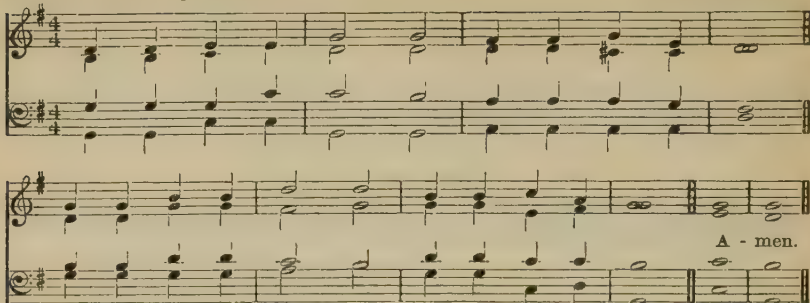
Stopford A. Brooke.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

North Coates. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



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(6) THE HEART GIVEN TO CHRIST.

755 Bow down Thine ear to me.—PSALM xxxi. 2.

- 1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.
- 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.
- 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.
- 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.
- 5 Strengthen us for duty,
While on earth we live;
May we to Thy service
Our best talents give.
- 6 Then, when Thou shalt call us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come!

Harriet B. McKeever.

756 The garden of the Lord.—
ISAIAH li. 3.

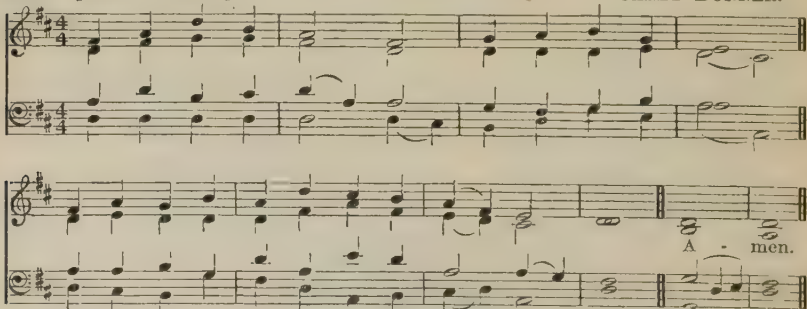
- 1 IN our dear Lord's garden,
Planted here below,
Many tiny flowerets
In sweet beauty grow.
- 2 Christ, the loving Gardener,
Tends these blossoms small;
Loves the little lilies
As the cedars tall.
- 3 Nothing is too little
For His gentle care;
Nothing is too lowly
In His love to share.
- 4 Jesus loves the children,
Children such as we,
Blessed them when their mothers
Brought them to His knee.
- 5 Jesus calls the children,
Bids them come and stand
In His pleasant garden,
Watered by His hand.
- 6 Lord, Thy call we answer;
Take us in Thy care,
Train us in Thy garden,
In Thy work to share.

Mrs. Ella S. Armitage.

Ella. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

CAREY BONNER.



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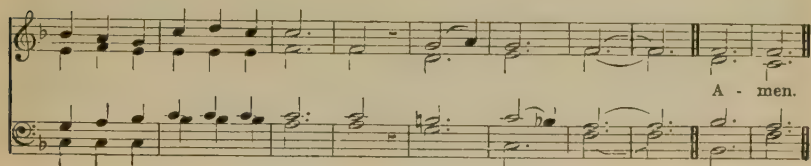
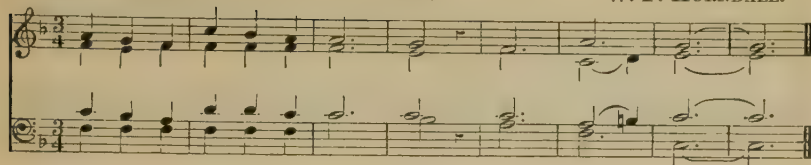
(See also Tunes GLENFINLAS, No. 707, and ST. CONSTANTINE, No. 245.)

THE HEART GIVEN TO CHRIST.

Rickmansworth.

8.3.8.3.

W. F. HURNDALL.



757 *Hear my voice according unto Thy loving kindness.*—PSALM cxix. 149.

- 1 JESUS, the children are calling;
Oh, draw near!
Fold the young lambs in Thy bosom,
Shepherd dear.
- 2 Slow are our footsteps and failing,
Oft we fall:
Jesus, the children are calling,
Hear their call!
- 3 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow:
Large is Thine;
Faithful and stronger and tender;
So be mine!
- 4 Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers;
Weary they:
Bless all our sisters and brothers,
Night and day.
- 5 Fathers themselves are God's children;
Teach them still:
Let the good Spirit show all men
God's wise will.
- 6 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit,
Three in one,
Bountiful God of our fathers,
Praise be done!

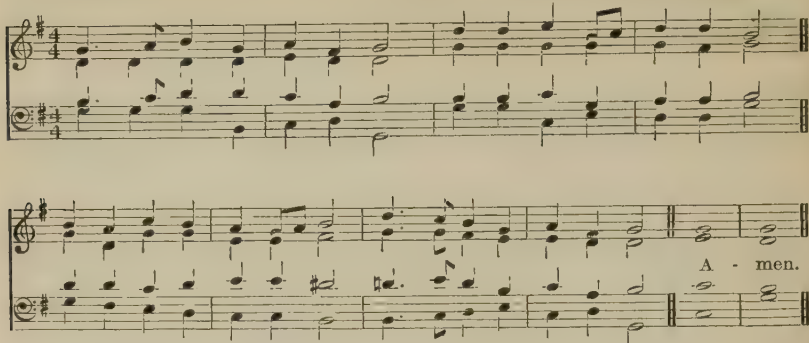
Annie Matheson.

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CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

St. Martin.

7.7.7.7. Old French Melody, 12th Cent.



(See also Tune BUCKLAND, No. 57.)

758

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.—
PROVERBS iii. 6.

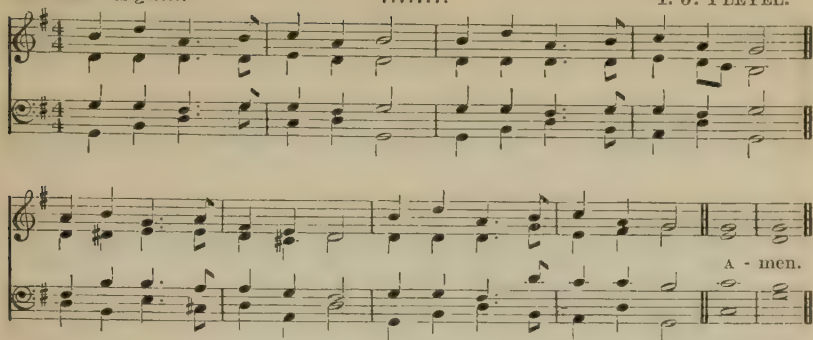
- 1 **F**ATHER, lead me day by day
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.
- 2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.
- 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.
- 4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee;
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.
- 5 When my work seems hard and dry
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.
- 6 May I see the good and bright,
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.
- 7 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

J. P. Hopps.

German Hymn.

7.7.7.7.

I. J. PLEYEL.



(See also Tune UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, No. 606.)

759

My sheep hear My voice . . . and they follow Me.—JOHN x. 27.

1 SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson,—to obey ;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

2 Teach me, I am not my own,
I am Thine, and Thine alone ;
Thine to keep, to rule, to save
From all sin that would enslave.

Trebles only.

3 With a child's glad heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

All.

4 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

Trebles only.

5 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy ;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

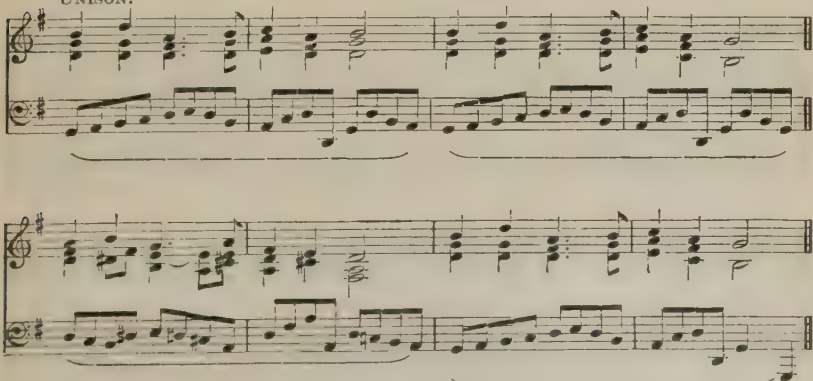
All.

6 Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek,—
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love Who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson.

For vv. 3 & 5, the following Version may be used.

UNISON.

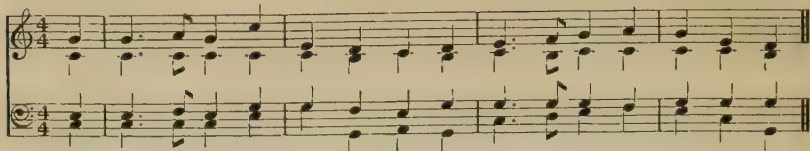


CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Alstone. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

C. E. WILLING.



760 *I will be a Father unto you.*—2 CORINTHIANS vi. 18.

- 1 GREAT God, and wilt Thou con-
descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky !
- 2 Art Thou my Father ? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer ?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise ?
- 3 Art Thou my Father ? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee ;
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.
- 4 Art Thou my Father ? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend ;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.
- 5 Art Thou my Father ? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

Mrs. Ann Gilbert.

761 *Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.*—PHIL. ii. 5.

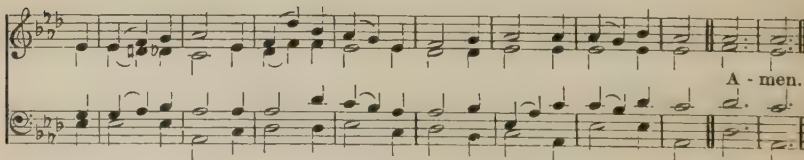
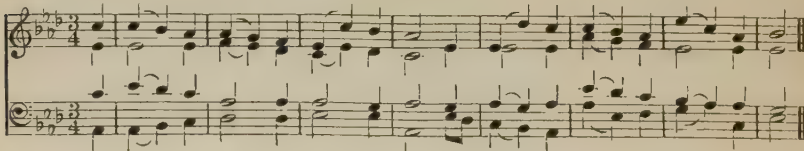
- 1 WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate ;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great ?
- 2 Oh, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within ;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.
- 3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes ;
- 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.
- 5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.
- 6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take ;
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Eden. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

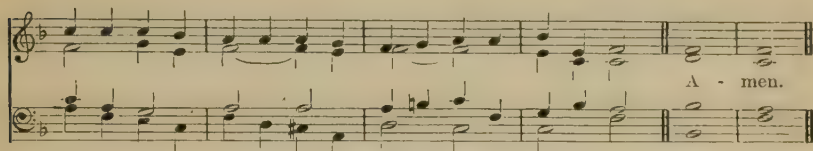
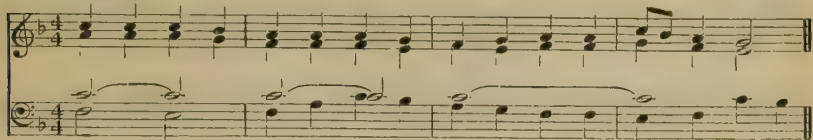
LOWELL MASON.



Evening Prayer. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER.

UNISON.



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762

Ye are not your own.—1 CORINTHIANS vi. 19.

1 SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee,
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me ;
Let my youthful heart be Thine ;
Thy devoted servant make me ;
Fill my soul with love Divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way ;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do Thy will or bear it ;
I would know no will but Thine ;
Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

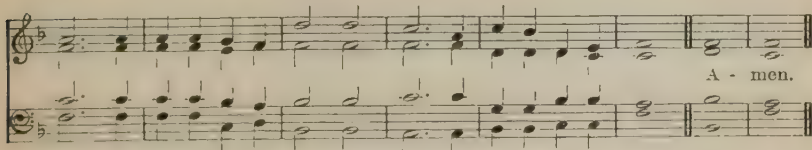
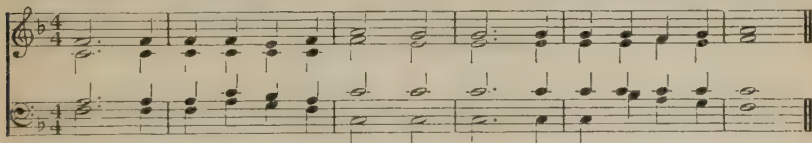
5 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart ;
Suffer me to leave Thee never ;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

J. Burton, Junr.

Dijon. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

Fliedner's Lieder-buch, 1842.



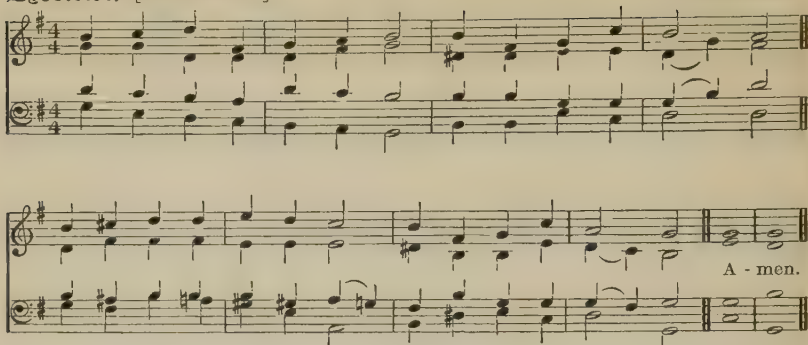
(For other version, see No. 780.)

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Excelsior. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

J. BOOTH.



763

Reaching forth unto those things which are before.—PHILIPPIANS iii. 13.

1 **L**OOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces ;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places.

2 Growing every day in awe,
For Thy Name is holy ;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly.

3 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother ;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

4 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder ;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.

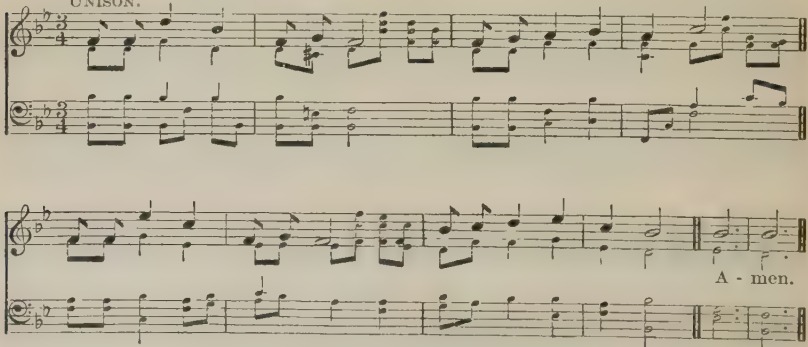
5 Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity ;
That we enter in at last
To the Holy City.

Mary Butler.

Looking upward. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6.7.6.

UNISON.

CAREY BONNER.

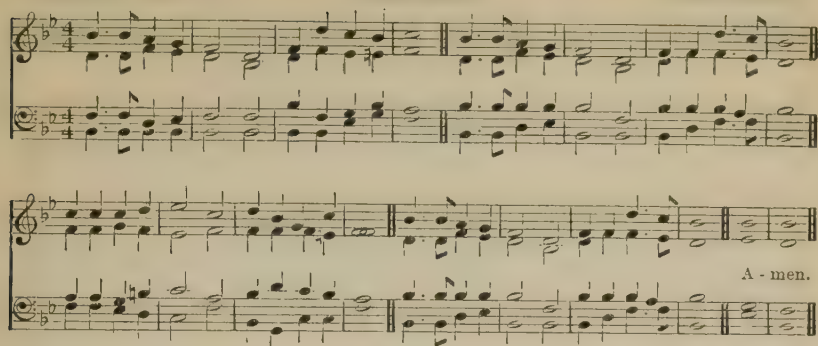


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Gosben. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5., eight lines.

Miss DAVIS.



A - men.

764

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.—ISAIAH xl. 11.

1 JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone;
None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

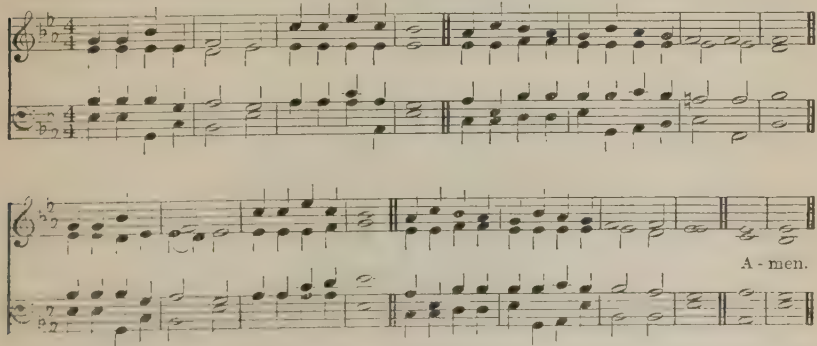
3 Jesus is our Shepherd:
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign;
'They that have My Spirit,
These,' saith He, 'are Mine.'

4 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

Hugh Stowell.

Woodbrook. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., eight lines.

JOHN ADCOCK.



A - men.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Samuel.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

A. SULLIVAN.

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765

Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.—1 SAMUEL iii. 9.

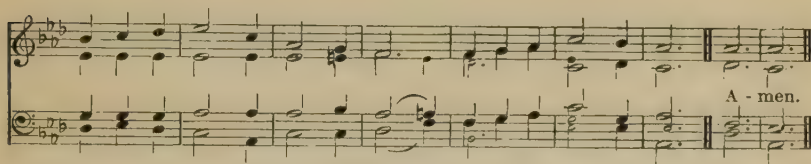
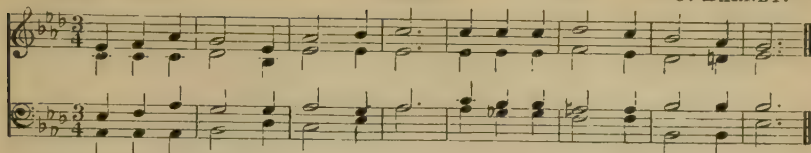
- 1 **H**USHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark ;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.
- 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept ;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.
- 3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,—
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.
- 4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.
- 5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

J. D. Burns.

Just as I am.

8.8.8.6.

J. BARNBY.



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766

O Lord God, Thou art my trust from my youth.—PSALM lxxi. 5.

1 JUST as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, Who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

4 Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

5 With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold;
For my whole life, I come.

6 And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down—
O Master, Lord, I come.

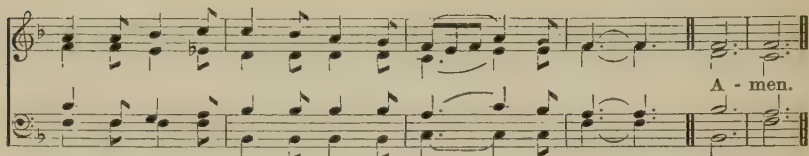
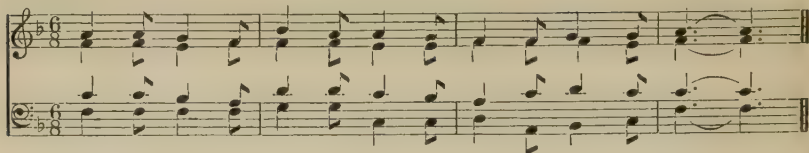
Marianne Farningham.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Rotbury. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

J. H. MAUNDER.



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767

I am but a little child.—1 KINGS iii. 7.

1 JESUS, Friend of little children,
Be a Friend to me;
Take my hand, and ever keep me
Close to Thee.

2 Show me what my love should cherish,
What, too, it should shun;
Lest my feet for poison flowers
Swift should run.

3 Teach me how to grow in goodness,
Daily as I grow:
Thou hast been a Child, and surely
Thou dost know.

4 Fill me with Thy gentle meekness,
Make my heart like Thine;
Like an altar lamp, then let me
Burn and shine.

5 Step by step, oh! lead me onward,
Upward into youth;
Wiser, stronger, still becoming
In Thy truth.

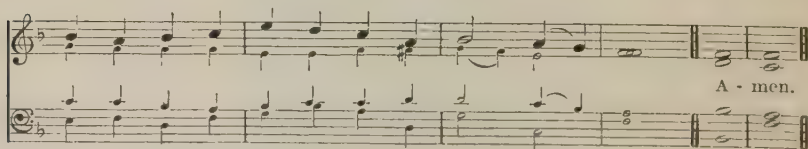
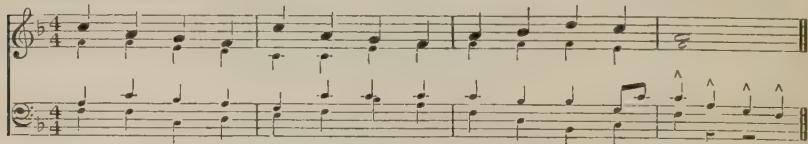
6 Never leave me, nor forsake me,
Ever be my Friend;
For I need Thee from life's dawning
To its end.

Walter J. Mathams.

Magnolia. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.5.8.3.

CAREY BONNER.



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SERVING CHRIST.

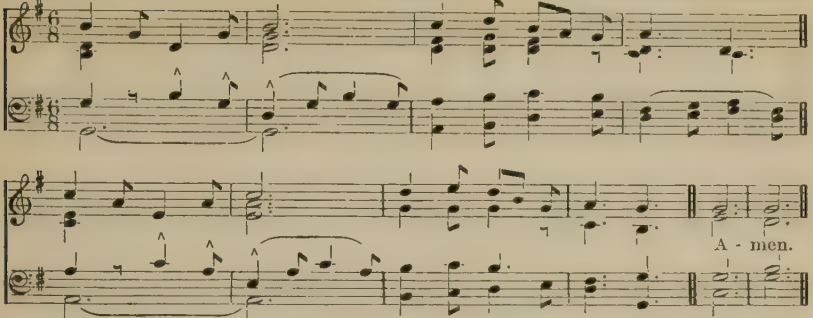
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Gwen.

UNISON.

5.6.5.6.

EDWYN VINCENT.



(7) SERVING CHRIST.

768

Unto one He gave five talents, to another two, and to another one.—

MATTHEW xxv. 15.

- 1 GOD intrusts to all
Talents few or many ;
None so young and small
That they have not any.
- 2 Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize.
And it must not slumber.

- 3 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given ?
- 4 Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

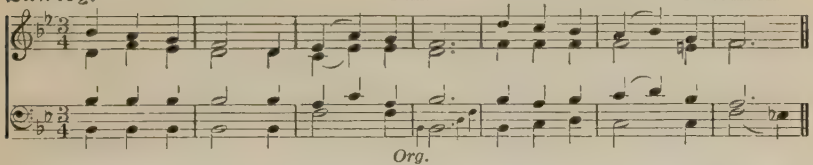
- 5 Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers ;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

J. Edmeston.

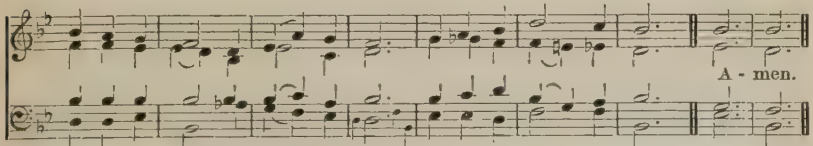
Sawley.

C.M.

J. WALCH.



Org.



Org.

769

*And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord,
and also with men.—1 SAMUEL ii. 26.*

- 1 GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow ;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.
- 2 God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all ;
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

- 3 God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.
- 4 God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest ;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

- 5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

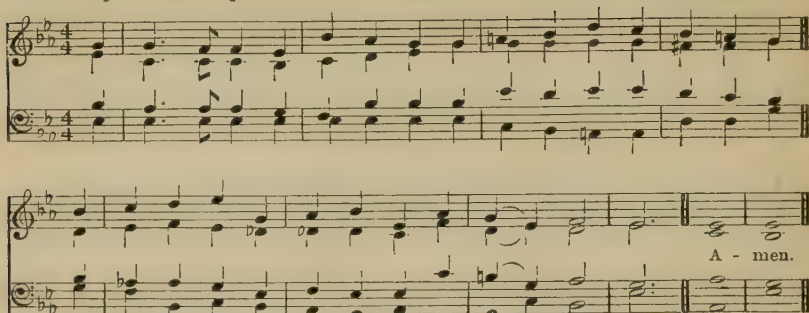
M. Betham-Edwards.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Sunset. [FIRST TUNE.]

8.8.8.4.

J. BARNBY.



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770

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—
GALATIANS vi. 2.

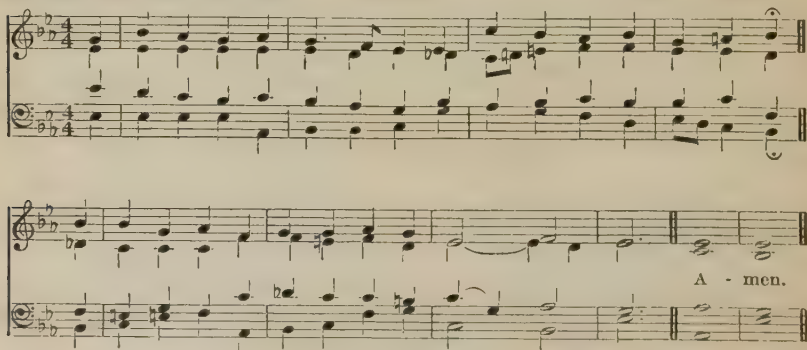
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 DEAR Master, what can children do ?
The angels came from heaven above
To comfort Thee ; may children too
Give Thee their love ?</p> <p>2 No more, as on that night of shame,
Art Thou in dark Gethsemane,
Where worshipping, an angel came
To strengthen Thee.</p> <p>3 But Thou hast taught us that Thou art
Still present in the crowded street,
In every lonely, suffering heart
That there we meet.</p> | <p>4 And not one simple, loving deed,
That lessens gloom, or lightens pain,
Or answers some unspoken need,
Is done in vain,—</p> <p>5 Since every passing joy we make
For men and women that we see,
If it is offered for Thy sake,
Is given to Thee.</p> <p>6 O God, our Master, help us then
To bless the weary and the sad,
And, comforting the hearts of men,
To make Thee glad.</p> |
|---|--|

Annie Matheson.

St. Gabriel. [SECOND TUNE.]

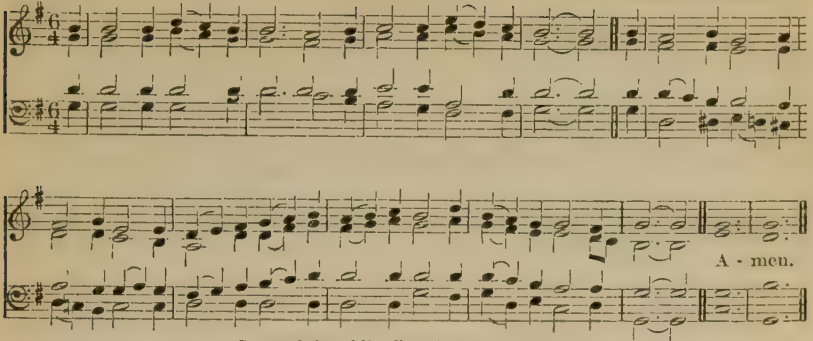
8.8.8.4.

F. A. GORE OUSELEY.



Child Service. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6.8.8.6.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



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771

She hath done what she could.—MARK xiv. 8.

1 OH, what can little hands do
To please the King of Heaven ?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery :
Such grace to mine be given !

2 Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of Heaven ?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say :
Such grace to mine be given !

3 Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of Heaven ?
The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's holy book :
Such grace to mine be given !

4 Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of Heaven ?
Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour-Friend :
Such grace to mine be given !

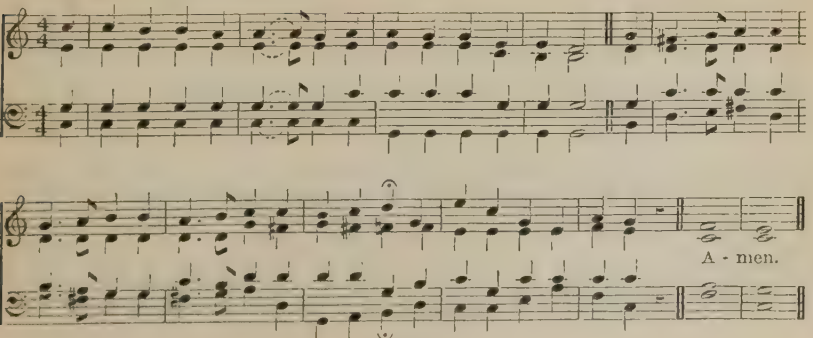
5 Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of Heaven,
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
Then perfect grace is given.

Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale.(v. 5, last line *altd.*)

Grace. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6.8.8.6.

ARTHUR PATTON.



CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

St. Theresa. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5., twelve lines.

A. SULLIVAN.

TREBLE VOICES IN UNISON.

The musical score is written for Treble Voices in Unison and Piano accompaniment. It consists of five systems of music. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 6/8. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system includes a double bar line and a repeat sign. The fourth system includes a double bar line and a repeat sign. The fifth system includes a double bar line and a repeat sign. The piano part includes a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking. The vocal part includes a 'UNISON.' marking. The piano part includes a 'A - men.' marking.

UNISON.

A - men.

Ped.

772 *And the Lord went before them . . . in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way.—EXODUS xiii. 21.*

- 1 **B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving on Christ's soldiers
 To their home on high :
 Marching through the desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
 Still, with hearts united,
 Singing on our way.
 Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving on Christ's soldiers
 To their home on high !
- 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
 At Thy sacred feet,
 Here, with hearts rejoicing,
 See Thy children meet.
 Often have we left Thee,
 Often gone astray ;
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way.
 Brightly gleams our banner, &c.
- 3 Pattern of our childhood,
 Once Thyself a Child,
 Make our childhood holy,
 Pure, and meek, and mild.

In the hour of danger
 Whither can we flee,
 Save to Thee, our Saviour,
 Only unto Thee ?
 Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

- 4 All our days direct us
 In the way we go ;
 Crown us still victorious
 Over every foe :
 Bid Thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lower ;
 Pardon Thou, and save us
 In the last dread hour.
 Brightly gleams our banner, &c

- 5 Then with saints and angels
 May we join above,
 Offering prayers and praises
 At Thy throne of love,
 When the march is over,
 Then come rest and peace,
 Jesus in His beauty,
 Songs that never cease.
 Brightly gleams our banner, &c.
T. J. Potter and W. W. How.

Ambleside. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., twelve lines.

ALBERT LOWE.

A - men.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

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773

It is God that girdeth me with strength.—PSALM xviii. 32.

Jona.

Irregular.

A. BRYCE.



1. God who cre - a - ted me Nim - ble and light of limb, . . .
 2. Je - su, King and Lord, Whose are my foes to fight, . . .
 3. Spi - rit of Love and Truth, Breathing in gross - er clay, . . . *f*The

Org.

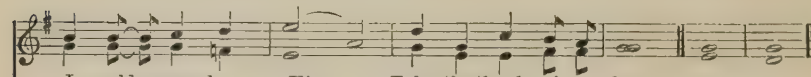


In three el - e - ments free, To run, to ride, to . . . swim: . .
 Gird me with Thy sword, Swift and sharp and . . . bright. . .
 light and flame of . . youth, De-light of men in the fray,



Not when the sense is . . dim, But now from the heart of . . joy,
 Thee would I serve if I might, and con - quer if I can,
 Wis - dom in strength's de - cay; From pain, strife, wrong to be free,

Org.



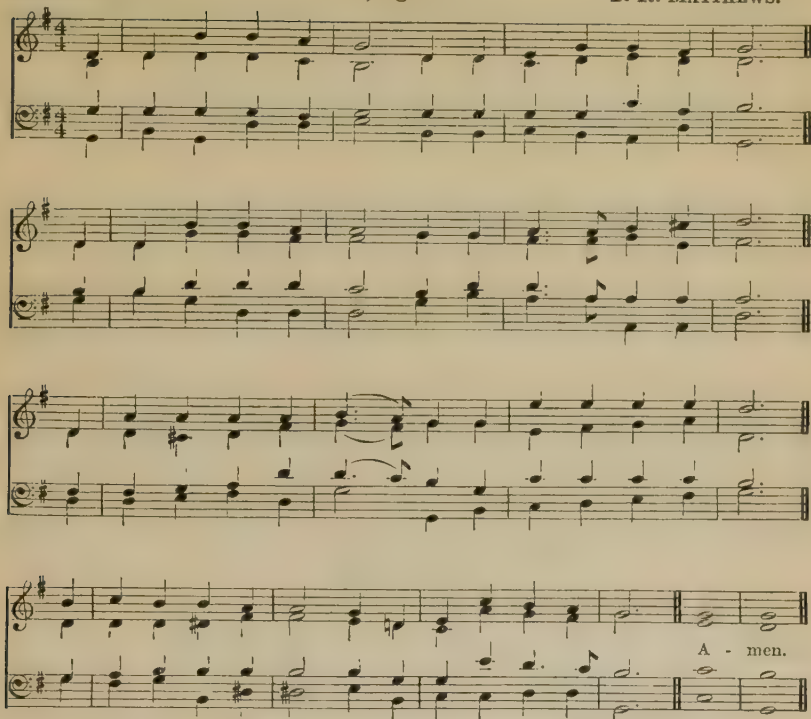
I would remem - ber Him: . . Take the thanks of a boy.
 From day - dawn till night: . . Take the strength of a man.
 This best gift I pray, . . Take my spi - rit to Thee. A - men.

H. C. Beeching.

Chentes.

7.6., eight lines.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

(See also Tune BENTLEY, No. 344.)

774

Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?

1 CHRONICLES xxix. 5.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THE wise may bring their learning,
 The rich may bring their wealth,
 And some may bring their greatness,
 And some bring strength and health :
 We too would bring our treasures
 To offer to the King ;
 We have no wealth or learning—
 What shall we children bring ?</p> | <p>2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him ;
 We'll bring Him thankful praise,
 And young souls meekly striving
 To walk in holy ways :
 And these shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King,
 And these are gifts that even
 The poorest child may bring.</p> |
|--|--|
- 3 We'll bring the little duties
 We have to do each day ;
 We'll try our best to please Him,
 At home, at school, at play :
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King
 Than richest gifts without them ;
 Yet these a child may bring.

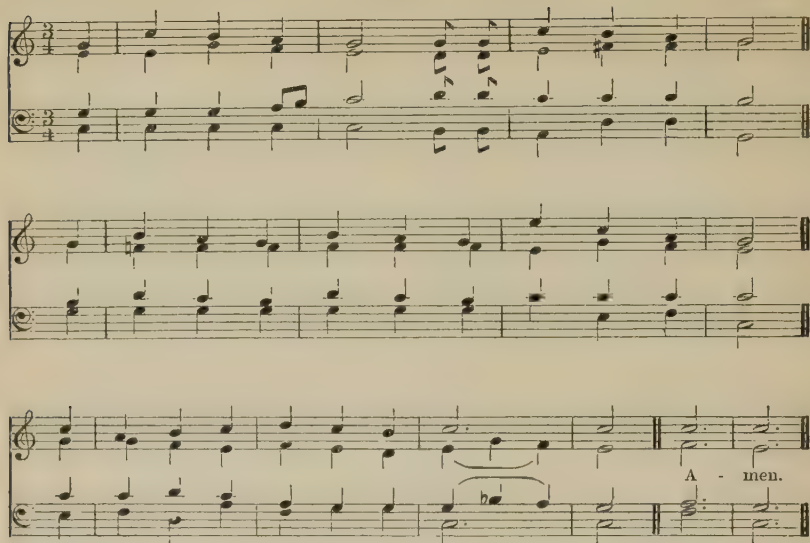
Book of Praise for Children, 1875.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Harvest.

5.6.6.5.9.

JOHN ADCOOK



(8) MISSIONS. (See also Section VIII, (5).)

775

Let thine eyes be upon the field that they do reap.—RUTH ii. 9.

- 1 THE fields are all white,
And the reapers are few ;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest ?
- 2 Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak
We cannot teach others ;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest ?
- 3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials ;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest,—
- 4 Until, by and by,
As the years pass, at length
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

Book of Praise for Children, 1875.

Message.

10.8.8.7., with Refrain.

H. ERNEST NICHOL.

UNISON.

REFRAIN.

HARMONY.

776 *The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.*—ISAIAH ix. 2.

1 WE'VE a story to tell to the nations,
That shall turn their hearts to the
right,
A story of truth and sweetness,
A story of peace and light :
For the darkness shall turn to
dawning,
And the dawning to noon-day
bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall
come on earth,
The kingdom of Love and Light.

2 We've a song to be sung to the nations,
That shall lift their hearts to the Lord ;

A song that shall conquer evil,
And shatter the spear and sword :
For the darkness, &c.

3 We've a message to give to the nations,
That the Lord Who reigneth above
Hath sent us His Son to save us,
And show us that God is love :
For the darkness, &c.

4 We've a Saviour to show to the nations,
Who the path of sorrow has trod,
That all of the world's great peoples
Might come to the truth of God :
For the darkness, &c.

Colin Sterne.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Bemerton. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

F. FILITZ.

A - men.

777

Who hath despised the day of small things? —ZECHARIAH iv. 10.

1 **L**ITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Made the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

2 So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Into sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

6 Little ones in glory
Swell the angels' song :
Make us meet, dear Saviour,
For their holy throng.

Mrs. Julia A. Carney.

Ernstein. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

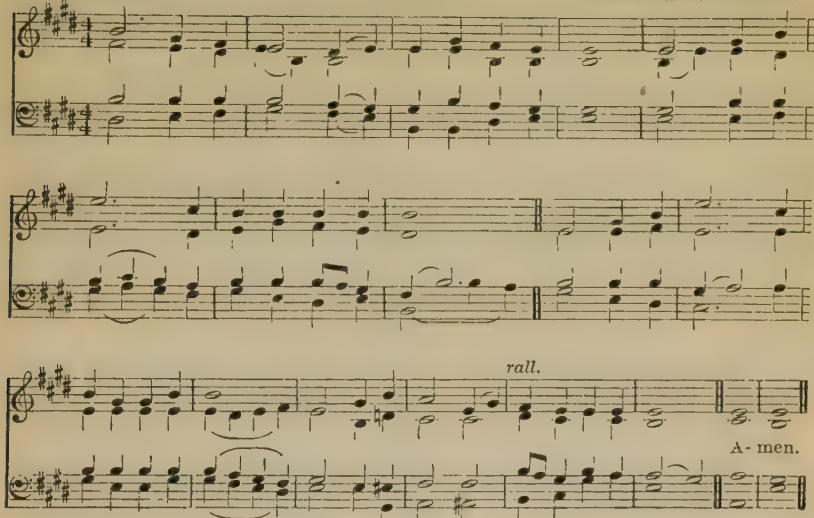
J. F. SWIFT.

A - men.

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Peel Castle.

10.10.10.10.

Old Manx Air.
Harmonised for this work.

Harmony Copyright.

778

All the ends of the world shall remember.—PSALM xxii. 27.

- 1 **F**AR round the world Thy children sing their song,
From east and west their voices sweetly blend;
Praising the Lord in Whom young lives are strong,
Jesus, our Guide, our Hero, and our Friend.
- 2 Guide of the pilgrim clambering to the height,
Hero on Whom our fearful hearts depend,
Friend of the wanderer yearning for the light,
Jesus, our Guide, our Hero, and our Friend.
- 3 Where Thy wide ocean, wave on rolling wave,
Beats through the ages on each island shore,
They praise their Lord Whose hand alone can save,
Whose sea of love surrounds them evermore.
- 4 Thy sun-kissed children on earth's spreading plain,
Where Asia's rivers water all the land,
Sing, as they watch Thy fields of glowing grain,
Praise to the Lord Who feeds them with His hand.
- 5 Still there are lands where none have seen Thy face,
Children whose hearts have never shared Thy joy,
Yet Thou would'st pour on these Thy radiant grace;
Give Thy glad strength to every girl and boy.
- 6 Smile on our work, our laughter, and our play;
Lift us at eve to slumber on Thy breast;
Shine on the praise and worship of Thy day;
Breathe on our sleep the sweetest of Thy rest. Amen.

Basil Mathews.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Eudogia. [FIRST TUNE.]

6.5.6.5.

S. BARING-GOULD.

A - men.

(9) EVENING.

779

Under His wings shalt thou trust.—PSALM xci. 4.

- 1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
- 2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

- 5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
- 6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.
- 8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

S. Baring-Gould.

Lyndhurst. [SECOND TUNE.]

6.5., eight lines.

F. W. BLUNT.

A - men.

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Evening Prayer. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER.

UNISON.



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780

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep.—PSALM iv. 8.

- 1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morning light.
- 2 Through this day Thine hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care;
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me
 Listen to my evening prayer.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends I love so well
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan.

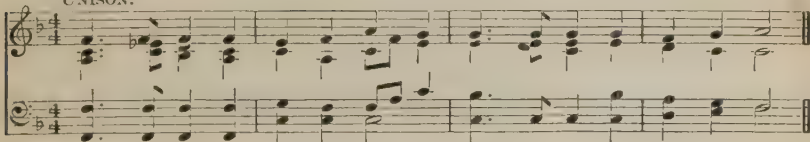
Dijon. [SECOND TUNE.]

8.7.8.7.

Melody from the German.

Har. by C. B.

UNISON.

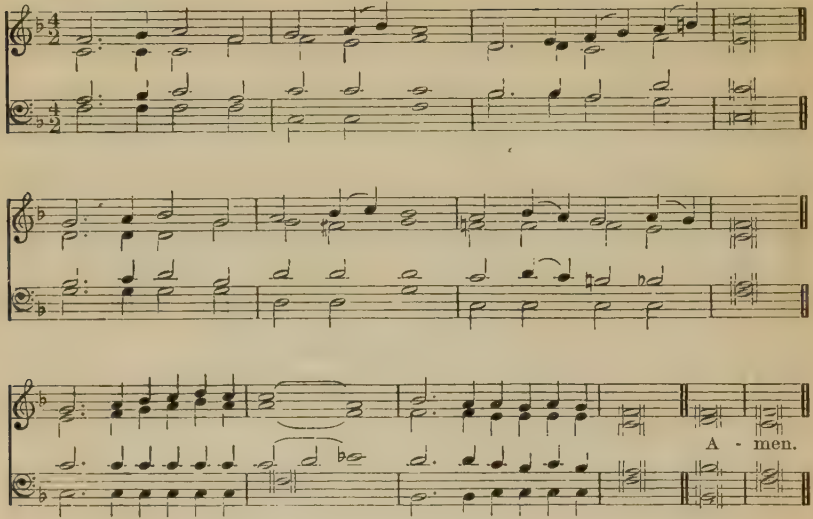


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 [For another version see No. 762.]

Silksworth.

75.75.77.

CHARLES VINCENT.



(10) HEAVEN.

781

A better country, that is, an heavenly.—HERREWS xi. 16.

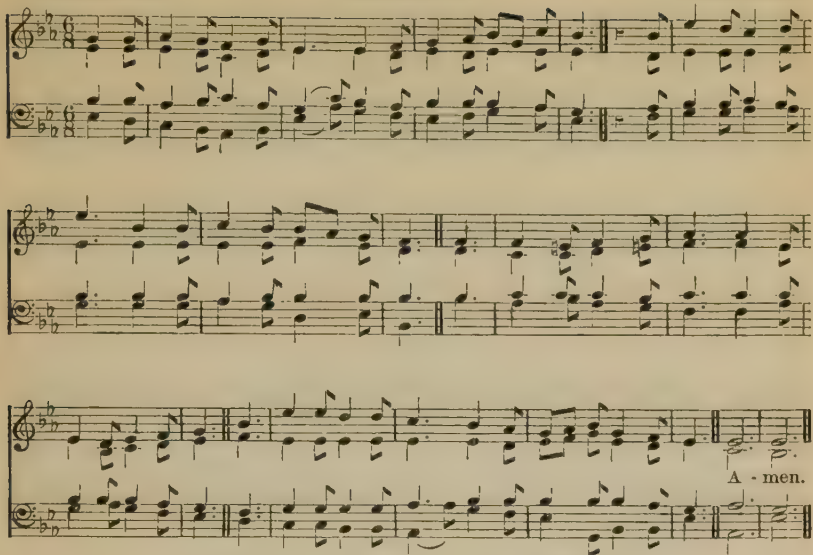
- 1 **E**VERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark cold night:
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.
- 2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay;
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.
- 3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days,
They forget their song:
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.
- 4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
There's a happy glorious place,
Where His people see His face.
- 5 Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white:
For that heaven so bright and blest
Is our everlasting rest.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

In Memoriam.

86.76.76.76.

J. STAINER.



782

The things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.—

1 CORINTHIANS ii. 9.

1 **T**HERE'S a Friend for little children

Above the bright blue sky.
 A Friend that never changes,
 Whose love will never die,
 Unlike our friends by nature,
 Who change with changing years,
 This Friend is always worthy
 The precious Name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children

Above the bright blue sky,
 Who love the blessed Saviour,
 And 'Abba, Father' cry,—
 A rest from every trouble,
 From sin and danger free,
 Where every little pilgrim
 Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children

Above the bright blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy;
 No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare;
 For everyone is happy,
 Nor could be happier, there.

4 There's a crown for little children

Above the bright blue sky;
 And all who look to Jesus
 Shall wear it by-and-by,—
 A crown of brightest glory,
 Which He will then bestow
 On all who love the Saviour
 And walk with Him below.

5 There's a song for little children

Above the bright blue sky,
 A song that will not weary,
 Though sung continually;
 A song which even angels
 Can never, never sing;
 They know not Christ as Saviour,
 But worship Him as King.

6 There's a robe for little children

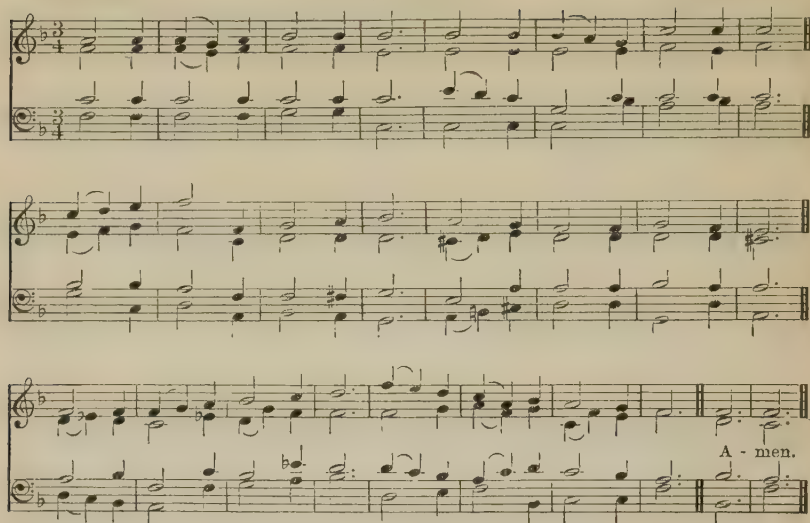
Above the bright blue sky;
 And a harp of sweetest music,
 And palms of victory,
 All, all above is treasured,
 And found in Christ alone;
 Oh, come, dear little children,
 That all may be your own.

Albert Midlane.

Asbburton.

7s., six lines.

R. JACKSON.



783

Suffer little children to come unto Me.—LUKE xviii. 16.

1 CHILDREN'S voices, high in heaven,
 Make sweet music round the throne ;
 Them the King of kings hath given
 Glory lasting as His own :
 Lord, it was Thy mercy free
 Suffered them to come to Thee.

2 We would think of them to-day ;
 And their everlasting song
 We would sing, as blest as they,
 In the spirit-land ere long :
 Lord, let us Thy children be,
 Suffer us to come to Thee.

3 Now to come with loving mind,
 Simple faith and earnest prayer,
 Seeking Thy dear cross, to find
 Full and free salvation there :
 Lamb of God, our Saviour be,
 Suffer us to come to Thee.

4 Lord, we come ; be Thou our Guide
 Through life's dark and troubled way :
 And, when trained and sanctified,
 Raise us to the perfect day :
 Then in heaven Thy words will be,
 'Suffer them to come to Me.'

T. R. Taylor and G. Rawson.

Glory.

C.M., with Refrain.

From Curwen's
Tune Book, 1842.

Sing-ing, 'Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry!' Singing, 'Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry!' A-men.

784

It is not the will of your Father, which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.—MATTHEW xviii. 14.

- 1 **A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, ' Glory, glory, glory ! '
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, ' Glory, glory, glory ! '
- 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love ?
How came those children there,
Singing, ' Glory, glory, glory ! '
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, ' Glory, glory, glory ! '
- 5 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name ;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, ' Glory, glory, glory ! '

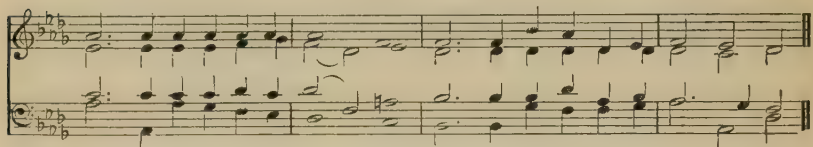
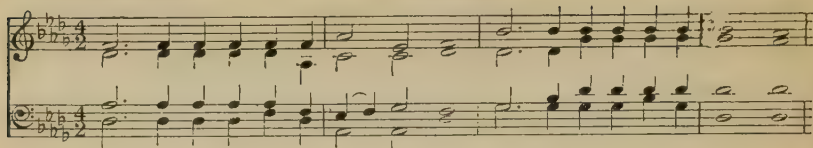
Mrs. Anne H. Shepherd.

FAREWELL HYMNS.

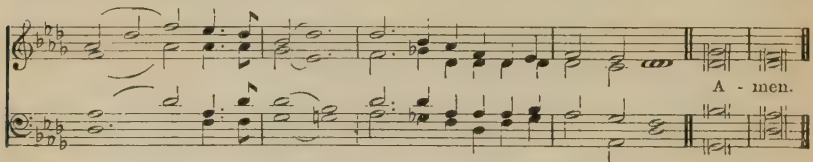
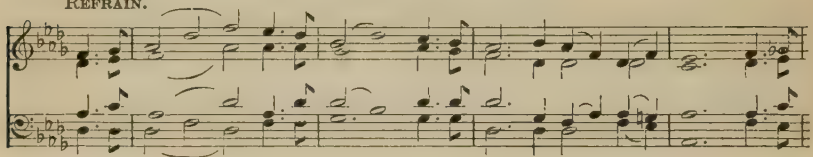
God be with you.

9.8.8.9., with Refrain.

W. G. TOMER.



REFRAIN.



A FAREWELL HYMN.

785

Now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.—
ACTS xx. 32.

- 1 **G**OD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you :
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.
- 2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you :
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, &c.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you :
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, &c.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you :
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, &c.

J. E. Rankin.

Bunyan.

65.65.6665.

Traditional English Melody.

Harmonised by C. B.

A - men.

786

Before the Lord, thy God, year by year.—DEUTERONOMY xv. 20.

1 FAREWELL, my friends belov'd,
 Time passes fleetly ;
 When moments are improv'd,
 Time passes sweetly :
 In Jesus we are one ;
 When our few years are gone,
 Before the shining throne
 We'll meet in glory.

2 The woes of life we feel,
 And its temptations ;
 But let us nobly fill
 Our proper stations :
 Soldiers of Christ, hold fast,
 The war will soon be past ;
 When vict'ry comes at last,
 We'll meet in glory.

3 And oh, what joys shall crown
 That happy meeting !
 We'll bow before the throne,
 Each other greeting ;
 Refresh'd again we start,
 Though for awhile we part,
 Yet, always join'd in heart,
 We'll meet in glory.

Joseph Harbottle.

This Hymn is widely used among Baptist Churches in the North as a closing Hymn for Services and Association Meetings. The writer was Minister of Accrington Church early in the 19th century.

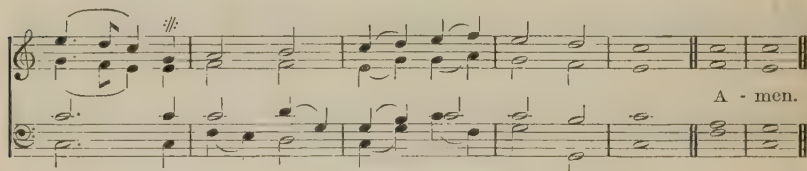
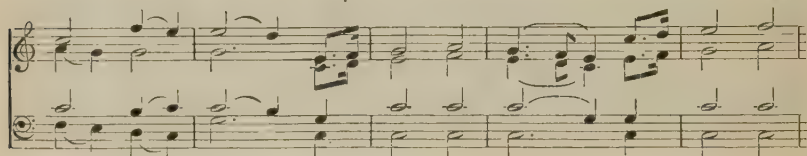
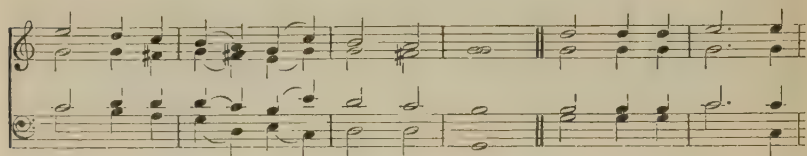
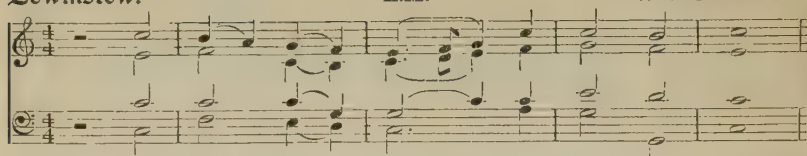
APPENDIX.

787

Edwinstow.

L.M.

W. MATTHEWS.



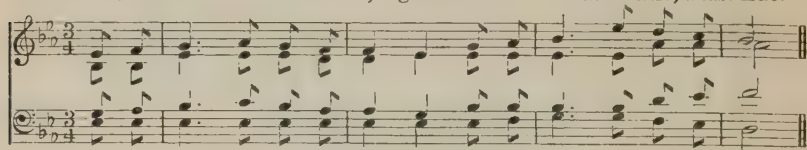
For Hymn No. 163.

788

Chamouni.

8.7., eight lines.

G. LOMAS, Mus. Bac.





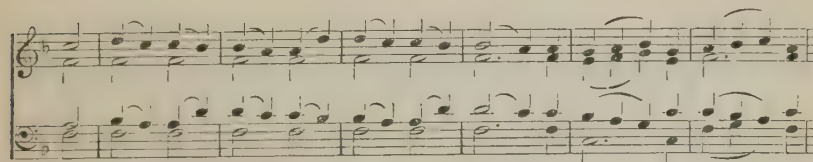
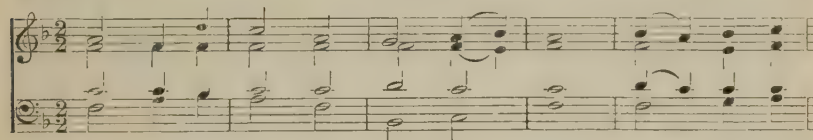
Copyright. W. Garrett Horder.
For Hymn No. 206 as eight-lined Hymn.

789

Monmouth.

888.888.

GABRIEL DAVIS.



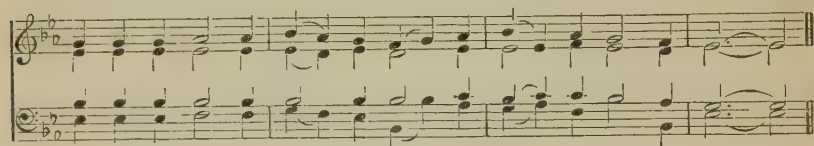
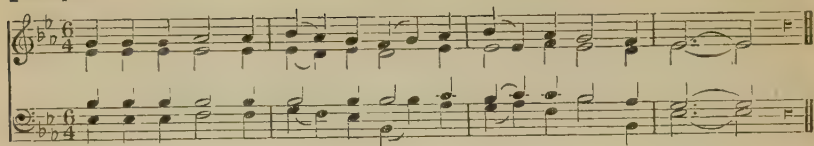
For Hymn No. 50.

APPENDIX.

790

Prospect.

C.M.D. Old English Air (16th Century).



For Hymn No. 446.

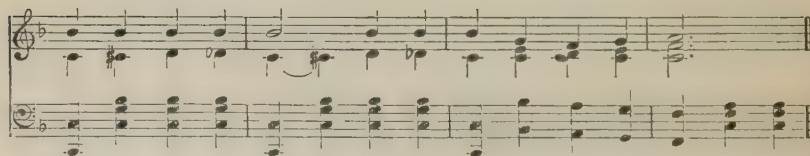
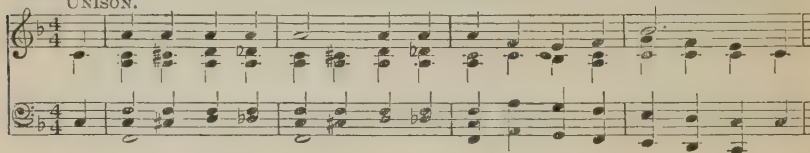
791

Duffield.

UNISON.

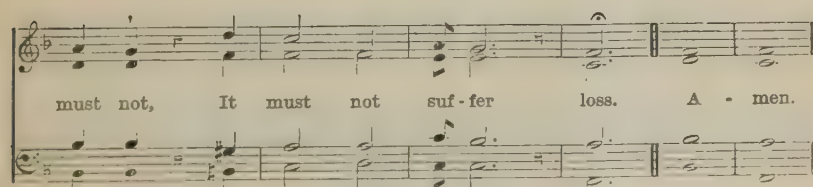
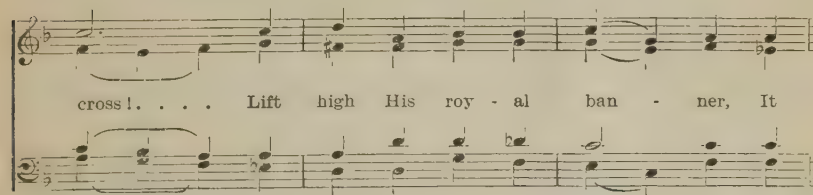
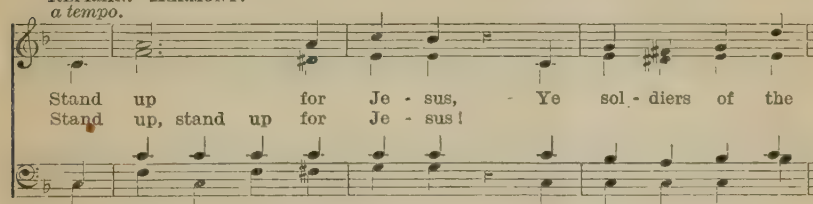
7.6., eight lines, with Refrain.

ADAM GEIBEL.





REFRAIN. HARMONY.
a tempo.



For Hymn No. 405.

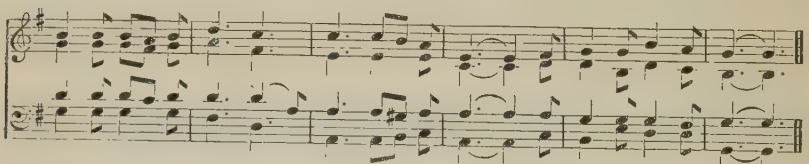
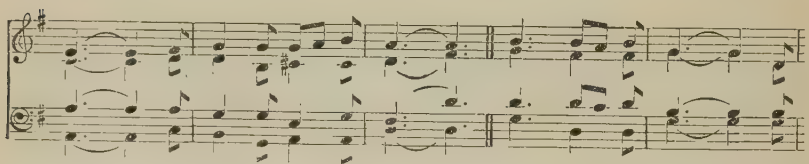
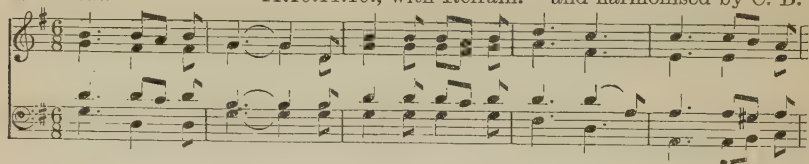
APPENDIX.

792

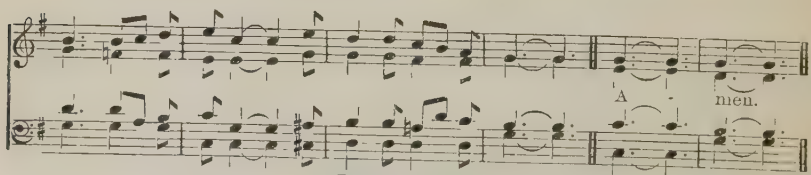
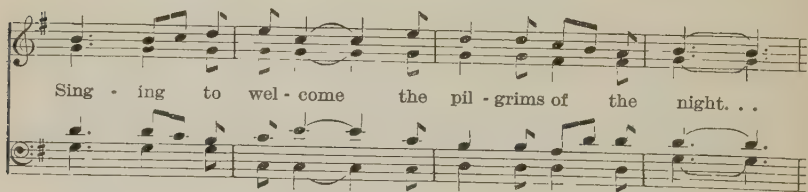
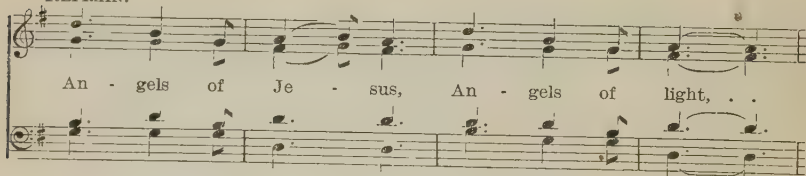
Helvetia.

11.10.11.10., with Refrain.

Adapted from a Swiss Air,
and harmonised by C. B.



REFRAIN.



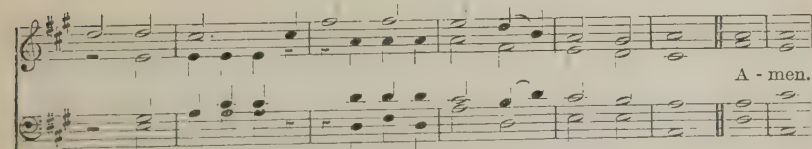
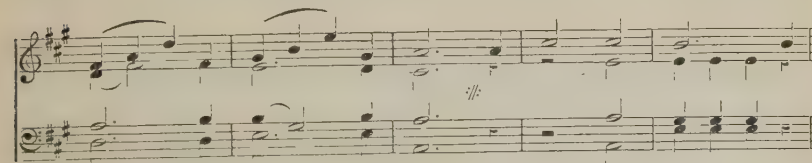
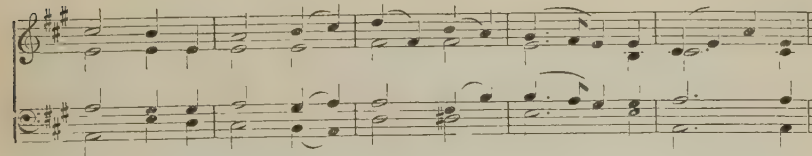
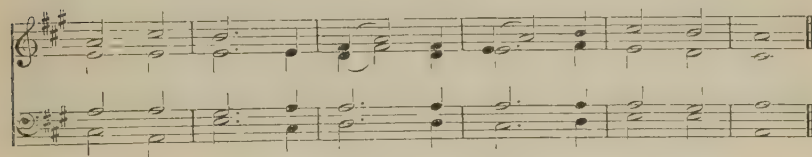
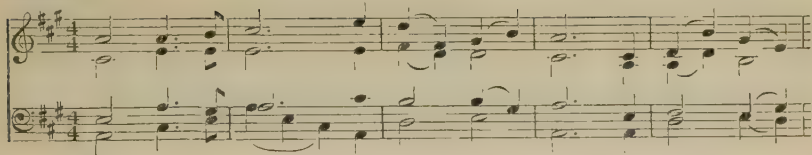
Harmony copyright.
For Hymn No. 432.

793

Sagina.

8's., six lines.

T. CAMPBELL.



For Hymn No. 76, or 149, 167, 213, 298 to 300

APPENDIX.

794

Lydia.

C.M.

T. PHILLIPS.

For Hymn No. 147.

795

Feniton Court.

8.7., six lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.

For Hymn No. 417.

796

Triumph.

8.7., six lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



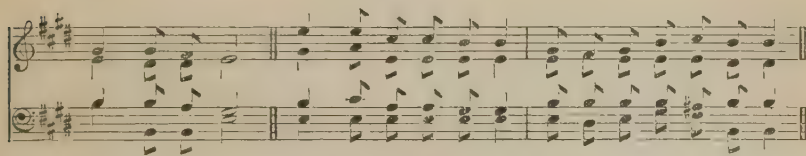
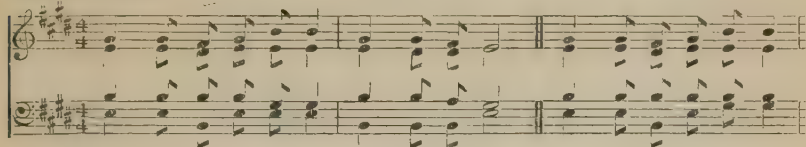
For Hymn No. 132.

797

Happy Land.

64.64.67.64.

Indian Air.



For Hymn No. 169.

APPENDIX.

798

St. Benet.

7s., six lines.

W. H. WILLIAMSON.

For Hymns Nos. 9 and 56.

799

Bristol.

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.

For Hymn No. 70.

800

Sunderland.

S.M.

HENRY SMART.

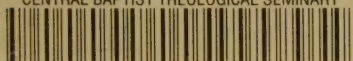
For Hymn No. 387.

© worship the Lord in the beauty
of holiness.

PSALM xcvi. 9.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be
Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be
done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give
us this day our daily bread. And forgive us
our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass
against us. And lead us not into temptation ;
But deliver us from evil : For Thine is the
Kingdom, the power, and the glory, For ever
and ever. Amen.



0 0021 0024597 2

O sing unto the Lord a new song :
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

PSALM xcvi. 1.

A Prayer.

God be in my head :
And in my understanding ;
God be in mine eyes :
And in my looking ;
God be in my mouth :
And in my speaking ;
God be in my heart :
And in my thinking ;
God be at mine end :
And at my departing .

SARUM PRIMER, 1558.

